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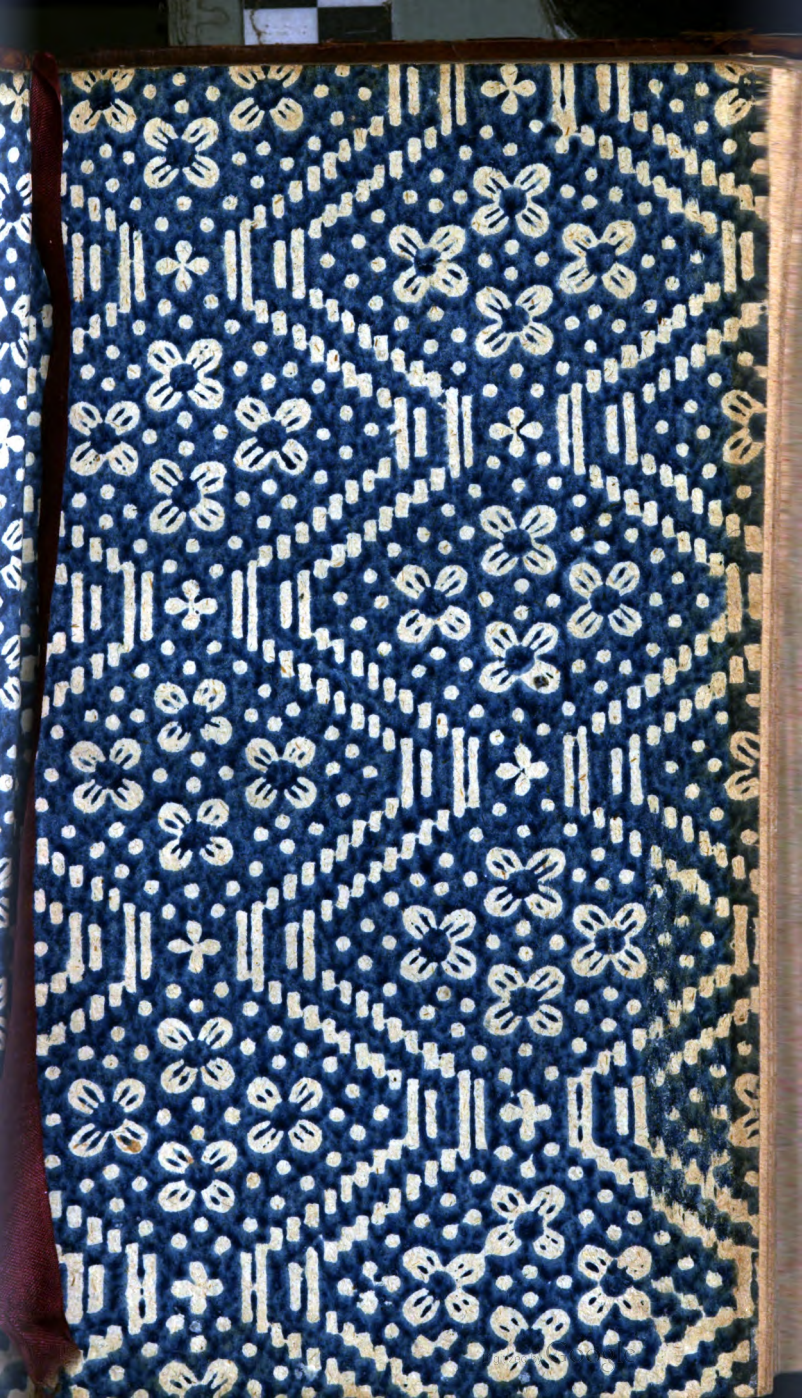

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THE WORKS OF HENRY FIELDING.

VOLUME SIXTH.

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THE

WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

IN

TWELVE VOLUMES.

WITH

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

VOLUME the SIXTH.

LONDON:
Printed for JOHN BELL, No 132, Strand.
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THE

HISTORY

OF THE

ADVENTURES

OF

Joseph Andrews, and his Friend
Mr Abraham Adams.

Written in Imitation of

The Manner of Cervantes, Author of
Don QUIXOTE.

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PREFACE.

AS it is poſſible the mere Engliſh reader may have a different idea of romance from the author of theſe little volumes*; and may conſequently expect a kind of entertainment not to be found, nor which was even intended, in the following pages; it may not be improper to premiſe a few words concerning this kind of writing, which I do not remember to have ſeen hitherto attempted in our language.

The EPIC, as well as the DRAMA, is divided into Tragedy and Comedy. HOMER, who was the father of this ſpecies of poetry, gave us a pattern of both theſe, though that of the latter kind is entirely loſt; which Ariſtotle tells us, bore the ſame relation to Comedy which his Iliad bears to Tragedy. And perhaps, that we have no more inſtances of it among the writers of antiquity, is owing to the loſs of this great pattern, which, had it ſurvived, would have found its imitators equally with the other poems of this great original.

* Joſeph Andrews was originally publiſhed in two volumes 12mo.

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And farther, as this poetry may be Tragic or Comic, I will not ſcruple to ſay it may be likewiſe either in verſe or proſe: for though it wants one particular, which the critic enumerates in the conſtituent parts of an epic poem, namely, metre; yet, when any kind of writing contains all its other parts, ſuch as fable, action, characters, ſentiments, and diction, and is deficient in metre only; it ſeems, I think, reaſonable to refer it to the epic; at leaſt, as no critic hath thought proper to range it under any other head, or to aſſign it a particular name to itſelf.

Thus the Telemachus of the Archbiſhop of Cambray appears to me of the epic kind, as well as the Odyſſey of Homer; indeed, it is much fairer and more reaſonable to give it a name common with that ſpecies from which it differs only in a ſingle inſtance, than to confound it with thoſe which it reſembles in no other. Such are thoſe voluminous works, commonly called Romances, namely, Clelia, Cleopatra, Aſtræa, Caſſandra, the Grand Cyrus, and innumerable others, which contain, as I apprehend, very little inſtruction or entertainment.

Now a comic romance is a comic epic-poem in proſe; differing from comedy, as the ſerious epic from tragedy: its action being more extended and comprehenſive; containing a much larger circle of incidents, and introducing a greater variety of characters. It differs from the ſerious romance in its fable and action, in this; that as in the one

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theſe are grave and ſolemn, ſo in the other they are light and ridiculous: it differs in its characters, by introducing perſons of inferior rank, and conſequently of inferior manners, whereas the grave romance ſets the higheſt before us: laſtly, in its ſentiments and diction, by preſerving the ludicrous inſtead of the ſublime. In the diction, I think, burleſque itſelf may be ſometimes admitted; of which many inſtances will occur in this work, as in the deſcription of the battles, and ſome other places, not neceſſary to be pointed out to the claſſical reader; for whoſe entertainment thoſe parodies or burleſque imitations are chiefly calculated.

But though we have ſometimes admitted this in our diction, we have carefully excluded it from our ſentiments and characters: for there it is never properly introduced, unleſs in writings of the burleſque kind, which this is not intended to be. Indeed, no two ſpecies of writing can differ more widely than the comic and the burleſque; for as the latter is ever the exhibition of what is monſtrous and unnatural, and where our delight, if we examine it, ariſes from the ſurpriſing abſurdity, as in appropriating the manners of the higheſt to the loweſt, or *è converſo*; ſo in the former we ſhould ever confine ourſelves ſtrictly to nature, from the juſt imitation of which will flow all the pleaſure we can this way convey to a ſenſible reader. And perhaps there is one reaſon why a comic writer ſhould of all others be the leaſt excuſed for deviating from nature, ſince it may

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not be always so easy for a serious poet to meet with the great and the admirable; but life every where furnishes an accurate observer with the ridiculous.

I have hinted this little concerning burlesque; because I have often heard that name given to performances, which have been truly of the comic kind, from the author's having sometimes admitted it in his diction only; which, as it is the dress of poetry, doth, like the dress of men, establish characters, (the one of the whole poem, and the other of the whole man) in vulgar opinion, beyond any of their greater excellencies: but surely, a certain drollery in stile, where the characters and sentiments are perfectly natural, no more constitutes the burlesque, than an empty pomp and dignity of words, where every thing else is mean and low, can entitle any performance to the appellation of the true sublime.

And I apprehend, my Lord Shafesbury's opinion of mere burlesque agrees with mine, when he asserts, there is no such thing to be found in the writings of the ancients. But perhaps I have less abhorrence than he professes for it: and that not because I have had some little success on the stage this way; but rather, as it contributes more to exquisite mirth and laughter than any other; and these are probably more wholesome physic for the mind, and conduce better to purge away spleen, melancholy, and ill affections, than is generally imagined. Nay, I will appeal to common observation

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obſervation, whether the ſame companies are not found more full of good humour and benevolence, after they have been ſweetened for two or three hours with entertainments of this kind, than when ſoured by a tragedy or a grave lecture.

But to illuſtrate all this by another ſcience, in which, perhaps, we ſhall ſee the diſtinction more clearly and plainly: let us examine the works of a comic hiſtory-painter, with thoſe performances which the Italians calls Caricatura; where we ſhall find the true excellence of the former to conſiſt in the exacteſt copying of nature; inſomuch that a judicious eye inſtantly rejects any thing *outré*; any liberty which the painter hath taken with the features of that *alma mater*.——Whereas in the Caricatura we allow all licence. Its aim is to exhibit monſters, not men; and all diſtortions and exaggerations whatever are within its proper province.

Now what Caricatura is in painting, Burleſque is in writing; and in the ſame manner the comic writer and painter correlate to each other. And here I ſhall obſerve, that as in the former the painter ſeems to have the advantage, ſo it is in the latter infinitely on the ſide of the writer: for the Monſtrous is much eaſier to paint than deſcribe, and the Ridiculous to deſcribe than paint.

And tho' perhaps this latter ſpecies doth not in either ſcience ſo ſtrongly affect and agitate the

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muſcles as the other; yet it will be owned, I believe, that a more rational and uſeful pleaſure ariſes to us from it. He who ſhould call the ingenious Hogarth a burleſque painter, would, in my opinion, do him very little honour; for ſure it is much eaſier, much leſs the ſubject of admiration, to paint a man with a noſe, or any other feature of a prepoſterous ſize, or to expoſe him in ſome abſurd or monſtrous attitude, than to expreſs the affections of men on canvas. It hath been thought a vaſt commendation of a painter, to ſay his figures ſeem to breathe; but ſurely it is a much greater and nobler applauſe, that they appear to think.

But to return——The Ridiculous only, as I have before ſaid, falls within my province in the preſent work.—Nor will ſome explanation of this word be thought impertinent by the reader, if he conſiders how wonderfully it hath been miſtaken, even by writers who have profeſs'd it: for to what but ſuch a miſtake, can we attribute the many attempts to ridicule the blackeſt villainies, and what is yet worſe, the moſt dreadful calamities? What could exceed the abſurdity of an author, who ſhould write the comedy of Nero, with the merry incident of ripping up his mother's belly? or what would give a greater ſhock to humanity, than an attempt to expoſe the miſeries of poverty and diſtreſs to ridicule? And yet, the reader will not want much learning to ſuggeſt ſuch inſtances to himſelf.

Beſides,

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Beſides, it may ſeem remarkable, that Ariſtotle, who is ſo fond and free of definitions, hath not thought proper to define the Ridiculous. Indeed where he tells us it is proper to comedy he hath remarked that villainy is not its object: but he hath not, as I remember, poſitively aſſerted what is. Nor doth the Abbe Bellegarde, who hath written a treatiſe on this ſubject, tho' he ſhews us many ſpecies of it, once trace it to its fountain.

The only ſource of the true Ridiculous (as it appears to me) is affectation. But tho' it ariſes from one ſpring only; when we conſider the infinite ſtreams into which this one branches, we ſhall preſently ceaſe to admire at the copious field it affords to an obſerver. Now affectation proceeds from one of theſe two cauſes; vanity or hypocriſy: for as vanity puts us on affecting falſe characters, in order to purchaſe applauſe; ſo hypocriſy ſets us on an endeavour to avoid cenſure, by concealing our vices under an appearance of their oppoſite virtues. And tho' theſe two cauſes are often confounded, (for there is ſome difficulty in diſtinguiſhing them) yet as they proceed from very different motives, ſo they are as clearly diſtinct in their operations: for indeed; the affectation which ariſes from vanity is nearer to truth than the other; as it hath not that violent repugnance of nature to ſtruggle with, which that of the hypocrite hath. It may be likewiſe noted, that affectation doth not imply an abſolute negation of thoſe qualities which are affected: and

therefore,

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therefore, tho' when it proceeds from hypocriſy, it be nearly allied to deceit; yet when it comes from vanity only, it partakes of the nature of oſtentation. For inſtance, the affectation of liberality in a vain man, differs viſibly from the ſame affectation in the avaricious: for though the vain man is not what he would appear, or hath not the virtue he affects, to the degree he would be thought to have it; yet it ſits leſs aukwardly on him than on the avaricious man, who is the very reverſe of what he would ſeem to be.

From the diſcovery of this affectation ariſes the Ridiculous—which always ſtrikes the reader with ſurpriſe and pleaſure; and that in a higher and ſtronger degree when the affectation ariſes from hypocriſy, than when from vanity: for, to diſcover any one to be the exact reverſe of what he affects, is more ſurpriſing, and conſequently more ridiculous, than to find him a little deficient in the quality he deſires the reputation of. I might obſerve, that our Ben Johnſon, who of all men underſtood the Ridiculous the beſt, hath chiefly uſed the hypocritical affectation.

Now from affectation only, the misfortunes and calamities of life, or the imperfections of nature, may become the objects of ridicule. Surely he hath a very ill framed mind, who can look on uglineſs, infirmity, or poverty, as ridiculous in themſelves: nor do I believe any man living, who meets a dirty fellow riding through the ſtreets in a cart, is ſtruck with an idea of the Ridiculous from it;

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it; but if he ſhould ſee the ſame figure deſcend from his coach and ſix, or bolt from his chair with his hat under his arm, he would then begin to laugh, and with juſtice. In the ſame manner, were we to enter a poor houſe, and behold a wretched family ſhivering with cold, and languiſhing with hunger, it would not incline us to laughter (at leaſt we muſt have very diabolical natures, if it would:) but ſhould we diſcover there a grate, inſtead of coals, adorned with flowers, empty plate or china diſhes on the ſideboard, or any other affectation of riches and finery either on their perſons or in their furniture; we might then indeed be excuſed for ridiculing ſo fantaſtical an appearance. Much leſs are natural imperfections the objects of deriſion: but when uglineſs aims at the applauſe of beauty, or lameneſs endeavours to diſplay agility; it is then that theſe unfortunate circumſtances, which at firſt moved our compaſſion, tend only to raiſe our mirth.

The poet carries this very far;

'None are for being what they are in fault,
'But for not being what they would be thought?'

Where if the metre would ſuffer the word Ridiculous to cloſe the firſt line, the thought would be rather more proper. Great vices are the proper objects of our deteſtation, ſmaller faults of our pity: but affectation appears to me the only true ſource of the Ridiculous.

But perhaps it may be objected to me, that I have

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have againſt my ownrules introduced vices, and of a very black kind, in this work. To which I ſhall anſwer: firſt, that it is very difficult to purſue a ſeries of human actions, and keep clear from them. Secondly, that the vices to be found here, are rather the accidental conſequences of ſome human frailty or foible, than cauſes habitually exiſting in the mind. Thirdly, that they are never ſet forth as the objects of ridicule but deteſtation. Fourthly, that they are never the principal figure at that time on the ſcene; and laſtly, they never produce the intended evil.

Having thus diſtinguiſhed Joſeph Andrews from the productions of romance writers on the one hand, and burleſque writers on the other, and given ſome few very ſhort hints (for I intended no more) of this ſpecies of writing, which I have affirmed to be hitherto unattempted in our language; I ſhall leave to my good-natured reader to apply my piece to my obſervations, and will detain him no longer than with a word concerning the characters in this work.

And here I ſolemnly proteſt, I have no intention to vilify or aſperſe any one: for tho' every thing is copied from the book of nature, and ſcarce a character or action produced which I have not taken from my own obſervations and experience; yet I have uſed the utmoſt care to obſcure the perſons by ſuch different circumſtances, degrees and colours, that it will be impoſſible to gueſs at them with any degree of certainty; and if

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if it ever happens otherwiſe, it is only where the failure characteriſed is ſo minute, that it is a foible only, which the party himſelf may laugh at as well as any other.

As to the character of Adams, as it is the moſt glaring in the whole, ſo I conceive it is not to be found in any book now extant. It is deſigned a character of perfect ſimplicity; and as the goodneſs of his heart will recommend him to the good-natured, ſo I hope it will excuſe me to the gentlemen of his cloth; for whom, while they are worthy of their ſacred order, no man can poſſibly have a greater reſpect. They will therefore excuſe me, notwithſtanding the low adventures in which he is engaged, that I have made him a clergyman; ſince no other office could have given him ſo many opportunities of diſplaying his worthy inclinations.

THE

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THE HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH ANDREWS, and his Friend Mr ABRAHAM ADAMS.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of writing lives in general, and particularly of Pamela; with a word by the bye of Colley Cibber and others.

IT is a trite but true obſervation, that examples work more forcibly on the mind than precepts; and if this be juſt in what is odious and blameable, it is more ſtrongly ſo in what is amiable and praiſe-worthy. Here emulation moſt effectually operates upon us, and inſpires our imitation in an irreſiſtible manner. A good man therefore is a ſtanding leſſon to all his acquaintance, and of far greater uſe in that narrow circle than a good book.

But as it often happens that the beſt men are but little known, and conſequently cannot extend the uſefulneſs of their examples a great way; the writer may be called in aid to ſpread their hiſtory farther, and to preſent the amiable pictures to thoſe who have not the happineſs of knowing the originals; and ſo,

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by communicating such valuable patterns to the world, he may perhaps do a more extensive service to mankind, than the person whose life originally afforded the pattern.

In this light I have always regarded those biographers who have recorded the actions of great and worthy persons of both sexes. Not to mention those ancient writers which of late days are little read, being written in obsolete, and, as they are generally thought, unintelligible languages, such as Plutarch, Nepos, and others which I heard of in my youth; our own language affords many of excellent use and instruction, finely calculated to sow the seeds of virtue in youth, and very easy to be comprehended by persons of moderate capacity. Such are the history of John the Great, who by his brave and heroic actions against men of large and athletic bodies, obtained the glorious appellation of the Giant-killer; that of an Earl of Warwick, whose Christian name was Guy; the lives of Argalus and Parthenia; and, above all, the history of those seven worthy personages the Champions of Christendom. In all these, delight is mixed with instruction, and the reader is almost as much improved as entertained.

But I pass by these and many others, to mention two books lately published, which represent an admirable pattern of the amiable in either sex. The former of these, which deals in male virtue, was written by the great person himself, who lived the life he hath recorded, and is by many thought to have lived such a life only in order to write it: the other, communicated to us by an historian who borrows his lights, as the common method is, from authentic papers and records. The reader, I believe, already conjectures I mean the lives of Mr Colley Cibber, and of Mrs Pamela Andrews. How artfully doth the former, by insinuating that he escaped being promoted to the highest stations in church and state, teach us a contempt of worldly grandeur! how strongly doth he inculcate an absolute submission to our superiors! Lastly, how completely doth he arm us against so uneasy, so wretched a passion as the fear of shame!

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ſhame! how clearly doth he expoſe the emptineſs and vanity of that phantom, reputation!

What the female readers are taught by the memoirs of Mrs Andrews, is ſo well ſet forth in the excellent eſſays or letters prefixed to the ſecond and ſubſequent editions of that work, that it would be here a needleſs repetition. The authentic hiſtory with which I now preſent the public, is an inſtance of the great good that book is likely to do, and of the prevalence of example which I have juſt obſerved; ſince it will appear that it was by keeping the excellent pattern of his ſiſter's virtues before his eyes, that Mr Joſeph Andrews was chiefly enabled to preſerve his purity in the midſt of ſuch great temptations. I ſhall only add, that this character of male chaſtity, though doubtleſs as deſirable and becoming in one part of the human ſpecies as in the other, is almoſt the only virtue which the great apologiſt hath not given himſelf for the ſake of giving the example to his readers.

CHAP. II.

Of Mr Joſeph Andrews his birth, parentage, education, and great endowments; with a word or two concerning anceſtors.

MR Joſeph Andrews, the hero of our enſuing hiſtory, was eſteemed to be the only ſon of Gaffer and Gammer Andrews, and brother to the illuſtrious Pamela; whoſe virtue is at preſent ſo famous. As to his anceſtors, we have ſearched with great diligence, but little ſucceſs: being unable to trace them farther than his great-grandfather, who, as an elderly perſon in the pariſh remembers to have heard his father ſay, was an excellent cudgel-player. Whether he had any anceſtors before this, we muſt leave to the opinion of our curious reader, finding nothing of ſufficient certainty to rely on. However, we cannot omit inſerting an epitaph which an ingenious friend of ours hath communicated:

Stay, traveller, for underneath this pew
Lyes faſt aſleep that merry man Andrews.

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When the laſt day's great ſun ſhall gild the ſkies,
Then he ſhall from his tomb get up and riſe.
Be merry while thou canſt; for ſurely thou
Shall ſhortly be as ſad as he is now.

The words are almoſt out of the ſtone with antiquity. But it is needleſs to obſerve that Andrew here is writ without an *s*, and is, beſides, a Chriſtian name. My friend moreover conjectures this to have been the founder of that ſect of laughing philoſophers, ſince called Merry Andrews.

To wave, therefore, a circumſtance, which, though mentioned in conformity to the exact rules of biography, is not greatly material; I proceed to things of more conſequence. Indeed, it is ſufficiently certain, that he had as many anceſtors as the beſt man living; and perhaps, if we look five or ſix hundred years backwards, might be related to ſome perſons of very great figure at preſent, whoſe anceſtors within half the laſt century are buried in as great obſcurity. But ſuppoſe, for argument's ſake, we ſhould admit that he had no anceſtors at all, but had ſprung up, according to the modern phraſe, out of a dunghill, as the Athenians pretended they themſelves did from the earth, would not this * Autokopros have been juſtly entitled to all the praiſe ariſing from his own virtues? Would it not be hard, that a man who hath no anceſtors, ſhould therefore be rendered incapable of acquiring honour; when we ſee ſo many who have no virtues, enjoying the honour of their forefathers? At ten years old (by which time his education was advanced to writing and reading) he was bound an apprentice, according to the ſtatute, to Sir Thomas Booby, an uncle of Mr Booby's by the father's ſide. Sir Thomas having then an eſtate in his own hands, the young Andrews was at firſt employed in what in the country they call keeping birds. His office was to perform the part the ancients aſſigned to the god Priapus, which deity the moderns call by the name of Jack o'Lent: but his voice being ſo extremely muſical, that it rather allured the birds than terrified them, he

* In Engliſh, ſprung from a dung-hill.

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was soon transplanted from the fields into the dog-kennel, where he was placed under the huntsman, and made what sportsmen term Whipper-in. For this place likewise the sweetness of his voice disqualified him; the dogs preferring the melody of his chiding to all the alluring notes of the huntsman, who soon became so incensed at it, that he desired Sir Thomas to provide otherwise for him; and constantly laid every fault the dogs were at, to the account of the poor boy, who was now transplanted to the stable. Here he soon gave proofs of his strength and agility, beyond his years, and constantly rode the most spirited and vicious horses to water, with an intrepidity which surprized every one. While he was in this station, he rode several races for Sir Thomas, and this with such expertness and success, that the neighbouring gentlemen frequently solicited the knight, to permit little Joey (for so he was called) to ride their matches. The best gamesters, before they laid their money, always inquired whose horse little Joey was to ride; and the bets were rather proportioned by the rider than by the horse himself; especially after he had scornfully refused a considerable bribe to play booty on such an occasion. This extremely raised his character, and so pleased the Lady Booby, that she desired to have him (being now seventeen years of age) for her own foot boy.

Joey was now preferred from the stable to attend on his lady, to go on her errands, stand behind her chair, wait at her tea-table, and carry her prayer-book to church; at which place, his voice gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself by singing psalms: he behaved likewise in every other respect so well at divine service, that it recommended him to the notice of Mr Abraham Adams the curate, who took an opportunity one day, as he was drinking a cup of ale in Sir Thomas's kitchen, to ask the young man several questions concerning religion; with his answers to which he was wonderfully pleased.

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CHAP. III.

Of Mr Abraham Adams the curate, Mrs Slipſlop the chambermaid, and others.

MR Abraham Adams was an excellent ſcholar. He was a perfect maſter of the Greek and Latin languages; to which he added a great ſhare of knowledge in the Oriental tongues, and could read and tranſlate French, Italian, and Spaniſh. He had applied many years to the moſt ſevere ſtudy, and had treaſured up a fund of learning, rarely to be met with in a univerſity. He was beſides a man of good ſenſe, good parts, and good nature; but was at the ſame time as entirely ignorant of the ways of this world, as an infant juſt entered into it could poſſibly be. As he had never any intention to deceive, ſo he never ſuſpected ſuch a deſign in others. He was generous, friendly, and brave to an exceſs; but ſimplicity was his characteriſtic: he did, no more than Mr Colley Cibber, apprehend any ſuch paſſions as malice and envy to exiſt in mankind; which was indeed leſs remarkable in a country parſon, than in a gentleman who hath paſt his life behind the ſcenes, a place which hath been ſeldom thought the ſchool of innocence; and where a very little obſervation would have convinced the great apologiſt, that thoſe paſſions have a real exiſtence in the human mind.

His virtue, and his other qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his office, ſo they made him an agreeable and valuable companion, and had ſo much endeared and well recommended him to a biſhop, that, at the age of fifty, he was provided with a handſome income of twenty-three pounds a-year: which, however, he could not make any great figure with; becauſe he lived in a dear country, and was a little incumbered with a wife and ſix children.

It was this gentleman, who having, as I have ſaid, obſerved the ſingular devotion of young Andrews, had found means to queſtion him concerning ſeveral particulars; as how many books were there in the New Teſtament? which were they? how many chapters they

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they contained? and such like; to all which, Mr Adams privately said, he answered much better than Sir Thomas, or two other neighbouring justices of the peace could probably have done.

Mr Adams was wonderfully solicitous to know at what time, and by what opportunity the youth became acquainted with these matters: Joey told him, that he had very early learnt to read and write by the goodness of his father, who, though he had not interest enough to get him into a charity-school, because a cousin of his father's landlord did not vote on the right side for a church-warden in a borough-town, yet had been himself at the expence of sixpence a-week for his learning. He told him likewise, that ever since he was in Sir Thomas's family, he had employed all his hours of leisure in reading good books; that he had read the Bible, the Whole Duty of Man, and Thomas à Kempis: and that, as often as he could, without being perceived, he had studied a great good book which lay open in the hall-window, where he had read, 'as how the devil carried away half a 'church in sermon-time, without hurting one of the 'congregation; and as how a field of corn ran away 'down a hill with all the trees upon it, and covered 'another man's meadow.' This sufficiently assured Mr Adams, that the good book meant could be no other than Baker's Chronicle.

The curate, surprised to find such instances of industry and application in a young man, who had never met with the least encouragement, asked him, if he did not extremely regret the want of a liberal education, and the not having been born of parents who might have indulged his talents and desire of knowledge? To which he answered, 'He hoped he 'had profited somewhat better from the books he had 'read, than to lament his condition in this world. 'That, for his part, he was perfectly content with 'the state to which he was called; that he should endeavour to improve his talent, which was all required of him, but not repine at his own lot, nor 'envy those of his betters.' 'Well said, my lad,' replied the curate, 'and I wish some who have read

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'many more good books, nay, and ſome who have 'written good books themſelves, had profited ſo much 'by them.'

Adams had no nearer acceſs to Sir Thomas or my lady, than through the waiting gentlewoman: for Sir Thomas was too apt to eſtimate men merely by their dreſs, or fortune; and my lady was a woman of gaiety, who had been bleſſed with a town education, and never ſpoke of any of her country neighbours by any other appellation than that of the Brutes. They both regarded the curate as a kind of domeſtic only, belonging to the parſon of the pariſh, who was at this time at variance with the knight; for the parſon had for many years lived in a conſtant ſtate of civil war, or, which is perhaps as bad, of civil law, with Sir Thomas himſelf, and the tenants of his manor. The foundation of this quarrel was a modus, by ſetting which aſide, an advantage of ſeveral ſhillings *per annum* would have accrued to the rector: but he had not yet been able to accompliſh his purpoſe; and had reaped hitherto nothing better from the ſuits than the pleaſure (which he uſed indeed frequently to ſay was no ſmall one) of reflecting that he had utterly undone many of the poor tenants, though he had at the ſame time greatly impoveriſhed himſelf.

Mrs Slipſlop the waiting-gentlewoman, being herſelf the daughter of a curate, preſerved ſome reſpect for Adams; ſhe profeſſed great regard for his learning, and would frequently diſpute with him on points of theology: but always inſiſted on a deference to be paid to her underſtanding, as ſhe had been frequently at London, and knew more of the world than a country parſon could pretend to.

She had in theſe diſputes a particular advantage over Adams: for ſhe was a mighty affecter of hard words, which ſhe uſed in ſuch a manner, that the parſon, who durſt not offend her by calling her words in queſtion, was frequently at ſome loſs to gueſs her meaning, and would have been much leſs puzzled by an Arabian manuſcript.

Adams therefore took an opportunity one day, after a pretty long diſcourſe with her on the eſſence (or, as

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as she pleased to term it, the incence) of matter, to mention the case of young Andrews; desiring her to recommend him to her lady as a youth very susceptible of learning, and one whose instruction in Latin he would himself undertake; by which means he might be qualified for a higher station than that of a footman: and added, she knew it was in his master's power easily to provide for him in a better manner. He therefore desired, that the boy might be left behind, under his care.

'La, Mr Adams,' said Mrs Slipslop, 'do you think 'my lady will suffer any preambles about any such 'matter? She is going to London very concisely, and 'I am confidous would not leave Joey behind her on 'any account; for he is one of the genteelest young 'fellows you may see in a summer's day, and I am 'confidous she would as soon think of parting with a 'pair of her grey mares; for she values herself as 'much on the one as the other.' Adams would have interrupted, but she proceeded: 'And why is Latin 'more necessitous for a footman than a gentleman? 'It is very proper that you clergymen must learn it, 'because you can't preach without it: but I have heard 'great gentlemen say in London, that it is fit for no 'body else. I am confidous my lady would be angry 'with me for mentioning it; and I shall draw myself 'into no such delemy.' At which words her lady's bell rung, and Mr Adams was forced to retire; nor could he gain a second opportunity with her before their London journey, which happened a few days afterwards. However, Andrews behaved very thankfully and gratefully to him for his intended kindness, which he told him he never would forget, and at the same time received from the good man many admonitions concerning the regulation of his future conduct, and his perseverance in innocence and industry.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

What happened after their journey to London.

NO ſooner was young Andrews arrived at London, than he began to ſcrape an acquaintance with his party-coloured brethren, who endeavoured to make him deſpiſe his former courſe of life. His hair was cut after the neweſt faſhion, and became his chief care: he went abroad with it all the morning in papers, and dreſſed it out in the afternoon. They could not, however, teach him to game, ſwear, drink, nor any other genteel vice the town abounded with. He applied moſt of his leiſure hours to muſic, in which he greatly improved himſelf; and became ſo perfect a connoiſſeur in that art, that he led the opinion of all the other footmen at an opera, and they never condemned or applauded a ſingle ſong contrary to his approbation, or diſlike. He was a little too forward in riots at the play-houſes and aſſemblies; and when he attended his lady at church (which was but ſeldom) he behaved with leſs ſeeming devotion than formerly: however, if he was outwardly a pretty fellow, his morals remained entirely uncorrupted, though he was at the ſame time ſmarter and genteeler than any of the beaus in town, either in or out of livery.

His lady, who had often ſaid of him that Joey was the handſomeſt and genteeleſt footman in the kingdom, but that it was pity he wanted ſpirit, began now to find that fault no longer; on the contrary, ſhe was frequently heard to cry out, 'Ay, there is ſome life in 'this fellow.' She plainly ſaw the effects which the town-air hath on the ſobereſt conſtitutions. She would now walk out with him into Hyde-park in a morning, and when tired, which happened almoſt every minute, would lean on his arm, and converſe with him in great familiarity. Whenever ſhe ſtept out of her coach, ſhe would take him by the hand, and ſometimes, for fear of ſtumbling, preſs it very hard: ſhe admitted him to deliver meſſages at her bed-ſide in a morning, leer'd at him at table, and indulged him

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him in all those innocent freedoms which women of figure may permit without the least sully of their virtue.

But, though their virtue remains unsullied, yet now and then some small arrows will glance on the shadow of it, their reputation; and so it fell out to Lady Booby, who happened to be walking arm-in-arm with Joey one morning in Hyde-Park, when Lady Tittle and Lady Tattle came accidentally by in their coach: 'Bless me,' says Lady Tittle, 'can I believe my 'eyes? Is that Lady Booby?' 'Surely,' says Tattle. 'But what makes you surprized?' 'Why, is not that 'her footman?' replied Tittle. At which Tattle laughed, and cried, 'An old business, I assure you; 'is it possible you should not have heard it? The 'whole town hath known it this half year.' The consequence of this interview was a whisper through a hundred visits, which were separately performed by the two ladies* the same afternoon; and might have had a mischievous effect, had it not been stopt by two fresh reputations which were published the day afterwards, and engrossed the whole talk of the town.

But whatever opinion or suspicion the scandalous inclination of defamers might entertain of Lady Booby's innocent freedoms, it is certain they made no impression on young Andrews, who never offered to encroach beyond the liberties which his lady allowed him. A behaviour which she imputed to the violent respect he preserved to her, and which served only to heighten a something she began to conceive, and which the next chapter will open a little farther.

* It may seem an absurdity that Tattle should visit, as she actually did, to spread a known scandal: but the reader may reconcile this, by supposing with me, that, notwithstanding what she says, this was her first acquaintance with it.

CHAP.

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CHAP. V.

The death of Sir Thomas Booby, with the affectionate and mournful behaviour of his widow, and the great purity of Joseph Andrews.

AT this time an accident happened which put a ſtop to thoſe agreeable walks, which probably would have ſoon puffed up the cheeks of fame, and cauſed her to blow her brazen trumpet through the town: and this was no other than the death of Sir Thomas Booby, who departing this life, left his diſconſolate lady confined to her houſe, as cloſely as if ſhe herſelf had been attacked by ſome violent diſeaſe. During the firſt ſix days the poor lady admitted none but Mrs Slipſlop, and three female friends, who made a party at cards: but on the ſeventh ſhe ordered Joey, whom, for a good reaſon, we ſhall hereafter call JOSEPH, to bring up her tea-kettle. The lady being in bed, called Joſeph to her, bade him ſit down, and having accidentally laid her hand on his, ſhe aſked him, if he had ever been in love; Joſeph anſwered with ſome confuſion, it was time enough for one ſo young as himſelf to think on ſuch things. 'As young 'as you are,' replied the lady, 'I am convinced you are 'no ſtranger to that paſſion. Come, Joey,' ſays ſhe, 'tell me truly, who is the happy girl whoſe eyes have 'made a conqueſt of you?' Joſeph returned, that all the women he had ever ſeen were equally indifferent to him 'O then,' ſaid the Lady, 'you are a gene-'ral lover. Indeed, you handſome fellows, like hand-'ſome women, are very long and difficult in fixing: 'but yet you never ſhall perſuade me that your heart 'is ſo inſuſceptible of affection; I rather impute what 'you ſay to your ſecreſy, a very commendable qua-'lity, and what I am far from being angry with you 'for. Nothing can be more unworthy in a young 'man than to betray any intimacies with the Ladies.' 'Ladies! madam,' ſaid Joſeph, 'I am ſure I never 'had the impudence to think of any that deſerve that 'name' 'Don't pretend to too much modeſty,' ſaid ſhe, 'for that ſometimes may be impertinent: but

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'pray, anſwer me this queſtion. Suppoſe a lady 'ſhould happen to like you; ſuppoſe ſhe ſhould pre-'fer you to all your ſex, and admit you to the ſame 'familiarities as you might have hoped for, if you 'had been born her equal, are you certain that no 'vanity could tempt you to diſcover her? Anſwer 'me honeſtly, Joſeph; have you ſo much more ſenſe, 'and ſo much more virtue, than you handſome young 'fellows generally have, who make no ſcruple of ſacri-'ficing our dear reputation to your pride, without 'conſidering the great obligation we lay on you, by 'our condeſcenſion and confidence! Can you keep a 'ſecret, my Joey?' 'Madam,' ſays he, 'I hope your 'Ladyſhip can't tax me with ever betraying the ſecrets 'of the family; and I hope, if you was to turn me 'away, I might have that character of you.' 'I don't 'intend to turn you away, Joey,' ſaid ſhe, and ſighed, 'I am afraid it is not in my power.' She then raiſed herſelf a little in her bed, and diſcovered one of the whiteſt necks that ever was ſeen; at which Joſeph bluſhed: 'La!' ſays ſhe, in an affected ſurpriſe, 'what 'am I doing? I have truſted myſelf with a man 'alone, naked in bed; ſuppoſe you ſhould have any 'wicked intentions upon my honour, how ſhould I 'defend myſelf?' Joſeph proteſted that he never had the leaſt evil deſign againſt her. 'No,' ſays ſhe, 'per-'haps you may not call your deſigns wicked; and 'perhaps they are not ſo.'—He ſwore they were not. 'You miſunderſtand me,' ſays ſhe; 'I mean, if they 'were againſt my honour, they may not be wicked; 'but the world calls them ſo. But then, ſay you, 'the world will never know any thing of the matter; 'yet would not that be truſting to your ſecreſy? Muſt 'not my reputation be then in your power? Would 'you not then be my maſter?' Joſeph begged her Ladyſhip to be comforted; for that he would never imagine the leaſt wicked thing againſt her, and that he had rather die a thouſand deaths than give her any reaſon to ſuſpect him. 'Yes,' ſaid ſhe, 'I muſt have 'reaſon to ſuſpect you. Are you not a man? and 'without vanity I may pretend to ſome charms. But 'perhaps you may fear I ſhould proſecute you; in-

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'deed I hope you do: and yet Heaven knows I ſhould 'never have the confidence to appear before a court 'of juſtice; and you know, Joey, I am of a forgiving 'temper. Tell me, Joey, don't you think I ſhould for-'give you?' 'Indeed, Madam,' ſays Joſeph, 'I will ne-'ver do any thing to diſoblige your Ladyſhip.' 'How,' ſays ſhe, 'do you think it would not diſoblige me 'then? Do you think I would willingly ſuffer you?' 'I don't underſtand you, Madam,' ſays Joſeph. 'Don't you?' ſaid ſhe, 'then you are either a fool 'or pretend to be ſo; I find I was miſtaken in you. 'So get you down ſtairs, and never let me ſee your 'face again: your pretended innocence cannot im-'poſe on me.' 'Madam,' ſaid Joſeph, 'I would not 'have your Ladyſhip think any evil of me. I have 'always endeavoured to be a dutiful ſervant both to 'you and my maſter.' 'O thou villain!' anſwered my Lady, 'why didſt thou mention the name of that 'dear man, unleſs to torment me, to bring his pre-'cious memory to my mind!' (and then ſhe burſt into a fit of tears.) 'Get thee from my ſight, I ſhall ne-'ver endure thee more.' At which words ſhe turned away from him; and Joſeph retreated from the room in a moſt diſconſolate condition, and writ that letter, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAP. VI.

How Joſeph Andrews writ a letter to his ſiſter Pamela.

To Mrs Pamela Andrews, living with Squire Booby.

"Dear Siſter,

"SINCE I received your letter of your good "lady's death, we have had a misfortune of the "ſame kind in our family. My worthy maſter Sir "Thomas died about four days ago; and, what is "worſe, my poor Lady is certainly gone diſtracted. "None of the ſervants expected her to take it ſo to "heart, becauſe they quarrelled almoſt every day of "their lives: but no more of that, becauſe you know, "Pamela, I never loved to tell the ſecrets of my ma-"ſter's family; but to be ſure you muſt have known "they

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" they never loved one another; and I have heard " her Ladyſhip wiſh his Honour dead above a thou- " ſand times; but no body knows what it is to loſe a " friend till they have loſt him.

" Don't tell any body what I write, becauſe I " ſhould not care to have folks ſay I diſcover what " paſſes in our family; but if it had not been ſo great " a lady, I ſhould have thought ſhe had had a-mind to " me. Dear Pamela, don't tell any body: but ſhe or- " dered me to ſit down by her bed ſide, when ſhe was " in naked bed; and ſhe held my hand, and talked ex- " actly as a lady does to her ſweetheart in a ſtage-play, " which I have ſeen in Covent-Garden, while ſhe want- " ed him to be no better than he ſhould be.

" If Madam be mad, I ſhall not care for ſtaying " long in the family; ſo I heartily wiſh you could " get me a place either at the 'Squire's, or ſome other " neighbouring gentleman's, unleſs it be true that " you are going to be married to parſon Williams, " as folks talk, and then I ſhould be very willing to " be his clerk; for which you know I am qualified, " being able to read, and to ſet a pſalm.

" I fancy I ſhall be diſcharged very ſoon; and the " moment I am, unleſs I hear from you, I ſhall return " to my old maſter's country ſeat, if it be only to ſee " parſon Adams, who is the beſt man in the world. " London is a bad place, and there is ſo little good- " fellowſhip, that the next door neighbours don't know " one another. Pray give my ſervice to all friends " that enquire for me; ſo I reſt

" Your loving brother,

" JOSEPH ANDREWS."

As ſoon as Joſeph had ſealed and directed this letter he walked down ſtairs, where he met Mrs Slipſlop, with whom we ſhall take this opportunity to bring the reader a little better acquainted. She was a maiden gentlewoman of about forty-five years of age, who having made a ſmall ſlip in her youth, had conti- nued a good maid ever ſince. She was not at this time remarkably handſome; being very ſhort, and rather

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too corpulent in body, and somewhat red, with the addition of pimples in the face. Her nose was likewise rather too large, and her eyes too little; nor did she resemble a cow so much in her breath, as in two brown globes which she carried before her; one of her legs was also a little shorter than the other, which occasioned her to limp as she walked. This fair creature had long cast the eyes of affection on Joseph, in which she had not met with quite so good success as she probably wished, tho' besides the allurements of her native charms, she had given him tea, sweetmeats, wine, and many other delicacies, of which, by keeping the keys, she had the absolute command. Joseph, however, had not returned the least gratitude to all these favours, not even so much as a kiss; tho' I would not insinuate she was so easily to be satisfied: for surely then he would have been highly blameable. The truth is, she was arrived at an age when she thought she might indulge herself in any liberties with a man, without the danger of bringing a third person into the world to betray them. She imagined, that, by so long a self-denial, she had not only made amends for the small slip of her youth above hinted at, but had likewise laid up a quantity of merit to excuse any future failings. In a word, she resolved to give a loose to her amorous inclinations, and to pay off the debt of pleasure she found she owed herself, as fast as possible.

With these charms of person, and in this disposition of mind, she encountered poor Joseph at the bottom of the stairs, and asked him if he would drink a glass of something good this morning. Joseph, whose spirits were not a little cast down, very readily and thankfully accepted the offer; and together they went into a closet, where having delivered him a full glass of ratifia, and desired him to sit down, Mrs Slipslop thus began:

'Sure nothing can be a more simple contract in 'a woman, than to place her affections on a boy. If 'I had ever thought it would have been my fate, I 'should have wished to die a thousand deaths rather 'than live to see that day. If we like a man, the 'lightest hint sophisticates. Whereas a boy proposes 'upon

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'upon us to break through all the regulations of mo-
'desty, before we can make any oppression upon
'him.' Joseph, who did not understand a word she said, answered, 'Yes, Madam;——' 'Yes, Madam!' replied Mrs Slipslop with some warmth, 'Do you
'intend to result my passion? is it not enough,
'ungrateful as you are, to make no return to all the
'favours I have done you: but you must treat me
'with ironing? barbarous monster! how have I de-
'served that my passion should be resulted and treat-
'ed with ironing?' 'Madam,' answered Joseph, 'I
'don't understand your hard words: but I am cer-
'tain you have no occasion to call me ungrateful:
'for so far from intending you any wrong, I have al-
'ways loved you as well as if you had been my own
'mother.' 'How, sirrah!' says Mrs Slipslop, in a rage, 'your own mother? Do you affinuate
'that I am old enough to be your mother? I don't
'know what a stripling may think; but I believe a
'man would refer me to any greensickness silly girl
'whatsomdever: but I ought to despise you rather
'than be angry with you, for referring the conversa-
'tion of girls to that of a woman of sense.' 'Madam,' says Joseph, 'I am sure I have always valued the
'honour you did me by your conversation; for I
'know you are a woman of learning.' 'Yes, but
'Joseph,' said she, a little softened by the compli-ment to her learning, 'if you had a value for me,
'you certainly would have found some method of
'shewing it me; for I am convicted you must see the
'value I have for you. Yes, Joseph, my eyes, whe-
'ther I would or no, must have declared a passion I
'cannot conquer.——Oh! Joseph!'

As when a hungry tigress, who long has traversed the woods in fruitless search, sees within the reach of her claws a lamb, she prepares to leap on her prey; or as a voracious pike, of immense size, surveys thro' the liquid element, a roach or a gudgeon, which cannot escape her jaws, opens them wide to swallow the little fish; so did Mrs Slipslop prepare to lay her violent amorous hands on the poor Joseph, when luckily her mistress's bell rung, and delivered the intended

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martyr from her clutches. She was obliged to leave him abruptly, and to defer the execution of her purpose till some other time. We shall therefore return to the lady Booby, and give our reader some account of her behaviour, after she was left by Joseph in a temper of mind not greatly different from that of the inflamed Slipslop.

CHAP. VII.

Sayings of wise men. A dialogue between the lady and her maid; and a panegyric or rather satire, on the passion of love, in the sublime style.

IT is the observation of some ancient sage, whose name I have forgot, that the passions operate differently on the human mind, as diseases on the body, in proportion to the strength or weakness, soundness or rottenness of the one and the other

We hope therefore a judicious reader will give himself some pains to observe, what we have so greatly laboured to describe, the different operations of this passion of love in the gentle and cultivated mind of the Lady Booby, from those which it effected in the less polished and coarser disposition of Mrs Slipslop.

Another philosopher, whose name also at present escapes my memory, hath somewhere said, that resolutions taken in the absence of the beloved object, are very apt to vanish in its presence: on both which wise sayings, the following chapter may serve as a comment.

No sooner had Joseph left the room in the manner we have before related, than the Lady, enraged at her disappointment, began to reflect with severity on her conduct. Her love was now changed to disdain, which pride assisted to torment her. She despised herself for the meanness of her passion, and Joseph for its ill success. However, she had now got the better of it in her own opinion, and determined immediately to dismiss the object. After much tossing and turning in her bed, and many soliloquies, which, if we had no better matter for our reader, we would give him; she at last rung the bell as above mentioned, and was presently

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ſently attended by Mrs Slipſlop, who was not much better pleaſed with Joſeph than the Lady herſelf.

'Slipſlop,' ſaid Lady Booby, 'when did you ſee Joſeph?' The poor woman was ſo ſurpriſed at the unexpected ſound of his name, at ſo critical a time, that ſhe had the greateſt difficulty to conceal the confuſion ſhe was under, from her miſtreſs; whom ſhe anſwered, nevertheleſs, with pretty good confidence, though not entirely void of fear of ſuſpicion, that ſhe had not ſeen him that morning. 'I am afraid,' ſaid Lady Booby, 'he is a wild young fellow.' 'That he is,' ſaid Slipſlop, 'and a wicked one too. To my 'knowledge he games, drinks, ſwears, and fights 'eternally: beſides, he is horribly indicted to wenching.' 'Ay!' ſaid the Lady! 'I never heard that 'of him.' 'O Madam,' anſwered the other, 'he is 'ſo lewd a raſcal, that if your Ladyſhip keeps him 'much longer, you will not have one virgin in your 'houſe except myſelf. And yet I can't conceive what 'the wenches ſee in him, to be ſo fooliſhly fond as 'they are: in my eyes, he is as ugly a ſcarecrow 'as ever I upheld.' 'Nay,' ſaid the Lady, 'the boy is 'well enough.'—'La, Madam,' cries Slipſlop, 'I think 'him the ragmaticalleſt fellow in the family.' 'Sure, 'Slipſlop,' ſays ſhe, 'you are miſtaken: but which 'of the women do you moſt ſuſpect?' 'Madam,' ſays Slipſlop, 'there is Betty the chambermaid, I am 'almoſt convicted, is with child by him.' 'Ay!' ſays the Lady, 'then pray pay her her wages in'ſtantly. I will keep no ſuch ſluts in my family. 'And as for Joſeph, you may diſcard him too.' 'Would your Ladyſhip have him paid off immedi'ately?' cries Slipſlop; 'for perhaps, when Betty 'is gone, he may mend; and really the boy is a 'good ſervant, and a ſtrong, healthy, luſcious boy 'enough.' 'This morning,' anſwered the Lady with ſome vehemence. 'I wiſh, Madam,' cries Slipſlop, 'your Ladyſhip would be ſo good as to try him a little 'longer.' 'I will not have my commands diſputed,' ſaid the Lady; ſure you are not fond of him your'ſelf.' 'I, Madam?' cries Slipſlop, reddening, if not bluſhing, 'I ſhould be ſorry to think your Lady-

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'ſhip had any reaſon to reſpect me of fondneſs for a 'fellow; and if it be your pleaſure, I ſhall fulfil it 'with as much reluctance as poſſible.' 'As little, I 'ſuppoſe you mean,' ſaid the Lady; 'and ſo about 'it inſtantly.' Mrs Slipſlop went out; and the Lady had ſcarce taken two turns, before ſhe fell to knocking and ringing with great violence. Slipſlop, who did not travel poſt-haſte, ſoon returned, and was countermanded as to Joſeph, but ordered to ſend Betty about her buſineſs without delay. She went out a ſecond time with much greater alacrity than before; when the Lady began immediately to accuſe herſelf of want of reſolution, and to apprehend the return of her affection with its pernicious conſequences: ſhe therefore applied herſelf again to the bell, and reſummoned Mrs Slipſlop into her preſence; who again returned, and was told by her miſtreſs, that ſhe had conſidered better of the matter, and was abſolutely reſolved to turn away Joſeph; which ſhe ordered her to do immediately. Slipſlop, who knew the violence of her Lady's temper, and would not venture her place for any Adonis or Hercules in the univerſe, left her a third time; which ſhe had no ſooner done, than the little god Cupid, fearing he had not yet done the Lady's buſineſs, took a freſh arrow with the ſharpeſt point out of his quiver, and ſhot it directly into her heart: in other and plainer language, the Lady's paſſion got the better of her reaſon. She called back Slipſlop once more, and told her, ſhe had reſolved to ſee the boy, and examine him herſelf; therefore bid her ſend him up. This wavering in her miſtreſs's temper probably put ſomething into the waiting-gentlewoman's head, not neceſſary to mention to the ſagacious reader.

Lady Booby was going to call her back again, but could not prevail with herſelf. The next conſideration therefore was, how ſhe ſhould behave to Joſeph when he came in. She reſolved to preſerve all the dignity of the woman of faſhion to her ſervant, and to indulge herſelf in this laſt view of Joſeph (for that ſhe was moſt certainly reſolved it ſhould be) at his own expence, by firſt inſulting, and then diſcarding him.

O Love,

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O Love, what monſtrous tricks doſt thou play with thy votaries of both ſexes! How doſt thou deceive them, and make them deceive themſelves! Their follies are thy delight! their ſighs make thee laugh, and their pangs are thy merriment!

Not the great Rich, who turns men into monkeys, wheelbarrows, and whatever elſe beſt humours his faney, hath ſo ſtrangely metamorphoſed the human ſhape; nor the great Cibber, who confounds all number, gender, and breaks through every rule of grammar at his will, hath ſo diſtorted the Engliſh language, as thou doſt metamorphoſe and diſtort the human ſenſes.

Thou puttеſt out our eyes, ſtoppeſt up our ears, and takeſt away the power of our noſtrils; ſo that we can neither ſee the largeſt object, hear the loudeſt noiſe, nor ſmell the moſt poignant perfume. Again, when thou pleaſeſt, thou canſt make a mole-hill appear as a mountain; a Jew's harp ſound like a trumpet; and a daizy ſmell like a violet. Thou canſt make cowardice brave, avarice generous, pride humble, and cruelty tender-hearted. In ſhort, thou turneſt the heart of man inſide out, as a juggler doth a petticoat, and bringeſt whatſoever pleaſeth thee out from it. If there be any one who doubts all this, let him read the next chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

In which, after ſome very fine writing, the hiſtory goes on, and relates the interview between the Lady and Joſeph; where the latter hath ſet an example, which we deſpair of ſeeiug followed by his ſex, in this vicious age.

NOW the rake Heſperus had called for his breeches, and having well rubbed his drowſy eyes, prepared to dreſs himſelf for all night; by whoſe example his brother rakes on earth likewiſe leave thoſe beds, in which they had ſlept away the day. Now Thetis, the good houſewife, began to put on the pot in order to regale the good man Phœbus, after his daily labours were over. In vulgar

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gar language, it was in the evening when Joſeph attended his Lady's orders.

But as it becomes us to preſerve the character of this Lady, who is the heroine of our tale; and as we have naturally a wonderful tenderneſs for that beautiful part of the human ſpecies, called the Fair Sex; before we diſcover too much of her frailty to our reader, it will be proper to give him a lively idea of the vaſt temptation which overcame all the efforts of a modeſt and virtuous mind; and then we humbly hope his good-nature will rather pity than condemn the imperfection of human virtue.

Nay, the ladies themſelves will, we hope, be induced, by conſidering the uncommon variety of charms which united in this young man's perſon, to bridle their rampant paſſion for chaſtity, and be at leaſt as mild as their violent modeſty and virtue will permit them, in cenſuring the conduct of a woman, who, perhaps, was in her own diſpoſition as chaſte as thoſe pure and ſanctified virgins, who, after a life innocently ſpent in the gaieties of the town, begin about fifty to attend twice *per diem*, at the polite churches and chapels, to return thanks for the grace which preſerved them formerly among beaux, from temptations perhaps leſs powerful than what now attacked the Lady Booby.

Mr Joſeph Andrews was now in the one-and-twentieth year of his age. He was of the higheſt degree of middle ſtature. His limbs were put together with great elegance, and no leſs ſtrength. His legs and thighs were formed in the exacteſt proportion. His ſhoulders were broad and brawny; but yet his arms hung ſo eaſily, that he had all the ſymptoms of ſtrength, without the leaſt clumſineſs. His hair was of a nut-brown colour, and was diſplayed in wanton ringlets down his back. His forehead was high, his eyes were dark, and as full of ſweetneſs as of fire. His noſe a little inclined to the Roman. His teeth white and even. His lips full, red, and ſoft. His beard was only rough on his chin and upper lip; but his cheeks, in which his blood glowed, were overſpread with a thick down. His countenance had a tender-

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neſs joined with a ſenſibility inexpreſſible. Add to this the moſt perfect neatneſs in his dreſs, and an air which, to thoſe who have not ſeen many noblemen, would give an idea of nobility.

Such was the perſon who now appeared before the Lady. She viewed him ſome time in ſilence, and twice or thrice before ſhe ſpake, changed her mind as to the manner in which ſhe ſhould begin. At length ſhe ſaid to him, 'Joſeph, I am ſorry to hear 'ſuch complaints againſt you; I am told you behave 'ſo rudely to the maids, that they cannot do their 'buſineſs in quiet; I mean thoſe who are not wicked 'enough to hearken to your ſolicitations. As to 'others, they may perhaps not call you rude; for 'there are wicked ſluts who make one aſhamed of 'one's own ſex; and are as ready to admit any nau-'ſeous familiarity as fellows to offer it: nay, there are 'ſuch in my family; but they ſhall not ſtay in it; 'that impudent trollop, who is with child by you, is 'diſcharged by this time.'

As a perſon who is ſtruck through the heart with a thunderbolt looks extremely ſurpriſed, nay, and perhaps is ſo too——thus the poor Joſeph received the falſe accuſation of his miſtreſs; he bluſhed and looked confounded, which ſhe miſinterpreted to be ſymptoms of his guilt, and thus went on:

'Come hither, Joſeph: another miſtreſs might diſ-'card you for theſe offences; but I have compaſſion 'for your youth, and if I could be certain you would 'be no more guilty.——Conſider, child, (laying her 'hand careleſsly upon his), you are a handſome 'young fellow, and might do better; you might make 'your fortune.'—'Madam,' ſaid Joſeph, 'I do aſ-'ſure your Ladyſhip, I don't know whether any maid 'in the houſe is man or woman.' 'Oh, fy! Joſeph,' anſwered the Lady, 'don't commit another crime 'in denying the truth. I could pardon the firſt; but 'I hate a liar.' 'Madam,' cries Joſeph, 'I hope 'your Ladyſhip will not be offended at my aſſerting 'my innocence: for by all that is ſacred, I have 'never offered more than kiſſing.' 'Kiſſing!' ſaid the Lady, with great diſcompoſure of countenance, and more

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more redneſs in her cheeks, than anger in her eyes, 'Do you call that no crime? kiſſing, Joſeph, is as a 'prologue to a play. Can I believe a young fellow 'of your age and complexion will be content with 'kiſſing? No, Joſeph, there is no woman who grants 'that, but will grant more; and I am deceived 'greatly in you, if you would not put her cloſely 'to it. What would you think, Joſeph, if I admit-'ted you to kiſs me?' Joſeph replied, 'He would 'ſooner die than have any ſuch thought.' 'And yet, 'Joſeph,' returned ſhe, 'ladies have admitted their 'footmen to ſuch familiarities; and footmen, I con-'feſs to you, much leſs deſerving them; fellows with-'out half your charms: for ſuch might almoſt excuſe 'the crime. Tell me therefore, Joſeph, if I ſhould 'admit you to ſuch freedom, what would you think 'of me?—tell me freely.' 'Madam,' ſaid Joſeph, 'I ſhould think your Ladyſhip condeſcended a great 'deal below yourſelf.' 'Pugh!' ſaid ſhe, 'that I 'am to anſwer to myſelf; but would not you inſiſt 'on more? Would you be contented with a kiſs? 'Would not your inclinations be all on fire rather by 'ſuch a favour?' 'Madam,' ſaid Joſeph, 'if they 'were, I hope I ſhould be able to controul them, 'without ſuffering them to get the better of my vir-'tue.'—You have heard, reader, poets talk of the ſtatue of ſurpriſe; you have heard likewiſe, or elſe you have heard very little, how ſurpriſe made one of the ſons of Crœſus ſpeak though he was dumb. You have ſeen the faces, in the eighteen-penny gallery, when through the trap-door, to ſoft or no muſic, Mr Bridgwater, Mr William Mills, or ſome other of ghoſt-ly appearance, hath aſcended with a face all pale with powder, and a ſhirt all bloody with ribbons: but from none of theſe, nor from Phidias or Praxiteles, if they ſhould return to life—no, not from the inimi-table pencil of my friend Hogarth, could you receive ſuch an idea of ſurprize, as would have entered in at your eyes, had they beheld the Lady Booby, when thoſe laſt words iſſued from the mouth of Joſeph. ——'Your virtue!' ſaid the Lady recovering after a ſilence of two minutes, 'I ſhall never ſurvive it,

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'Your virtue! Intolerable confidence! have you the 'aſſurance to pretend, that when a lady demeans her-'ſelf to throw aſide the rules of decency, in order to 'honour you with the higheſt favour in her power, 'your virtue ſhould reſiſt her inclination? that when 'ſhe had conquered her own virtue, ſhe ſhould find 'an obſtruction in yours?' 'Madam,' ſaid Joſeph, 'I can't ſee why her having no virtue ſhould be a rea-'ſon againſt my having any: or why, becauſe I am 'a man, or becauſe I am poor, my virtue muſt be 'ſubſervient to her pleaſures.' 'I am out of patience,' cries the Lady, 'did ever mortal hear of a man's vir-'tue! Did ever the greateſt, or the graveſt men pre-'tend to any of this kind! Will magiſtrates who pu-'niſh lewdneſs, or parſons who preach againſt it, 'make any ſcruple of committing it? and can a boy, 'a ſtripling, have the confidence to talk of his vir-'tue?' 'Madam,' ſays Joſeph, 'that boy is the bro-'ther of Pamela, and would be aſhamed that the 'chaſtity of his family, which is preſerved in her, 'ſhould be ſtained in him. If there are ſuch men as 'your Ladyſhip mentions, I am ſorry for it; and I 'wiſh they had an opportunity of reading over thoſe 'letters which my father hath ſent me of my ſiſter 'Pamela's; nor do I doubt but ſuch an example 'would amend them.' 'You impudent villain,' cries the Lady in a rage, 'do you inſult me with the follies 'of my relation, who hath expoſed himſelf all over 'the country upon your ſiſter's account? a little vixen 'whom I have always wondered my late Lady Booby 'ever kept in her houſe. Sirrah! get out of my 'ſight, and prepare to ſet out this night; for I will 'order you your wages immediately, and you ſhall 'be ſtripped and turned away.' 'Madam,' ſays Jo-'ſeph, 'I am ſorry I have offended your Ladyſhip, I am 'ſure I never intended it.' 'Yes, ſirrah,' cries ſhe, 'you 'have had the vanity to miſconſtrue the little innocent 'freedom I took, in order to try whether what I heard 'was true. O' my conſcience, you have had the aſ-'ſurance to imagine I was fond of you myſelf.' Jo-ſeph anſwered, he had only ſpoke out of tenderneſs for his virtue; at which words ſhe flew into a violent

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paſſion, and, refuſing to hear more, ordered him inſtantly to leave the room.

He was no ſooner gone, than ſhe burſt forth into the following exclamation: 'Whither doth this violent paſſion hurry us? What meanneſſes do we ſubmit to from its impulſe? Wiſely we reſiſt its firſt and leaſt approaches; for it is then only we can aſſure ourſelves the victory. No woman could ever ſafely ſay, ſo far only will I go. Have I not expoſed myſelf to the refuſal of my footman? I cannot bear the reflection.' Upon which ſhe applied herſelf to the bell, and rung it with infinite more violence than was neceſſary; the faithful Slipſlop attending near at hand: to ſay the truth, ſhe had conceived a ſuſpicion at her laſt interview with her miſtreſs; and had waited ever ſince in the antichamber, having carefully applied her ears to the key-hole during the whole time that the preceding converſation paſſed between Joſeph and the Lady.

CHAP. IX.

What paſſed between the Lady and Mrs Slipſlop, in which we prophecy there are ſome ſtrokes which every one will not truly comprehend at the firſt reading.

'SLIPSLOP,' ſaid the Lady, 'I find too much reaſon to believe all thou haſt told me of this wicked Joſeph; I have determined to part with him inſtantly; ſo go you to the ſteward, and bid him pay him his wages.' Slipſlop, who had preſerved hitherto a diſtance to her Lady, rather out of neceſſity than inclination, and who thought the knowledge of this ſecret had thrown down all diſtinction between them, anſwered her miſtreſs very pertly, 'She wiſhed ſhe knew her own mind; and that ſhe was certain ſhe would call her back again, before ſhe was got half-way down ſtairs.' The Lady replied, 'ſhe had taken a reſolution, and was reſolved to keep it.' 'I am ſorry for it,' cries Slipſlop; 'and if I had known you would have puniſhed the poor lad ſo ſeverely, you ſhould never have heard a particle of the matter. Here's a fuſs indeed, about nothing!' 'Nothing!' returned

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returned my Lady, 'do you think I will countenance 'lewdneſs in my houſe?' 'If you will turn away 'every footman,' ſaid Slipſlop, 'that is a lover of 'the ſport, you muſt ſoon open the coach-door your-'ſelf, or get a ſet of mophrodites to wait upon you; 'and I am ſure I hated the ſight of them even ſinging 'in an opera.' 'Do as I bid you,' ſays my Lady, 'and don't ſhock my ears with your beaſtly lan-'guage.' 'Marry-come-up,' cries Slipſlop, 'people's 'ears are ſometimes the niceſt part about them.'

The Lady, who began to admire the new ſtile in which her waiting gentlewoman delivered herſelf, and, by the concluſion of her ſpeech, ſuſpected ſomewhat of the truth, called her back, and deſired to know what ſhe meant by the extraordinary degree of free-dom in which ſhe thought proper to indulge her tongue. 'Freedom!' ſays Slipſlop, 'I don't know 'what you call freedom, Madam; ſervants have 'tongues as well as their miſtreſſes.' 'Yes, and ſaucy 'ones too,' anſwered the Lady, 'but I aſſure you I 'ſhall bear no ſuch impertinence.' 'Impertinence! I 'don't know that I am impertinent,' ſays Slipſlop. 'Yes indeed you are,' cries my Lady, 'and unleſs 'you mend your manners, this houſe is no place for 'you.' 'Manners!' cries Slipſlop, 'I never was thought 'to want manners nor modeſty neither; and for 'places, there are more places than one; and I 'know what I know.' 'What do you know, miſ-'treſs?' anſwered the Lady. 'I am not obliged to 'tell that to every body,' ſays Slipſlop, 'any more 'than I am obliged to keep it a ſecret.' 'I deſire 'you would provide yourſelf,' anſwered the Lady. 'With all my heart,' replied the waiting gentlewo-man; and ſo departed in a paſſion, and ſlapped the door after her.

The Lady too plainly perceived that her waiting-gentlewoman knew more than ſhe would willingly have had her acquainted with; and this ſhe imputed to Joſeph's having diſcovered to her what paſt at the firſt interview. This therefore blew up her rage a-gainſt him, and confirmed her in a reſolution of part-ing with him.

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But the diſmiſſing Mrs Slipſlop was a point not ſo eaſily to be reſolved upon: ſhe had the utmoſt tenderneſs for her reputation, as ſhe knew on that depended many of the moſt valuable bleſſings of life; particularly cards, making curteſies in public places, and above all, the pleaſure of demoliſhing the reputations of others, in which innocent amuſement ſhe had an extraordinary delight. She therefore determined to ſubmit to any inſult from a ſervant, rather than run a riſk of loſing the title to ſo many great privileges.

She therefore ſent for her ſteward, Mr Peter Pounce: and ordeeed him to pay Joſeph his wages, to ſtrip off his livery, and turn him out of the houſe that evening.

She then called Slipſlop up, and after refreſhing her ſpirits with a ſmall cordial which ſhe kept in her cloſet, ſhe began in the following manner:

'Slipſlop, why will you, who know my paſſionate temper, attempt to provoke me by your anſwers? I am convinced you are an honeſt ſervant, and ſhould be very unwilling to part with you. I believe likewiſe you have found me an indulgent miſtreſs on many occaſions, and have as little reaſon on your ſide to deſire a change. I can't help being ſurpriſed therefore, that you will take the ſureſt method to offend me: I mean repeating my words, which you know I have always deteſted.'

The prudent waiting-gentlewoman had duly weighed the whole matter, and found, on mature deliberation, that a good place in poſſeſſion was better than one in expectation. As ſhe found her miſtreſs therefore inclined to relent, ſhe thought proper alſo to put on ſome ſmall condeſcenſion; which was as readily accepted: and ſo the affair was reconciled, all offences forgiven, and a preſent of a gown and petticoat made her as an inſtance of her Lady's future favour.

She offered once or twice to ſpeak in favour of Joſeph: but found her Lady's heart ſo obdurate, that ſhe prudently dropt all ſuch efforts. She conſidered there were more footmen in the houſe, and ſome as ſtout fellows,

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fellows, tho' not quite so handsome as Joseph; besides, the reader hath already seen her tender advances had not met with the encouragement she might have reasonably expected. She thought she had thrown away a great deal of sack and sweetmeats on an ungrateful rascal; and being a little inclined to the opinion of that female sect, who hold one lusty young fellow to be near as good as another lusty young fellow, she at last gave up Joseph and his cause, and with a triumph over her passion highly commendable, walked off with her present, and with great tranquillity paid a visit to a stone bottle, which is of sovereign use to a philosophical temper.

She left not her mistress so easy. The poor lady could not reflect, without agony, that her dear reputation was in the power of her servants. All her comfort, as to Joseph, was, that she hoped he did not understand her meaning; at least, she could say for herself, she had not plainly express'd any thing to him; and as to Mrs Slipslop, she imagined she could bribe her to secrecy.

But what hurt her most was, that in reality she had not so entirely conquered her passion; the little god lay lurking in her heart, though anger and disdain so hoodwinked her, that she could not see him. She was a thousand times on the very brink of revoking the sentence she had passed against the poor youth. Love became his advocate, and whispered many things in his favour. Honour likewise endeavoured to vindicate his crime, and Pity to mitigate his punishment; on the other side, Pride and Revenge spoke as loudly against him; and thus the poor lady was tortured with perplexity, opposite passions distracting and tearing her mind different ways.

So have I seen, in the hall of Westminster, where Serjeant Bramble hath been retained on the right side, and Serjeant Puzzle on the left, the balance of opinion (so equal were their fees) alternately incline to either scale. Now Bramble throws in an argument, and Puzzle's scale strikes the beam; again, Bramble shares the like fate, overpowered by the weight of Puzzle. Here Bramble hits, there Puzzle strikes; here one has

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you, there t'other has you, 'till at laſt all becomes one ſcene of confuſion in the tortured minds of the hearers; equal wagers are laid on the ſucceſs, and neither judge nor jury can poſſibly make any thing of the matter; all things are ſo enveloped by the careful ſerjeants in doubt and obſcurity.

Or as it happens in the conſcience, where honour and honeſty pull one way, and a bribe and neceſſity another.——If it was our preſent buſineſs only to make ſimilies, we could produce many more to this purpoſe: but a ſimile (as well as a word) to the wiſe. We ſhall therefore ſee a little after our hero, for whom the reader is doubtleſs in ſome pain.

CHAP. X.

Joſeph writes another letter: His tranſactions with Mr Peter Pounce, &c. with his departure from Lady Booby.

THE diſconſolate Joſeph would not have had an underſtanding ſufficient for the principal ſubject of ſuch a book as this, if he had any longer miſunderſtood the driſt of his miſtreſs; and indeed that he did not diſcern it ſooner, the reader will be pleaſed to apply to an unwillingneſs in him to diſcover what he muſt condemn in her as a fault. Having therefore quitted her preſence, he retired into his own garret, and entered himſelf into an ejaculation on the numberleſs calamities which attended beauty, and the misfortune it was to be handſomer than one's neighbours.

He then ſat down and addreſſed himſelf to his ſiſter Pamela, in the following words;

"Dear ſiſter Pamela,

"HOPING you are well, what news have I to "tell you! O Pamela, my miſtreſs is fallen "in love with me—That is, what great folks call "falling in love, ſhe has a mind to ruin me, but I "hope I ſhall have more reſolution and more grace "than to part with my virtue to any lady upon "earth.

"Mr

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" Mr Adams hath often told me, that chaſtity is as " great a virtue in a man as in a woman. He ſays he " never knew any more than his wife, and I ſhall en- " deavour to follow his example. Indeed it is owing " entirely to his excellent ſermons and advice, together " with your letters, that I have been able to reſiſt a " temptation, which he ſays no man complies with, " but he repents in this world, or is damned for it in " the next; and why ſhould I truſt to repentance on " my death-bed, ſince I may die in my ſleep? What " fine things are good advice and good examples! " But I am glad ſhe turned me out of the chamber as " ſhe did: for I had once almoſt forgotten every word " Parſon Adams had ever ſaid to me.

" I don't doubt, dear ſiſter, but you will have grace " to preſerve your virtue againſt all trials; and I beg " you earneſtly to pray, I may be enabled to preſerve " mine: for truly it is very ſeverely attacked by more " than one: but I hope I ſhall copy your example, " and that of Joſeph my nameſake; and maintain my " virtue againſt all temptations."

Joſeph had not finiſhed his letter, when he was ſummoned down ſtairs by Mr Peter Pounce, to receive his wages: for, beſides that out of eight pounds a-year he allowed his father and mother four, he had been obliged, in order to furniſh himſelf with muſical inſtruments, to apply to the generoſity of the aforeſaid Peter, who, on urgent occaſions, uſed to advance the ſervants their wages: not before they were due, but before they were payable; that is, perhaps, half a-year after they were due, and this at the moderate premium of fifty *per cent.* or a little more: by which charitable methods, together with lending money to other people, and even to his own maſter and miſtreſs, the honeſt man had, from nothing, in a few years, amaſſed a ſmall ſum of twenty thouſand pounds or thereabouts.

Joſeph having received his little remainder of wages, and having ſtripped off his livery, was forced to borrow a frock and breeches of one of the ſervants: (for he was ſo beloved in the family, that they would all have lent him any thing): and being told by Peter, that

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that he muſt not ſtay a moment longer in the houſe than was neceſſary to pack up his linen, which he eaſily did in a very narrow compaſs, he took a melancholy leave of his fellow-ſervants, and ſet out at ſeven in the evening.

He had proceeded the length of two or three ſtreets, before he abſolutely determined with himſelf, whether he ſhould leave the town that night, or, procuring a lodging, wait till the morning. At laſt, the moon ſhining very bright helped him to come to a reſolution of beginning his journey immediately, to which likewiſe he had ſome other inducements; which the reader, without being a conjurer, cannot poſſibly gueſs, till we have given him thoſe hints which it may be now proper to open.

CHAP. XI.

Of ſeveral new matters not expected.

IT is an obſervation ſometimes made, that to indicate our idea of a ſimple fellow, we ſay, he is eaſily to be ſeen through: nor do I believe it a more improper denotation of a ſimple book. Inſtead of applying this to any particular performance, we chuſe rather to remark the contrary in this hiſtory, where the ſcene opens itſelf by ſmall degrees; and he is a ſagacious reader who can ſee two chapters before him.

For this reaſon we have not hitherto hinted a matter which now ſeems neceſſary to be explained; ſince it may be wonderful at firſt, that Joſeph made ſuch extraordinary haſte out of town, which hath been already ſhewn; and ſecondly, which will be now ſhewn, that inſtead of proceeding to the habitation of his father and mother, or to his beloved ſiſter Pamela, he choſe rather to ſet out full ſpeed to the Lady Booby's country ſeat, which he had left on his journey to London.

Be it known then, that in the ſame pariſh where this ſeat ſtood, there lived a young girl whom Joſeph (though the beſt of one and brothers) longed more impatiently to ſee than his parents or his ſiſter. She

was

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was a poor girl, who had formerly been bred up in Sir John's family; whence, a little before the journey to London, she had been discarded by Mrs Slipslop on account of her extraordinary beauty; for I never could find any other reason.

This young creature (who now lived with a farmer in the parish) had been always beloved by Joseph, and returned his affection. She was two years only younger than our hero. They had been acquainted from their infancy, and had conceived a very early liking for each other, which had grown to such a degree of affection, that Mr Adams had with much ado prevented them from marrying, and persuaded them to wait, till a few years service and thrift had a little improved their experience, and enabled them to live comfortably together.

They followed this good man's advice, as indeed his word was little less than a law in his parish: for as he had shewn his parishioners, by an uniform behaviour of thirty-five years duration, that he had their good entirely at heart; so they consulted him on every occasion, and very seldom acted contrary to his opinion.

Nothing can be imagined more tender than was the parting between these two lovers. A thousand sighs heaved the bosom of Joseph; a thousand tears distilled from the lovely eyes of Fanny, (for that was her name): though her modesty would only suffer her to admit his eager kisses, her violent love made her more than passive in his embraces; and she often pulled him to her breast with a soft pressure, which, though perhaps it would not have squeezed an insect to death, caused more emotion in the heart of Joseph, than the closest Cornish hug could have done.

The reader may perhaps wonder, that so fond a pair should during a twelvemonth's absence never converse with one another; indeed there was but one reason which did, or could have prevented them; and this was, that poor Fanny could neither write nor read: nor could she be prevailed upon to transmit the delicacies of her tender and chaste passion, by the hands of an amanuensis.

They

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They contented themſelves therefore with frequent enquiries after each other's health, with a mutual confidence in each other's fidelity, and the proſpect of their future happineſs.

Having explained theſe matters to our reader, and, as far as poſſible, ſatisfied all his doubts, we return to honeſt Joſeph, whom we left juſt ſet out on his travels by the light of the moon.

Thoſe who have read any romance or poetry ancient or modern, muſt have been informed, that love hath wings: by which they are not to underſtand, as ſome young ladies by miſtake have done, that a lover can fly; the writers, by this ingenious allegory, intended to inſinuate no more, than that lovers do not march like horſe-guards; in ſhort, that they put the beſt leg foremoſt; which our luſty youth, who could walk with any man, did ſo heartily on this occaſion, that within four hours, he reached a famous houſe of hoſpitality well known to the weſtern traveller. It preſents you a lion on a ſign poſt; and the maſter, who was chriſtened Timotheus, is commonly called plain Tim. Some have conceived that he hath particularly choſen the lion for his ſign, as he doth in countenance greatly reſemble that magnanimous beaſt, though his diſpoſition favours more of the ſweetneſs of the lamb. He is a perſon well received among all ſorts of men, being qualified to render himſelf agreeable to any; as he is well verſed in hiſtory and politics, hath a ſmattering in law and divinity, cracks a good jeſt, and plays wonderfully well on the French-horn.

A violent ſtorm of hail forced Joſeph to take ſhelter in this inn, where he remembered Sir Thomas had dined in his way to town. Joſeph had no ſooner ſeated himſelf by the kitchen-fire, than Timotheus, obſerving his livery, began to condole the loſs of his late maſter; who was, he ſaid, his very particular and intimate acquaintance, with whom he had cracked many a merry bottle, aye many a dozen in his time. He then remarked, that all thoſe things were over now, all paſt, and juſt as if they had never been; and concluded with an excellent obſervation on the certainty

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tainty of death, which his wife said was indeed very true. A fellow now arrived at the same inn with two horses, one of which he was leading farther down into the country to meet his master; these he put into the stable, and came and took his place by Joseph's side, who immediately knew him to be the servant of a neighbouring gentleman, who used to visit at their house.

This fellow was likewise forced in by the storm: for he had orders to go twenty miles farther that evening, and luckily on the same road which Joseph himself intended to take. He therefore embraced this opportunity of complimenting his friend with his master's horses, (notwithstanding he had received express commands to the contrary), which was readily accepted; and so, after they had drank a loving pot, and the storm was over, they set out together.

CHAP. XII.

Containing many surprising adventures which Joseph Andrews met with on the road, scarce credible to those who have never travelled in a stage-coach.

NOTHING remarkable happened on the road, till their arrival at the inn to which the horses were ordered; whither they came about two in the morning. The moon then shone very bright; and Joseph making his friend a present of a pint of wine, and thanking him for the favour of his horse, notwithstanding all entreaties to the contrary, proceeded on his journey on foot.

He had not gone above two miles, charmed with the hopes of shortly seeing his beloved Fanny, when he was met by two fellows in a narrow lane, and ordered to stand and deliver. He readily gave them all the money he had, which was somewhat less than two pounds; and told them, he hoped they would be so generous as to return him a few shillings, to defray his charges on his way home.

One of the ruffians answered with an oath, 'Yes, 'we'll give you something presently: but first strip 'and be d—n'd to you.'—'Strip,' cried the other; 'or

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'or I'll blow your brains to the devil.' Joſeph remembering that he had borrowed his coat and breeches of a friend, and that he ſhould be aſhamed of making any excuſe for not returning them, replied, he hoped they would not inſiſt on his cloaths, which were not worth much, but conſider the coldneſs of the night. 'You are cold, are you, you raſcal?' ſays one of the robbers, 'I'll warm you with a vengeance;' and, damning his eyes, ſnapt a piſtol at his head: which he had no ſooner done, than the other levelled a blow at him with his ſtick, which Joſeph, who was expert at cudgel-playing, caught with his, and returned the favour ſo ſucceſsfully on his adverſary, that he laid him ſprawling at his feet, and at the ſame inſtant received a blow from behind, with the butt-end of a piſtol from the other villain, which felled him to the ground, and totally deprived him of his ſenſes.

The thief, who had been knocked down, had now recovered himſelf; and both together fell to belabouring poor Joſeph with their ſticks, till they were convinced they had put an end to his miſerable being: they then ſtripped him entirely naked, threw him into a ditch, and departed with their booty.

The poor wretch, who lay motionleſs a long time, juſt began to recover his ſenſes as a ſtage-coach came by. The poſtilion hearing a man's groans, ſtopped his horſes, and told the coachman, he was certain there was a dead man lying in the ditch; for he heard him groan. 'Go on, ſirrah,' ſays the coachman, 'we are confounded late, and have no time to look 'after dead men.' A lady, who heard what the poſtilion ſaid, and likewiſe heard the groan, called eagerly to the coachman. to ſtop and ſee what was the matter. Upon which he bid the poſtilion alight, and look into the ditch. He did ſo, and returned, That there was a man ſitting upright as naked as ever he was born. 'O J—ſus,' cried the Lady, 'a naked 'man! Dear coachman, drive on and leave him.' Upon this the gentleman got out of the coach; and Joſeph begged them to have mercy upon him; for that he had been robbed, and almoſt beaten to death. 'Robbed!' cries an old gentleman; 'let us make

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all the haſte imaginable, or we ſhall be robbed too.' A young man, who belonged to the law, anſwered, He wiſhed they had paſſed by without taking any notice; but that now they might be proved to have been laſt in his company; if he ſhould die, they might be called to ſome account for his murder. He therefore thought it adviſeable to ſave the poor creature's life, for their own ſakes, if poſſible; at leaſt, if he died, to prevent the jury's finding that they fled for it. He was therefore of opinion, to take the man into the coach, and carry him to the next inn. The lady inſiſted, That he ſhould not come into the coach; that if they lifted him in, ſhe would herſelf alight: for ſhe had rather ſtay in that place to all eternity, than ride with a naked man. The coachman objected, That he could not ſuffer him to be taken in, unleſs ſomebody would pay a ſhilling for his carriage the four miles; which the two gentlemen refuſed to do. But the lawyer, who was afraid of ſome miſchief happening to himſelf if the wretch was left behind in that condition, ſaying, No man could be too cautious in theſe matters, and that he remembered very extraordinary caſes in the books, threatened the coachman, and bid him deny taking him up at his peril; for that if he died, he ſhould be indicted for his murder; and if he lived, and brought an action againſt him, he would willingly take a brief in it. Theſe words had a ſenſible effect on the coachman, who was well acquainted with the perſon who ſpoke them; and the old gentleman above mentioned, thinking the naked man would afford him frequent opportunities of ſhewing his wit to the lady, offered to join with the company in giving a mug of beer for his fare; till partly alarmed by the threats of the one, and partly by the promiſes of the other, and being, perhaps, a little moved with compaſſion at the poor creature's condition, who ſtood bleeding and ſhivering with the cold, he at length agreed; and Joſeph was now advancing to the coach, where, ſeeing the lady, who held the ſticks of her fan before her eyes, he abſolutely refuſed, miſerable as he was, to enter,

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unleſs he was furniſhed with ſufficient covering, to prevent giving the leaſt offence to decency. So perfectly modeſt was this young man; ſuch mighty effects had the ſpotleſs example of the amiable Pamela, and the excellent ſermons of Mr Adams, wrought upon him.

Though there were ſeveral great coats about the coach, it was not eaſy to get over this difficulty which Joſeph had ſtarted. The two gentlemen complained they were cold, and could not ſpare a rag; the man of wit ſaying, with a laugh, That charity began at home; and the coachman, who had two great coats ſpread under him, refuſed to lend either, leſt they ſhould be made bloody; the lady's footman deſired to be excuſed for the ſame reaſon; which the lady herſelf, notwithſtanding her abhorrence of a naked man, approved: and it is more than probable, poor Joſeph, who obſtinately adhered to his modeſt reſolution, muſt have periſhed, unleſs the poſtilion (a lad who hath been ſince tranſported for robbing a hen-rooſt) had voluntarily ſtript off a great coat, his only garment, at the ſame time ſwearing a great oath, (for which he was rebuked by the paſſengers,) That he would rather ride in his ſhirt all his life, than ſuffer a fellow-creature to ly in ſo miſerable a condition.

Joſeph having put on the great coat, was lifted into the coach, which now proceeded on its journey. He declared himſelf almoſt dead with the cold; which gave the man of wit an occaſion to aſk the lady, if ſhe could not accommodate him with a dram. She anſwered with ſome reſentment, She wondered at his aſking her ſuch a queſtion; but aſſured him ſhe never taſted any ſuch thing.

The lawyer was enquiring into the circumſtances of the robbery, when the coach ſtopt, and one of the ruffians putting a piſtol in, demanded their money of the paſſengers: who readily gave it them; and the lady, in her fright, delivered up a little ſilver bottle, of about half a pint ſize, which the rogue, clapping it to his mouth, and drinking her health, declared held ſome of the beſt Nantz he had ever taſted: this the lady afterwards aſſured the company was the miſtake

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ſtake of her maid; for that ſhe had ordered her to fill the bottle with Hungary-water.

As ſoon as the fellows were departed, the lawyer, who had, it ſeems, a caſe of piſtols in the ſeat of the coach, informed the company, that if it had been day-light, and he could have come at his piſtols, he would not have ſubmitted to the robbery; he likewiſe ſet forth, that he had often met highwaymen when he travelled on horſeback, but none ever durſt attack him; concluding, that if he had not been more afraid for the lady than for himſelf, he ſhould not have now parted with his money ſo eaſily.

As wit is generally obſerved to love to reſide in empty pockets, ſo the gentleman, whoſe ingenuity we have above remarked, as ſoon as he had parted with his money, began to grow wonderfully facetious. He made frequent alluſions to Adam and Eve, and ſaid many excellent things on figs and fig-leaves; which, perhaps, gave more offence to Joſeph than to any other in the company.

The lawyer likewiſe made ſeveral very pretty jeſts, without departing from his profeſſion. He ſaid, if Joſeph and the lady were alone, he would be more capable of making a conveyance to her, as his affairs were not fettered with any incumbrance; he'd warrant, he ſoon ſuffered a recovery by a writ of entry, which was the proper way to create heirs in tail; that for his own part, he would engage to make ſo firm a ſettlement in a coach, that there, ſhould be no danger of an ejectment: with an inundation of the like gibberiſh, which he continued to vent till the coach arrived at an inn, where one ſervant maid only was up in readineſs to attend the coachman, and furniſh him with cold meat and a dram. Joſeph deſired to alight, and that he might have a bed prepared for him, which the maid readily promiſed to perform; and, being a good-natured wench, and not ſo ſqueamiſh as the lady had been, ſhe clapt a large faggot on the fire, and furniſhing Joſeph with a great coat belonging to one of the hoſtlers, deſired him to ſit down and warm himſelf, whilſt ſhe made his bed. The coachman, in the mean

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time, took an opportunity to call up a ſurgeon, who lived within a few doors; after which, he reminded his paſſengers how late they were, and after they had taken leave of Joſeph, hurried him off as faſt as he could.

The wench ſoon got Joſeph to bed, and promiſed to uſe her intereſt to borrow him a ſhirt; but imagined, as ſhe afterwards ſaid, by his being ſo bloody, that he muſt be a dead man: ſhe ran with all ſpeed to haſten the ſurgeon, who was more than half dreſſed, apprehending that the coach had been overturned, and ſome gentleman or lady hurt. As ſoon as the wench had informed him at his window, that it was a poor foot-paſſenger who had been ſtripped of all he had, and almoſt murdered; he chid her for diſturbing him ſo early, ſlipped off his cloaths again, and very quietly returned to bed and to ſleep.

Aurora now began to ſhew her blooming cheeks over the hills, whilſt ten millions of feathered ſongſters, in jocund chorus, repeated odes a thouſand times ſweeter than thoſe of our laureat, and ſung both the day and the ſong; when the maſter of the inn, Mr Tow-wouſe, aroſe, and learning from his maid an account of the robbery, and the ſituation of his poor naked gueſt, he ſhook his head, and cried, 'Good 'lack-a-day!' and then ordered the girl to carry him one of his own ſhirts.

Mrs Tow-wouſe was juſt awake, and had ſtretched out her arms in vain to fold her departed huſband, when the maid entered the room. 'Who's there? 'Betty?' 'Yes, Madam.' 'Where's your maſter?' 'He's without, Madam; he hath ſent me for a ſhirt 'to lend a poor naked man, who hath been robbed 'and murdered.' 'Touch one, if you dare, you 'ſlut,' ſaid Mrs Tow-wouſe: 'your maſter is a pret-'ty ſort of a man to take in naked vagabonds, and 'cloath them with his own cloaths. I ſhall have no 'ſuch doings.———If you offer to touch any thing, 'I'll throw the chamberpot at your head. Go, ſend 'your maſter to me.' 'Yes, Madam,' anſwered Betty. As ſoon as he came in, ſhe thus began: 'What the devil do you mean by this, Mr Tow-

'wouſe?

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'wouſe? Am I to buy ſhirts to lend to a ſet of ſcab-'by raſcals?' 'My dear,' ſaid Mr Tow-wouſe, 'This is a poor wretch.' 'Yes,' ſays ſhe, 'I know, 'it is a poor wretch; but what the devil have we to 'do with poor wretches? The law makes us provide 'for too many already. We ſhall have thirty or forty 'poor wretches in red coats ſhortly.' 'My dear,' cries Tow-wouſe, 'this man hath been robbed of all 'he hath.' 'Well then,' ſays ſhe, 'where's his mo-'ney to pay his reckoning? Why doth not ſuch a 'fellow go to an ale-houſe? I ſhall ſend him packing 'as ſoon as I am up, I aſſure you.' My dear,' ſaid 'he, 'common charity won't ſuffer you to do that.' 'Common charity, a f—t!' ſays ſhe, 'common cha-'rity teaches us to provide for ourſelves, and our 'families; and I and mine won't be ruined by your 'charity, I aſſure you.' 'Well,' ſays he, 'my dear, 'do as you will when you are up; you know I never 'contradict you.' 'No,' ſays ſhe, 'if the devil was 'to contradict me, I would make the houſe too hot 'to hold him.'

With ſuch like diſcourſes they conſumed near half an hour, whilſt Betty provided a ſhirt from the hoſt-ler, who was one of her ſweethearts, and put it on poor Joſeph. The ſurgeon had likewiſe at laſt viſit-ed him, and waſhed and dreſſed his wounds, and was now come to acquaint Mr Tow-wouſe, that his gueſt was in ſuch extreme danger of his life, that he ſcarce ſaw any hopes of his recovery.—'Here's a pretty 'kettle of fiſh,' cries Mrs Tow-wouſe, 'you have 'brought upon us! We are like to have a funeral at 'our own expence.' Tow-wouſe, (who, notwithſtand-ing his charity, would have given his vote as freely as ever he did at an election, that any other houſe in the kingdom ſhould have quiet poſſeſſion of his gueſt) anſwered, 'My dear, I am not to blame: he was 'brought hither by the ſtage-coach; and Betty 'had put him to bed before I was ſtirring.' 'I'll 'Betty her,' ſays ſhe——At which, with half her garments on, the other half under her arm, ſhe ſal-lied out in queſt of the unfortunate Betty, whilſt Tow-wouſe and the ſurgeon went to pay a viſit to poor Jo-

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ſeph, and enquire into the circumſtances of this melancholy affair.

CHAP. XIII.

What happened to Joſeph during his ſickneſs at the inn, with the curious diſcourſe between him and Mr Barnabas the parſon of the pariſh.

AS ſoon as Joſeph had communicated a particular hiſtory of the robbery, together with a ſhort account of himſelf and his intended journey, he aſked the ſurgeon, if he apprehended him to be in any danger: to which the ſurgeon very honeſtly anſwered, 'He 'feared he was; for that his pulſe was very exalted 'and feveriſh, and if his fever ſhould prove more 'than ſymptomatic, it would be impoſſible to ſave 'him.' Joſeph fetching a deep ſigh, cried, 'Poor 'Fanny, I would I could have lived to ſee thee! but 'God's will be done.'

The ſurgeon then adviſed him, if he had any worldly affairs to ſettle, that he would do it as ſoon as poſſible; for tho' he hop'd he might recover, yet he thought himſelf obliged to acquaint him he was in great danger; and if the malign concoction of his humours ſhould cauſe a ſuſcitation of his fever, he might ſoon grow delirious and incapable to make his will. Joſeph anſwered, 'That it was impoſſible for 'any creature in the univerſe to be in a poorer con-'dition than himſelf: for ſince the robbery, he had 'not one thing of any kind whatever, which he could 'call his own. I had,' ſaid he, 'a poor little piece 'of gold, which they took away, that would have 'been a comfort to me in all my afflictions; but 'ſurely, Fanny, I want nothing to remind me of 'thee. I have thy dear image in my heart, and no 'villain can ever tear it thence.

Joſeph deſired paper and pens to write a letter, but they were refuſed him; and he was adviſed to uſe all his endeavours to compoſe himſelf. They then left him; and Mr Tow-wouſe ſent to a clergyman to come and adminiſter his good offices to the ſoul of poor

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poor Joseph, since the surgeon despaired of making any successful applications to his body.

Mr Barnabas (for that was the clergyman's name) came as soon as sent for; and having first drank a dish of tea with the landlady, and afterwards a bowl of punch with the landlord, he walked up to the room where Joseph lay: but finding him asleep, returned to take the other sneaker: which when he had finished, he again crept softly up to the chamber-door, and, having opened it, heard the sick man talking to himself in the following manner:

'O most adorable Pamela! most virtuous sister! 'whose example alone could enable me to withstand 'all the temptations of riches and beauty, and to 'preserve my virtue pure and chaste, for the arms of 'my dear Fanny, if it had pleased Heaven that I 'should ever have come into them. What riches, 'or honours, or pleasures can make us amends for the 'loss of innocence? Doth not that alone afford us 'more consolation, than all worldly acquisitions? 'What but innocence and virtue could give any com-'fort to such a miserable wretch as I am? Yet these 'can make me prefer this sick and painful bed to all 'the pleasures I should have found in my lady's. 'These can make me face death without fear; and 'though I love my Fanny more than ever man loved 'a woman, these can teach me to resign myself to the 'divine will without repining. O, thou delightful 'charming creature! if Heaven had indulged thee to 'my arms, the poorest, humblest state, would have 'been a paradise; I could have lived with thee in 'the lowest cottage, without envying the palaces, 'the dainties, or the riches of any man breathing. 'But I must leave thee, leave thee forever, my 'dearest angel! I must think of another world; and 'I heartily pray thou may'st meet comfort in this.'— Barnabas thought he had heard enough; so down stairs he went, and told Tow-wouse he could do his guest no service: for that he was very light-headed, and had uttered nothing but a rhapsody of nonsense all the time he staid in the room.

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The ſurgeon returned in the afternoon, and found his patient in a higher fever as he ſaid, than when he left him, though not delirious: for notwithſtanding Mr Barnabas's opinion, he had not been once out of his ſenſes ſince his arrival at the inn.

Mr Barnabas was again ſent for, and with much difficulty prevailed on to make another viſit. As ſoon as he entered the room, he told Joſeph, 'He 'was come to pray by him, and to prepare him for 'another world: in the firſt place therefore, he hoped 'he had repented of all his ſins.' Joſeph anſwered, 'He hoped he had; but there was one thing which 'he knew not whether he ſhould call a ſin; if it was, 'he feared he ſhould die in the commiſſion of it; and 'that was the regret of parting with a young woman, 'whom he loved as tenderly as he did his heart-ſtrings.' Barnabas bade him be aſſured, 'that any repining at 'the divine will was one of the greateſt ſins he could 'commit; that he ought to forget all carnal affections, 'and think of better things.' Joſeph ſaid, 'That 'neither in this world nor the next, he could forget 'his Fanny; and that the thought, however grievous, 'of parting from her for ever, was not half ſo tor-'menting as the fear of what ſhe would ſuffer, when 'ſhe knew his misfortune.' Barnabas ſaid, 'That 'ſuch fears argued a diffidence and deſpondence very 'criminal; that he muſt diveſt himſelf of all human 'paſſions, and fix his heart above.' Joſeph anſwered, 'That was what he deſired to do, and ſhould be ob-'liged to him if he would enable him to accompliſh 'it.' Barnabas replied, 'That muſt be done by 'grace.' Joſeph beſought him to diſcover how he might attain it. Barnabas anſwered, 'By prayer and 'faith.' He then queſtioned him concerning his for-giveneſs of the thieves. Joſeph anſwered, 'He 'feared that was more than he could do: for nothing 'would give him more pleaſure than to hear they 'were taken.' 'That,' cries Barnabas, 'is for the 'ſake of juſtice.' 'Yes,' ſaid Joſeph, 'but if I was 'to meet them again, I am afraid I ſhould attack 'them, and kill them too if I could.' 'Doubt-'leſs,' anſwered Barnabas, 'it is lawful to kill a

'thief:

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'thief: but can you ſay, you forgive them as a Chri
'ſtian ought?' Joſeph deſired to know what that forgiveneſs was. 'That is,' anſwered Barnabas, 'to 'forgive them as—as—it is to forgive them as—in 'ſhort, it is to forgive them as a Chriſtian.' Joſeph replied, 'He forgave them as much as he could.' 'Well, well,' ſaid Barnabas, 'that will do.' He then demanded of him, 'if he remembered any more 'ſins unrepented of; and if he did, he deſired him 'to make haſte and repent of them as faſt as he could: 'that they might repeat over a few prayers together.' Joſeph anſwered, 'He could not recollect any great 'crimes he had been guilty of, and that thoſe he had 'committed he was ſincerely ſorry for.' Barnabas ſaid, that was enough, and then proceeded to prayer with all the expedition he was maſter of; ſome company then waiting for him below in the parlour, where the ingredients for punch were all in readineſs; but no one would ſqueeze the oranges till he came.

Joſeph complained he was dry, and deſired a little tea; which Barnabas reported to Mrs Tow-wouſe, who anſwered, 'She had juſt done drinking it, and 'could not be ſlopping all day;' but ordered Betty to carry him up ſome ſmall beer.

Betty obeyed her miſtreſs's commands; but Joſeph, as ſoon as he had taſted it, ſaid, he feared it would encreaſe his fever, and that he longed very much for tea. To which the good-natured Betty anſwered, he ſhould have tea, if there was any in the land; ſhe accordingly went and bought him ſome herſelf, and attended him with it; where we will leave her and Joſeph together for ſome time, to entertain the reader with other matters.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIV.

Being very full of adventures, which ſucceeded each other at the inn.

IT was now the duſk of the evening, when a grave perſon rode into the inn, and committing his horſe to the hoſtler, went directly to the kitchen, and having called for a pipe of tobacco, took his place by the fire-ſide; where ſeveral perſons were likewiſe aſſembled.

The diſcourſe ran altogether on the robbery which was committed the night before, and on the poor wretch, who lay above in the dreadful condition in which we have already ſeen him. Mrs Tow-wouſe ſaid, 'She wondered what the devil Tom Whipwell 'meant by bringing ſuch gueſts to her houſe, when 'there were ſo many ale-houſes on the road proper 'for their reception. But ſhe aſſured him, if he died, 'the pariſh ſhould be at the expence of the funeral.' She added, 'Nothing would ſerve the fellow's turn 'but tea, ſhe would aſſure him.' Betty, who was juſt returned from her charitable office, anſwered, ſhe believed he was a gentleman, for ſhe never ſaw a finer ſkin in her life. 'Pox on his ſkin!' replied Mrs Tow-wouſe, 'I ſuppoſe, that is all we are like to have for 'the reckoning. I deſire no ſuch gentleman ſhould 'ever call at the Dragon,' (which, it ſeems, was the ſign of the inn.

The gentleman lately arrived diſcovered a great deal of emotion at the diſtreſs of this poor creature, whom he obſerved to be fallen not into the moſt compaſſionate hands. And indeed, if Mrs Tow-wouſe had given no utterance to the ſweetneſs of her temper, Nature had taken ſuch pains in her countenance, that Hogarth himſelf never gave more expreſſion to a picture.

Her perſon was ſhort, thin and crooked. Her forehead projected in the middle, and thence deſcended in a declivity to the top of her noſe, which was ſharp and red, and would have hung over her lips, had not Nature turned up the end of it. Her lips were

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were two bits of ſkin, which, whenever ſhe ſpoke, ſhe drew together in a purſe. Her chin was peaked; and at the upper end of that ſkin, which compoſed her cheeks, ſtood two bones, that almoſt hid a pair of ſmall red eyes; add to this a voice moſt wonderfully adapted to the ſentiments it was to convey, being both loud and hoarſe.

It is not eaſy to ſay, whether the gentleman had conceived a greater diſlike for his landlady, or compaſſion for her unhappy gueſt. He enquired very earneſtly of the ſurgeon, who was now come into the kitchen, whether he had any hopes of his recovery? he begged him to uſe all poſſible means towards it, telling him, 'it was the duty of men of all profeſ-'ſions, to apply their ſkill gratis for the relief of the 'poor and neceſſitous.' The ſurgeon anſwered, 'he 'ſhould take proper care: but he defied all the ſur-'geons in London to do him any good.' 'Pray, Sir,' ſaid the gentleman, 'what are his wounds?' 'Why, 'do you know any thing of wounds!' ſays the ſurgeon, (winking upon Mrs Tow-wouſe.) 'Sir, I 'have a ſmall ſmattering in ſurgery,' anſwered the gentleman. 'A ſmattering,—ho, ho, ho!' ſaid the ſurgeon, 'I believe it is a ſmattering indeed.'

The company were all attentive, expecting to hear the doctor, who was what they call a dry fellow, expoſe the gentleman.

He began therefore with an air of triumph: 'I 'ſuppoſe, Sir, you have travelled?' 'No, really, 'Sir,' ſaid the gentleman. 'Ho! then you have 'practiſed in the hoſpitals perhaps.' 'No, Sir.' 'Hum! not that neither? Whence, Sir, then, if I 'may be ſo bold to enquire, have you got your know-'ledge in ſurgery?' 'Sir,' anſwered the gentleman, 'I do not pretend to much; but the little I know, I 'have from books.' 'Books!' cries the doctor,—— 'What, I ſuppoſe you have read Gallen and Hippo-'crates!' 'No, Sir,' ſaid the gentleman. 'How! 'you underſtand ſurgery,' anſwers the doctor, 'and 'not read Galen and Hippocrates!' 'Sir,' cries the other, 'I believe there are many ſurgeons who have 'never read theſe authors.' 'I believe ſo too,' ſays the

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the doctor, 'more shame for them: but thanks to 'my education, I have them by heart, and very sel- 'dom go without them both in my pocket.' 'They 'are pretty large books,' said the gentleman. 'Aye, said the Doctor, 'I believe I know how large they are 'better than you.' At which he fell a-winking, and the whole company burst into a laugh.

The doctor pursuing his triumph, asked the gentleman, 'if he did not understand physic as well as 'surgery.' 'Rather better,' answered the gentleman. 'Aye, like enough,' cries the doctor, with a wink. 'Why, I know a little of physic too.' 'I wish I 'knew half so much,' said Tow-wouse, 'I'd never 'wear an apron again.' 'Why, I believe, landlord,' cries the doctor, 'there are few men, though I say 'it, within twelve miles of the place, that handle a 'fever better.—*Venienti occurrite morbo*: that is my 'method.—I suppose, brother, you understand Latin?' 'A little,' says the gentleman. 'Aye, and Greek 'now I'll warrant you: *Ton dapomibominos poluflosboio Thalasses*. But I have almost forgot these things; 'I could have repeated Homer by heart once.' 'Ifags! 'the gentleman has caught a traitor,' says Mrs Tow-wouse; at which they all fell a laughing.

The gentleman, who had not the least affection for joking, very contentedly suffered the doctor to enjoy his victory; which he did with no small satisfaction: and having sufficiently sounded his depth, told him, 'he was thoroughly convinced of his great learning 'and abilities; and that he would be obliged to him, 'if he would let him know his opinion of his pa- 'tient's case above stairs.' 'Sir,' says the doctor, 'his 'case is that of a dead man——The contusion on his 'head has perforated the internal membrane of the 'occiput, and divellicated that radical small minute 'invisible nerve, which coheres to the pericranium; 'and this was attended with a fever at first sympto- 'matic, then pneumatic; and he is at length grown 'deliruus, or delirious, as the vulgar express it.'

He was proceeding in this learned manner, when a mighty noise interrupted him. Some young fellows

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in the neighbourhood had taken one of the thieves, and were bringing him into the inn. Betty ran up ſtairs with this news to Joſeph; who begged they might ſearch for a little piece of broken gold, which had a ribband tied to it, and which he could ſwear to amongſt all the hoards of the richeſt men in the univerſe.

Notwithſtanding the fellow's perſiſting in his innocence, the mob were very buſy in ſearching him, and preſently, among other things, pulled out the piece of gold juſt mentioned: which Betty no ſooner ſaw, than ſhe laid violent hands on it, and conveyed it up to Joſeph, who received it with raptures of joy, and hugging it in his boſom, declared, he could now die contented.

Within a few minutes afterwards, came in ſome other fellows, with a bundle which they had found in a ditch, and which was indeed the cloaths which had been ſtripped off from Joſeph, and the other things they had taken from him.

The gentleman no ſooner ſaw the coat, than he declared he knew the livery; and, if it had been taken from the poor creature above ſtairs, deſired he might ſee him: for that he was very well acquainted with the family to whom that livery belonged.

He was accordingly conducted up by Betty: but what, reader, was the ſurpriſe on both ſides, when he ſaw Joſeph was the perſon in bed; and when Joſeph diſcovered the face of his good friend Mr Abraham Adams!

It would be impertinent to inſert a diſcourſe which chiefly turned on the relation of matters already well known to the reader; for as ſoon as the curate had ſatisfied Joſeph concerning the perfect health of his Fanny, he was on his ſide very inquiſitive into all the particulars which had produced this unfortunate accident.

To return therefore to the kitchen, where a great variety of company were now aſſembled from all the rooms of the houſe, as well as the neighbourhood: ſo much delight do men take in contemplating the countenance of a thief.

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Mr Tow-wouſe began to rub his hands with pleaſure, at ſeeing ſo large an aſſembly; who would, he hoped, ſhortly adjourn into ſeveral apartments, in order to diſcourſe over the robbery, and drink a health to all honeſt men. But Mrs Tow-wouſe, whoſe misfortune it was commonly to ſee things a little perverſely, began to rail at thoſe who brought the fellow into her houſe; telling her huſband, they were very likely to thrive, who kept a houſe of entertainment for beggars and thieves.

The mob had now finiſhed their ſearch: and could find nothing about the captive likely to prove any evidence: for as to the cloaths, though the mob were very well ſatisfied with that proof; yet, as the ſurgeon obſerved, they could not convict him, becauſe they were not found in his cuſtody; to which Barnabas agreed, and added, that theſe were *bona waviata*, and belonged to the lord of the manor.

'How,' ſays the ſurgeon, 'do you ſay theſe goods 'belong to the lord of the manor?' 'I do,' cried Barnabas. 'Then I deny it,' ſays the ſurgeon. 'What 'can the lord of the manor have to do in the caſe? 'will any one attempt to perſuade me that what 'a man finds is not his own!' 'I have heard,' ſays an old fellow in the corner, 'juſtice Wiſeone ſay, 'that if every man had his right, whatever is found 'belongs to the king of London.' 'That may be 'true,' ſays Barnabas, 'in ſome ſenſe: for the law 'makes a difference between things ſtolen and things 'found: for a thing may be ſtolen that never is found; 'and a thing may be found that never was ſtolen. 'Now goods that are both ſtolen and found are '*waviata*; and they belong to the lord of the manor.' 'So the lord of the manor is the receiver of ſtolen 'goods,' ſays the doctor: at which there was a univerſal laugh, being firſt begun by himſelf.

While the priſoner, by perſiſting in his innocence, had almoſt (as there was no evidence againſt him) brought over Barnabas, the ſurgeon, Tow-wouſe and ſeveral others to his ſide; Betty informed them, that they had overlooked a little piece of gold, which ſhe had carried up to the man in bed; and which he offered

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fered to swear to amongst a million, aye, amongst ten thousand. This immediately turned the scale against the prisoner; and every one now concluded him guilty. It was resolved therefore, to keep him secured that night, and early in the morning to carry him before a justice.

CHAP. XV.

Shewing how Mrs Tow-wouse was a little mollified; and how officious Mr Barnabas and the surgeon were to prosecute the thief: with a dissertation accounting for their zeal, and that of many other persons not mentioned in this history.

BETTY told her mistress, she believed the man in bed was a greater man than they took him for; for, besides the extreme whiteness of his skin, and the softness of his hands, she observed a very great familiarity between the gentleman and him; and added, she was certain they were intimate acquaintance, if not relations.

This somewhat abated the severity of Mrs Tow-wouse's countenance. She said, God forbid she should not discharge the duty of a Christian, since the poor gentleman was brought to her house. She had a natural antipathy to vagabonds: but could pity the misfortunes of a Christian as soon as another. Tow-wouse said, 'If the traveller be a gentleman, though 'he hath no money about him now, we shall most 'likely be paid hereafter; so you may begin to 'score whenever you will.' Mrs Tow-wouse answered, 'Hold your simple tongue, and don't instruct 'me in my business. I am sure I am sorry for the 'gentleman's misfortune with all my heart; and 'I hope the villain who hath used him so barba-'rously will be hanged. Betty, go see what he 'wants. God forbid he should want any thing in 'my house.'

Barnabas and the surgeon went up to Joseph, to satisfy themselves concerning the piece of gold. Joseph was with difficulty prevailed upon to shew it them; but would by no entreaties be brought to de-

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liver it out of his own poſſeſſion. He however atteſted this to be the ſame which had been taken from him; and Betty was ready to ſwear to the finding it on the thief.

The only difficulty that remained, was how to produce this gold before the juſtice; for as to carrying Joſeph himſelf, it ſeemed impoſſible; nor was there any great likelihood of obtaining it from him: for he had faſtened it with a ribband to his arm, and ſolemnly vowed, that nothing but irreſiſtible force ſhould ever ſeparate them; in which reſolution, Mr Adams, clenching a fiſt rather leſs than the knuckle of an ox, declared he would ſupport him.

A diſpute aroſe on this occaſion concerning evidence, not very neceſſary to be related here; after which the ſurgeon dreſſed Mr Joſeph's head; ſtill perſiſting in the imminent danger in which his patient lay; but concluding with a very important look, that he began to have ſome hopes; that he ſhould ſend him a ſanative ſoporiforous draught, and would ſee him in the morning. After which Barnabas and he departed, and left Mr Joſeph and Mr Adams together.

Adams informed Joſeph of the occaſion of this journey which he was making to London, namely, to publiſh three volumes of ſermons; being encouraged, as he ſaid, by an advertiſement lately ſet forth by a ſociety of bookſellers, who propoſed to purchaſe any copies offered to them, at a price to be ſettled by two perſons; but though he imagined he ſhould get a conſiderable ſum of money on this occaſion, which his family were in urgent need of, he proteſted he would not leave Joſeph in his preſent condition: finally, he told him, he had nine ſhillings and threepence halfpenny in his pocket, which he was welcome to uſe as he pleaſed.

This goodneſs of Parſon Adams brought tears into Joſeph's eyes; he declared he had now a ſecond reaſon to deſire life, that he might ſhew his gratitude to ſuch a friend. Adams bade him be chearful; for that he plainly ſaw the ſurgeon, beſides his ignorance, deſired to make a merit of curing him, though the wounds

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wounds in his head, he perceived, were by no means dangerous; that he was convinced he had no fever, and doubted not but he would be able to travel in a day or two.

These words infused a spirit into Joseph; he said, he found himself very sore from the bruises, but had no reason to think any of his bones injured, or that he had received any harm in his inside; unless that he felt something very odd in his stomach; but he knew not whether that might not arise from not having eaten one morsel for above twenty-four hours. Being then asked if he had any inclination to eat, he answered in the affirmative. Then Parson Adams desired him to name what he had the greatest fancy for; whether a poached egg, or chicken broth: he answered, he could eat both very well; but that he seemed to have the greatest appetite for a piece of boiled beef and cabbage.

Adams was pleased with so perfect a confirmation that he had not the least fever; but advised him to a lighter diet, for that evening. He accordingly ate either a rabbit or a fowl, I never could with any tolerable certainty discover which: after this, he was, by Mrs Tow-wouse's order, conveyed into a better bed, and equipped with one of her husband's shirts.

In the morning early, Barnabas and the surgeon came to the inn, in order to see the thief conveyed before the justice. They had consumed the whole night in debating what measures they should take to produce the piece of gold in evidence against him; for they were both extremely zealous in the business, though neither of them were in the least interested in the prosecution; neither of them had ever received any private injury from the fellow, nor had either of them ever been suspected of loving the public well enough, to give them a sermon or a dose of physic for nothing.

To help our reader therefore as much as possible to account for this zeal, we must inform him, that, as this parish was so unfortunate as to have no lawyer in it, there had been a constant contention between the two doctors, spiritual and physical, concerning

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their abilities in a science, in which, as neither of them professed it, they had equal pretensions to dispute each other's opinions. These disputes were carried on with great contempt on both sides, and had almost divided the parish; Mr Tow-wouse and one half of the neighbours inclining to the surgeon, and Mrs Tow-wouse with the other half to the parson. The surgeon drew his knowledge from those inestimable fountains, called the Attorney's Pocket-Companion, and Mr Jacob's Law-table; Barnabas trusted entirely to Wood's Institutes. It happened on this occasion, as was pretty frequently the case, that these two learned men differed about the sufficiency of evidence; the doctor being of opinion, that the maid's oath would convict the prisoner without producing the gold; the parson *è contra*, *totis viribus*. To display their parts therefore before the justice and the parish, was the sole motive, which we can discover, to this zeal, which both of them pretended to have for public justice.

O vanity! how little is thy force acknowledged, or thy operations discerned! How wantonly dost thou deceive mankind under different disguises! Sometimes thou dost wear the face of pity, sometimes of generosity: nay thou hast the assurance even to put on those glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic virtue. Thou odious, deformed monster! whom priests have railed at, philosophers despised, and poets ridiculed: is there a wretch so abandoned as to own thee for an acquaintance in public? yet how few will refuse to enjoy thee in private! nay, thou art the pursuit of most men through their lives. The greatest villainies are daily practised to please thee: nor is the meanest thief below, or the greatest hero above thy notice. Thy embraces are often the sole aim and sole reward of the private robbery, and the plundered province. It is to pamper up thee, thou harlot, that we attempt to withdraw from others what we do not want, or to withold from them what they do. All our passions are thy slaves. Avarice itself is often no more than thy handmaid, and even lust thy pimp. The bully fear, like a coward, flies before

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before thee, and joy and grief hide their heads in thy preſence.

I know thou wilt think, that whilſt I abuſe thee, I court thee; and that thy love hath inſpired me to write this ſarcaſtical panegyric on thee: but thou art deceived, I value thee not of a farthing; nor will it give me any pain, if thou ſhouldſt prevail on the reader to cenſure this digreſſion as arrant nonſenſe: for know to thy confuſion, that I have introduced thee for no other purpoſe than to lengthen out a ſhort chapter; and ſo I return to my hiſtory.

CHAP. XVI.

The eſcape of the thief. Mr Adams's diſappointment. The arrival of two very extraordinary perſonages, and the introduction of parſon Adams to parſon Barnabas.

BARNABAS and the ſurgeon being returned, as we have ſaid, to the inn, in order to convey the thief before the juſtice, were greatly concerned to find a ſmall accident had happened, which ſomewhat diſconcerted them; and this was no other than the thief's eſcape, who had modeſtly withdrawn himſelf by night, declining all oſtentation, and not chuſing, in imitation of ſome great men, to diſtinguiſh himſelf at the expence of being pointed at.

When the company had retired the evening before, the thief was detained in a room where the conſtable, and one of the young fellows who took him, were planted as his guard. About the ſecond watch, a general complaint of drowth was made both by the priſoner and his keepers; among whom it was at laſt agreed, that the conſtable ſhould remain on duty, and the young fellow call up the tapſter; in which diſpoſition the latter apprehended not the leaſt danger, as the conſtable was well armed, and could beſides eaſily ſummon him back to his aſſiſtance, if the priſoner made the leaſt attempt to gain his liberty.

The young fellow had not long left the room, before it came into the conſtable's head, that the priſoner might leap on him by ſurpriſe, and thereby preventing him of the uſe of his weapons, eſpecially the long

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long ſtaff in which he chiefly confided, might reduce the ſucceſs of a ſtruggle to an equal chance. He wiſely therefore, to prevent this inconvenience, ſlipped out of the room himſelf, and locked the door, waiting without with his ſtaff in his hand, ready lifted to fell the unhappy priſoner, if by ill fortune he ſhould attempt to break out.

But human life, as hath been diſcovered by ſome great man or other, (for I would by no means be underſtood to affect the honour of making any ſuch diſcovery) very much reſembles a game at Cheſs: for as in the latter, while a gameſter is too attentive to ſecure himſelf very ſtrongly on one ſide the board, he is apt to leave an unguarded opening on the other; ſo doth it often happen in life; and ſo it did happen on this occaſion: for whilſt the cautious conſtable with ſuch wonderful ſagacity had poſſeſſed himſelf of the door, he moſt unhappily forgot the window.

The thief, who plyed on the other ſide, no ſooner perceived this opening, than he began to move that way; and finding the paſſage eaſy, he took with him the young fellow's hat; and without any ceremony, ſtepped into the ſtreet, and made the beſt of his way.

The young fellow returning with a double mug of ſtrong beer, was a little ſurpriſed to find the conſtable at the door; but much more ſo, when, the door being opened, he perceived the priſoner had made his eſcape, and which way. He threw down the beer, and without uttering any thing to the conſtable, except a hearty curſe or two, he nimbly leaped out at the window, and went again in purſuit of his prey; being very unwilling to loſe the reward which he had aſſured himſelf of.

The conſtable hath not been diſcharged of ſuſpicion on this account: it hath been ſaid, that not being concerned in the taking the thief, he could not have been entitled to any part of the reward, if he had been convicted; that the thief had ſeveral guineas in his pocket; that it was very unlikely he ſhould have been guilty of ſuch an overſight; that his pretence for leaving the room was abſurd; that it was his conſtant maxim, that a wiſe man never refuſed money

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money on any conditions; that at every election he always had sold his vote to both parties, *&c.*

But notwithstanding these and many other such allegations, I am sufficiently convinced of his innocence; having been positively assured of it, by those who received their informations from his own mouth; which, in the opinion of some moderns, is the best and indeed only evidence.

All the family were now up, and with many others assembled in the kitchen, where Mr Tow-wouse was in some tribulation; the surgeon having declared, that by law he was liable to be indicted for the thief's escape, as it was out of his house: he was a little comforted however by Mr Barnabas's opinion, that as the escape was by night, the indictment would not lye.

Mrs Tow-wouse delivered herself in the following words: 'Sure never was such a fool as my husband! 'would any other person living have left a man in 'the custody of such a drunken drowsy blockhead as 'Tom Suckbribe!' (which was the constable's name:) 'and if he could be indicted without any harm to 'his wife and children, I should be glad of it.' (Then the bell rung in Joseph's room.) 'Why, Betty, 'John, Chamberlain, where the devil are you all? 'Have you no ears, or no conscience, not to tend 'the sick better?—See what the gentleman wants; 'why don't you go yourself, Mr Tow-wouse? but 'any one may die for you; you have no more feeling than a deal-board. If a man lived a fortnight 'in your house without spending a penny, you would 'never put him in mind of it. See whether he 'drinks tea or coffee for breakfast.' 'Yes, my dear,' cried Tow-wouse. She then asked the Doctor and Mr Barnabas what morning draught they chose, who answered, they had a pot of cyder-and at the fire; which we will leave them merry over, and return to Joseph.

He had rose pretty early this morning: but tho' his wounds were far from threatening any danger, he was so sore with the bruises, that it was impossible for him to think of undertaking a journey yet; Mr Adams

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Adams therefore, whose stock was visibly decreased with the expences of supper and breakfast, and which could not survive that day's scoring, began to consider how it was possible to recruit it. At last he cry'd, 'He had luckily hit on a sure method; and though 'it would oblige him to return himself home toge-'ther with Joseph, it mattered not much.' He then sent for Tow-wouse, and taking him into another room, told him, 'He wanted to borrow three guineas, 'for which he would put ample security into his 'hands.' Tow-wouse, who expected a watch, or ring, or something of double the value, answered, 'He believed he could furnish him.' Upon which Adams, pointing to his saddle-bag, told him with a face and voice full of solemnity, 'that there were in 'that bag no less than nine volumes of manuscript 'sermons, as well worth a hundred pound as a shil-'ling was worth twelve pence, and that he would de-'posite one of the volumes in his hands by way of 'pledge; not doubting but that he would have the 'honesty to return it on his repayment of the money: 'for otherwise he must be a very great loser, seeing 'that every volume would at least bring him ten 'pounds, as he had been informed by a neighbour-'ing clergyman in the country: for,' said he, 'as to 'my own part, having never yet dealt in printing, 'I do not pretend to ascertain the exact value of such 'things.'

Tow-wouse, who was a little surprised at the pawn, said (and not without some truth) 'that he 'was no judge of the price of such kind of goods: 'and as for money, he really was very short.' Adams answered, 'Certainly he would not scruple to lend 'him three guineas on what was undoubtedly worth 'at least ten.' The landlord replied, 'he did not 'believe he had so much money in the house, and 'besides he was to make up a sum. He was very 'confident the books were of much higher value, and 'heartily sorry it did not suit him.' He then cried out, 'Coming, Sir!' though nobody called; and ran down stairs without any fear of breaking his neck.

Poor Adams was extremely dejected at this disap-pointment,

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pointment, nor knew he what further ſtratagem to try. He immediately applied to his pipe, his conſtant friend and comfort in his afflictions; and leaning over the rails he devoted himſelf to meditation, aſſiſted by the inſpiring fumes of tobacco.

He had on a night-cap drawn over his wig, and a ſhort great coat, which half covered his caſſock; a dreſs which, added to ſomething comical enough in his countenance, compoſed a figure likely to attract the eyes of thoſe who were not over-given to obſervation.

Whilſt he was ſmoaking his pipe in this poſture, a coach and ſix, with a numerous attendance, drove into the inn. There alighted from the coach a young fellow and a brace of pointers, after which another young fellow leapt from the box, and ſhook the former by the hand; and both, together with the dogs, were inſtantly conducted by Mr Tow-wouſe into an apartment; whither as they paſſed, they entertained themſelves with the following ſhort facetious dialogue.

'You are a pretty fellow for a coachman, Jack!' ſays he from the coach, 'you had almoſt overturned 'us juſt now.' 'Pox take you,' ſays the coachman, 'if I had only broke your neck, it would have been 'ſaving ſomebody elſe the trouble: but I ſhould have 'been ſorry for the pointers.' 'Why, you ſon of a 'b—,' anſwered the other, 'if no body ſhould ſhoot 'better than you, the pointers would be of no uſe.' 'D—n me,' ſays the coachman, 'I will ſhoot with 'you, five guineas a ſhot.' 'You be hanged,' ſays the other, 'for five guineas you ſhall ſhoot at my 'a—.' 'Done,' ſays the coachman, 'I'll pepper 'you better than ever you was pepper'd by Jenny 'Bouncer.' 'Pepper your grandmother,' ſays the other, 'here's Tow-wouſe will let you ſhoot at him 'for a ſhilling a-time.' 'I know his Honour better,' cries Tow-wouſe, 'I never ſaw a ſurer ſhoot at a par-'tridge. Every man miſſes now and then; but if I 'could ſhoot half as well as his Honour, I would de-'ſire no better livelihood than I could get by my 'gun.' 'Pox on you,' ſaid the coachman, 'you de-'moliſh

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'moliſh more game now than your head's worth. 'There's a bitch, Tow-wouſe, by G—, ſhe never 'blinked * a bird in her life.' 'I have a puppy not 'a year old ſhall hunt with her for a hundred,' cries the other gentleman. 'Done,' ſays the coachman, 'but you will be poxed before you make the bet. If 'you have a mind for a bet,' cries the coachman, 'I will match my ſpotted dog with your white bitch 'for a hundred, play or pay.' 'Done,' ſays the other, 'and I'll run Baldface againſt Slouch with 'you for another.' 'No,' cries he from the box, 'but I'll venture Miſs Jenny againſt Baldface or 'Hannibal either.' 'Go to the devil,' cries he from the coach, 'I will make every bett your own way, 'ſo be ſure! I will match Hannibal with Slouch for 'a thouſand, if you dare, and I ſay done firſt.'

They were now arrived, and the reader will be very contented to leave them, and repair to the kitchen, where Barnabas, the ſurgeon, and an exciſeman were ſmoaking their pipes over ſome cyder-and, and where the ſervants, who attended the two noble gentlemen we have juſt ſeen alight, were now arrived.

'Tom,' cries one of the footmen, 'there's Parſon 'Adams ſmoaking his pipe in the gallery.' 'Yes,' ſays Tom, 'I pulled off my hat to him, and the Par-'ſon ſpoke to me.'

'Is the gentleman a clergyman then?' ſays Barnabas, (for his caſſock had been tied up when he firſt arrived.) 'Yes, Sir,' anſwered the footman, 'and 'one there be but few like.' 'Aye,' ſaid Barnabas, 'if I had known it ſooner, I ſhould have deſired his 'company; I ſhould always ſhew a proper reſpect 'for the cloth: but what ſay you, Doctor, ſhall we 'adjourn into a room, and invite him to take part of 'a bowl of punch?'

This propoſal was immediately agreed to, and executed; and Parſon Adams accepting the invitation, much civility paſſed between the two clergymen, who both declared the great honour they had for the cloth.

* To blink is a term uſed to ſignify the dog's paſſing by a bird without pointing at it.

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They had not been long together, before they entered into a discourse on small tithes, which continued a full hour, without the doctor or exciseman's having one opportunity to offer a word.

It was then proposed to begin a general conversation, and the exciseman opened on foreign affairs: but a word unluckily dropping from one of them introduced a dissertation on the hardships suffered by the inferior clergy; which, after a long duration, concluded with bringing the nine volumes of sermons on the carpet.

Barnabas greatly discouraged poor Adams; he said, The age was so wicked, that nobody read sermons: 'Would you think it, Mr Adams,' said he, 'I once intended to print a volume of sermons myself, and they had the approbation of two or three bishops; but what do you think a bookseller offered me?' 'Twelve guineas perhaps,' cried Adams. 'Not twelve pence, I assure you,' answered Barnabas; 'nay, the dog refused me a Concordance in exchange.—At last I offered to give him the printing them, for the sake of dedicating them to that very gentleman who just now drove his own coach into the inn; and I assure you he had the impudence to refuse my offer: by which means I lost a good living, that was afterwards given away in exchange for a pointer, to one who—but I will not say any thing against the cloth. So you may guess, Mr Adams, what you are to expect; for if sermons would have gone down, I believe—I will not be vain: but to be concise with you, three bishops said, they were the best that ever were writ: but indeed there are a pretty moderate number printed already, and not all sold yet.'—'Pray, Sir,' said Adams, 'what do you think the numbers may amount to?' 'Sir,' answered Barnabas, 'a bookseller told me, he believed five thousand volumes at least.' 'Five thousand!' quoth the surgeon, 'what can they be writ upon? I remember when I was a boy, I used to read one Tillotson's sermons; and I am sure, if a man practised half so much as is in one of those sermons, he will go to heaven.' 'Doctor,' cried Barnabas,

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nabas, 'you have a profane way of talking, for which 'I muſt reprove you. A man can never have his 'duty too frequently inculcated into him. And as 'for Tillotſon, to be ſure he was a good writer, and 'ſaid things very well; but compariſons are odious; 'another man may write as well as he—I believe 'there are ſome of my ſermons,'—and then he applied the candle to the pipe.—'And I believe there 'are ſome of my diſcourſes,' cries Adams, 'which 'the biſhops would not think totally unworthy of 'being printed; and I have been informed, I might 'procure a very large ſum (indeed an immenſe one) 'on them.' 'I doubt that;' anſwered Barnabas: 'however, if you deſire to make ſome money of 'them, perhaps you may ſell them by advertiſing 'the manuſcript-ſermons of a clergyman lately de-'ceaſed, all warranted originals, and never printed. 'And now I think of it, I ſhould be obliged to you, 'if there be ever a funeral one among them, to lend 'it me: for I am this very day to preach a funeral 'ſermon; for which I have not penned a line, tho' 'I am to have a double price.' Adams anſwered, He had but one, which he feared would not ſerve his purpoſe, being ſacred to the memory of a magiſtrate, who had exerted himſelf very ſingularly in the preſervation of the morality of his neighbours, inſomuch that he had neither alehouſe, nor lewd woman in the pariſh where he lived—'No,' replied Barnabas, 'that will not do quite ſo well; for the 'deceaſed upon whoſe virtues I am to harangue, was 'a little too much addicted to liquor, and publicly 'kept a miſtreſs.—I believe I muſt take a common 'ſermon, and truſt to my memory to introduce ſome-'thing handſome on him.'—'To your invention ra-'ther,' ſaid the Doctor, 'your memory will be apter 'to put you out: for no man living remembers any 'thing good of him.'

With ſuch kind of ſpiritual diſcourſe, they emptied the bowl of punch, paid their reckoning, and ſeparated: Adams and the doctor went up to Joſeph, Parſon Barnabas departed to celebrate the aforeſaid deceaſed,

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deceaſed, and the exciſeman deſcended into the cellar to gauge the veſſels.

Joſeph was now ready to ſit down to a loin of mutton, and waited for Mr Adams, when he and the doctor came in. The doctor having felt his pulſe, and examined his wounds, declared him much better, which he imputed to that ſanative ſoporiferous draught; a medicine, whoſe virtues, he ſaid, were never to be ſufficiently extolled. And great indeed they muſt be, if Joſeph was ſo much indebted to them as the doctor imagined; ſince nothing more than thoſe effluvia, which eſcaped the cork, could have contributed to his recovery: for the medicine had ſtood untouched in the window ever ſince its arrival.

Joſeph paſſed that day, and the three following, with his friend Adams; in which nothing ſo remarkable happened as the ſwift progreſs of his recovery. As he had an excellent habit of body, his wounds were now almoſt healed; and his bruiſes gave him ſo little uneaſineſs, that he preſſed Mr Adams to let him depart, told him he ſhould never be able to return ſufficient thanks for all his favours; but begged that he might no longer delay his journey to London.

Adams, notwithſtanding the ignorance, as he conceived it, of Mr Tow-wouſe, and the envy (for ſuch he thought it) of Mr Barnabas, had great expectations from his ſermons: ſeeing therefore Joſeph in ſo good a way, he told him he would agree to his ſetting out the next morning in the ſtage-coach; that he believed he ſhould have ſufficient, after the reckoning paid, to procure him one day's conveyance in it, and afterwards he would be able to ſet on on foot, or might be favoured with a lift in ſome neighbour's waggon, eſpecially as there was then to be a fair in the town whither the coach would carry him, to which numbers from his pariſh reſorted.—And as to himſelf, he agreed to proceed to the great city.

They were now walking in the inn-yard, when a fat, fair, ſhort perſon rode in, and alighting from his horſe, went directly up to Barnabas, who was ſmoaking his pipe on a bench. The parſon and the ſtranger

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ſhook one another very lovingly by the hand, and went into a room together.

The evening now coming on, Joſeph retired to his chamber, whither the good Adams accompanied him; and took this opportunity to expatiate on the great mercies GOD had lately ſhewn him, of which he ought not only to have the deepeſt inward ſenſe, but likewiſe to expreſs outward thankfulneſs for them. They therefore fell both on their knees, and ſpent a conſiderable time in prayer and thankſgiving.

They had juſt finiſhed, when Betty came in, and told Mr Adams, Mr Barnabas deſired to ſpeak to him on ſome buſineſs of conſequence below ſtairs. Joſeph deſired, if it was likely to detain him long, he would let him know it, that he might go to bed, which Adams promiſed, and in that caſe they wiſhed one another a good night.

CHAP. XVII.

A pleaſant diſcourſe between the two parſons and the bookſeller, which was broke off by an unlucky accident happening in the inn, which produced a dialogue between Mrs Tow-wouſe and her maid, of no gentle kind.

AS ſoon as Adams came into the room, Mr Barnabas introduced him to the ſtranger, who was, he told him, a bookſeller, and would be as likely to deal with him for his ſermons as any man whatever. Adams, ſaluting the ſtranger, anſwered Barnabas, that he was very much obliged to him; that nothing could be more convenient; for he had no other buſineſs to the great city, and was heartily deſirous of returning with the young man who was juſt recovered of his misfortune. He then ſnapt his fingers, (as was uſual with him), and took two or three turns about the room in an ecſtaſy.—And to induce the bookſeller to be as expeditious as poſſible, as likewiſe to offer him a better price for his commodity, he aſſured him their meeting was extremely lucky to himſelf; for that he had the moſt preſſing occaſion for money at that time, his own being almoſt ſpent, and having a friend then in the ſame inn who was juſt recovered from ſome wounds

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wounds he had received from robbers, and was in a moſt indigent condition: 'So that nothing,' ſays he, 'could be ſo opportune, for the ſupplying both our 'neceſſities, as my making an immediate bargain with 'you.'

As ſoon as he had ſeated himſelf, the ſtranger began in theſe words; 'Sir, I do not care abſolutely 'to deny engaging in what my friend Mr Barnabas 'recommends: but ſermons are mere drugs. The 'trade is ſo vaſtly ſtocked with them, that really un-'leſs they come out with the name of Whitefield or 'Weſley, or ſome other ſuch great man, as a biſhop, 'or thoſe ſort of people, I don't care to touch, un-'leſs now it was a ſermon preached on the 30th of 'January, or we could ſay in the title page, publiſhed 'at the earneſt requeſt of the congregation, or the 'inhabitants: but truly for a dry piece of ſermons, 'I had rather be excuſed; eſpecially, as my hands are 'ſo full at preſent. However, Sir, as Mr Barnabas 'mentioned them to me, I will, if you pleaſe, take the 'manuſcript with me to town, and ſend you my opi-'nion of it in a very ſhort time.'

'O,' ſaid Adams, 'if you deſire it, I will read two 'or three diſcourſes as a ſpecimen.' This Barnabas, who loved ſermons no better than a grocer doth figs, immediately objected to, and adviſed Adams to let the bookſeller have his ſermons; telling him, if he gave him a direction, he might be certain of a ſpeedy anſwer: adding, he need not ſcruple truſting them in his poſſeſſion. 'No,' ſaid the bookſeller, 'if it was 'a play that had been acted twenty nights together, 'I believe it would be ſafe.'

Adams did not at all reliſh the laſt expreſſion; he ſaid, he was ſorry to hear ſermons compared to plays. 'Not by me, I aſſure you,' cry'd the bookſeller, 'tho' 'I don't know whether the licenſing act may not 'ſhortly bring them to the ſame footing: but I have 'formerly known a hundred guineas given for a 'play—.' 'More ſhame for thoſe who gave it,' cry'd Barnabas. 'Why ſo?' ſaid the bookſeller, 'for 'they got hundreds by it.' 'But is there no differ-'ence between conveying good or ill inſtructions to

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'mankind?' said Adams; 'would not an honeſt 'mind rather loſe money by the one, than gain it by 'the other?' 'If you can find any ſuch, I will not 'be their hindrance,' anſwered the bookſeller; 'but 'I think thoſe perſons who get by preaching ſermons, 'are the propereſt to loſe by printing them; for my 'part, the copy that ſells beſt, will be always the 'beſt copy in my opinion; I am no enemy to ſer-'mons but becauſe they don't ſell: for I would as 'ſoon print one of Whitefield's as any farce what-'ever.'

'Whoever prints ſuch heterodox ſtuff ought to 'be hanged,' ſays Barnabas. 'Sir,' ſaid he, turning to Adams, 'this fellow's writings (I know not whe-'ther you have ſeen them) are levelled at the clergy. 'He would reduce us to the example of the primitive 'ages, forſooth! and would inſinuate to the people 'that a clergyman ought to be always preaching and 'praying. He pretends to underſtand the ſcripture 'literally, and would make mankind believe, that 'the poverty and low eſtate which was recommended 'to the church in its infancy, and was only tempo-'rary doctrine adapted to her under perſecution, was 'to be preſerved in her flouriſhing and eſtabliſhed 'ſtate. Sir, the principles of Toland, Woolſton, 'and all the free-thinkers, are not calculated to do 'half the miſchief, as thoſe profeſſed by this fellow and 'his followers.'

'Sir,' anſwered Adams, 'if Mr Whitefield had 'carried this doctrine no farther than you mention, I 'ſhould have remained, as I once was, his well-wiſher. 'I am myſelf as great an enemy to the luxury and 'ſplendor of the clergy as he can be. I do not, more 'than he, by the flouriſhing eſtate of the church, 'underſtand the palaces, equipages, dreſs, furniture, 'rich dainties, and vaſt fortunes of her miniſters. 'Surely thoſe things, which ſavour ſo ſtrongly of this 'world, become not the ſervants of one who pro-'feſſed his kingdom was not of it. But when he be-'gan to call nonſenſe and enthuſiaſm to his aid, and 'ſet up the deteſtable doctrine of faith againſt good 'works, I was his friend no longer; for ſurely, that

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'doctrine was coined in hell, and one would think 'none but the devil himself could have the confidence 'to preach it. For can any thing be more derogatory to the honour of God, than for men to imagine that the all-wise Being will hereafter say to the 'good and virtuous, 'Notwithstanding the purity "of thy life, notwithstanding that constant rule of "virtue and goodness in which you walked upon "earth, still as thou didst not believe every thing in "the true orthodox manner, thy want of faith shall "condemn thee?' Or, on the other side, can any 'doctrine have a more pernicious influence on society, 'than a persuasion, that it will be a good plea for the 'villain at the last day; 'LORD, it is true, I never "obeyed one of thy commands; yet punish me not, "for I believe them all?' 'I suppose, Sir,' said the bookseller, 'your sermons are of a different kind!' 'Ay, Sir,' said Adams, 'the contrary, I thank Heaven, is inculcated in almost every page, or I should belye my own opinion, which hath always been, that 'a virtuous and good Turk, or heathen, are more acceptable in the sight of their Creator, than a vicious 'and wicked Christian, tho' his faith was as perfectly 'orthodox as St Paul's himself.'—'I wish you success,' says the bookseller, 'but must beg to be excused, as 'my hands are so very full at present; and indeed I 'am afraid, you will find a backwardness in the trade, 'to engage in a book which the clergy would be certain to cry down.' 'GOD forbid,' says Adams, 'any books should be propagated which the clergy 'would cry down: but if you mean by the clergy, 'some few designing factious men, who have it at 'heart to establish some favourite schemes at the price 'of the liberty of mankind, and the very essence of 'religion, it is not in the power of such persons to 'decry any book they please; witness that excellent 'book called, 'A plain account of the nature and "end of the Sacrament;' a book written (if I may 'venture on the expression) with the pen of an angel, 'and calculated to restore the true use of Christianity, 'and of that sacred institution: for what could tend 'more to the noble purposes of religion, than fre-

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'quent chearful meetings among the members of a 'ſociety, in which they ſhould, in the preſence of one 'another, and in the ſervice of the Supreme Being, 'make promiſes of being good, friendly, and bene-'volent to each other? Now this excellent book was 'attacked by a party, but unſucceſsfully.' At theſe words Barnabas fell a ringing with all the violence imaginable; upon which a ſervant attending, he bid him bring a bill immediately: for that he was in company, for aught he knew, with the devil himſelf; and he expected to hear the Alcoran, the Leviathan, or Woollſton commended, if he ſtaid a few minutes longer. Adams deſired, as he was ſo much moved at his mentioning a book, which he did without apprehending any poſſibility of offence, that he would be ſo kind to propoſe any objections he had to it, which he would endeavour to anſwer. 'I propoſe 'objections?' ſaid Barnabas, 'I never read a ſyl-'lable in any ſuch wicked book; I never ſaw it in 'my life, I aſſure you.'——Adams was going to anſwer, when a moſt hideous uproar began in the inn, Mrs Tow-wouſe, Mr Tow-wouſe, and Betty, all lifting up their voices together: but Mrs Tow-wouſe's voice, like a baſe viol in a concert, was clearly and diſtinctly diſtinguiſhed among the reſt, and was heard to articulate the following ſounds,—'O you damn'd 'villain, is this the return to all the care I have 'taken of your family? this the reward of my vir-'tue? Is this the manner in which you behave to 'one who brought you a fortune, and preferred you 'to ſo many matches, all your betters? To abuſe 'my bed, my own bed, with my own ſervant: but 'I'll maul the ſlut, I'll tear her naſty eyes out; was 'ever ſuch a pitiful dog, to take up with ſuch a mean 'trollop? If ſhe had been a gentlewoman like my-'ſelf, it had been ſome excuſe; but a beggarly ſaucy 'dirty ſervant maid.—Get you out of my houſe, you 'whore.' To which ſhe added another name, which we do not care to ſtain our paper with. It was a monoſyllable beginning with a b—, and indeed was the ſame, as if ſhe had pronounced the words, She-Dog. Which term we ſhall, to avoid offence, uſe on

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on this occaſion, though, indeed, both the miſtreſs and maid uttered the abovementioned b—, a word extremely diſguſtful to females of the lower ſort. Betty had borne all hitherto with patience, and had uttered only lamentations: but the laſt appellation ſtung her to the quick. 'I am a woman as well as 'yourſelf,' ſhe roared out, 'and no ſhe-dog; and if 'I have been a little naughty, I am not the firſt: if I 'have been no better than I ſhould be,' cries ſhe ſobbing, 'that's no reaſon you ſhould call me out of my 'name; my be-betters are wo--rſe than me.' 'Huzzy, 'huzzy,' ſays Mrs Tow-wouſe, 'have you the im-'pudence to anſwer me? Did I not catch you, you 'ſaucy—' and then again repeated the terrible word ſo odious to female ears. 'I can't bear that name,' anſwered Betty: 'if I have been wicked, I am to 'anſwer for it myſelf in the other world; but I have 'done nothing that's unnatural; and I will go out 'of your houſe this moment: for I will never be cal-'led She-Dog by any miſtreſs in England.' Mrs Tow-wouſe then armed herſelf with the ſpit; but was prevented from executing any dreadful purpoſe by Mr Adams, who confined her arms with the ſtrength of a wriſt which Hercules would not have been aſhamed of. Mr Tow-wouſe being caught, as our lawyers expreſs it, with the manner, and having no defence to make, very prudently withdrew himſelf; and Betty committed herſelf to the protection of the hoſtler, who, tho' ſhe could not conceive him pleaſed with what had happened, was, in her opinion, rather a gentler beaſt than her miſtreſs.

Mrs Tow-wouſe, at the interceſſion of Mr Adams, and finding the enemy vaniſhed, began to compoſe herſelf, and at length recovered the uſual ſerenity of her temper, in which we will leave her, to open to the reader the ſteps which led to a cataſtrophe common enough, and comical enough too, perhaps in modern hiſtory, yet often fatal to the repoſe and well-being of families, and the ſubject of many tragedies, both in life and on the ſtage.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVIII.

The history of Betty the chambermaid, and an account of what occasioned the violent scene in the preceeding chapter.

BETTY, who was the occasion of all this hurry, had some good qualities. She had good-nature, generosity, and compassion; but unfortunately her constitution was composed of those warm ingredients, which, though the purity of courts or nunneries might have happily controuled them, were by no means able to endure the ticklish situation of a chambermaid at an inn, who is daily liable to the solicitations of lovers of all complexions, to the dangerous addresses of fine gentlemen of the army, who sometimes are obliged to reside with them a whole year together; and above all, are exposed to the caresses of footmen, stage-coachmen, and drawers; all of whom employ the whole artillery of kissing, flattering, bribing, and every other weapon which is to be found in the whole armoury of love, against them.

Betty, who was but one-and twenty, had now lived three years in this dangerous situation, during which she had escaped pretty well. An ensign of foot was the first person who made an impression on her heart; he did indeed raise a flame in her, which required the care of a surgeon to cool.

Whilst she burnt for him, several others burnt for her. Officers of the army, young gentlemen travelling the western circuit, inoffensive squires, and some of graver character were set afire by her charms!

At length, having perfectly recovered the effects of her first unhappy passion, she seemed to have vowed a state of perpetual chastity. She was long deaf to all the sufferings of her lovers, till one day, at a neighbouring fair, the rhetoric of John the hostler, with a new straw hat, and a pint of wine, made a second conquest over her.

She did not, however, feel any of these flames on this occasion, which had been the consequence of her former amour; nor indeed those other ill effects, which

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which prudent young women very juſtly apprehend from too abſolute indulgence to the preſſing endearments of their lovers. This latter, perhaps, was a little owing to her not being entirely conſtant to John, with whom ſhe permitted Tom Whipwell the ſtage-coachman, and now and then a handſome young traveller, to ſhare her favours.

Mr Tow-wouſe had for ſome time caſt the languiſhing eyes of affection on this young maiden. He had laid hold on every opportunity of ſaying tender things to her, ſqueezing her by the hand, and ſometimes kiſſing her lips: for as the violence of his paſſion had conſiderably abated to Mrs Tow-wouſe; ſo, like water, which is ſtopt from its uſual current in one place, it naturally ſought a vent in another. Mrs Tow-wouſe is thought to have perceived this abatement, and probably it added very little to the natural ſweetneſs of her temper; for though ſhe was as true to her huſband as the dial to the ſun, ſhe was rather more deſirous of being ſhone on, as being more capable of feeling his warmth.

Ever ſince Joſeph's arrival, Betty had conceived an extraordinary liking to him, which diſcovered itſelf more and more, as he grew better and better; till that fatal evening when, as ſhe was warming his bed, her paſſion grew to ſuch a height, and ſo perfectly maſtered both her modeſty and her reaſon, that after many fruitleſs hints and ſly inſinuations, ſhe at laſt threw down the warming pan, and embracing him with great eagerneſs, ſwore he was the handſomeſt creature ſhe had ever ſeen.

Joſeph in great confuſion leapt from her, and told her, he was ſorry to ſee a young woman caſt off all regard to modeſty: but ſhe had gone too far to recede, and grew ſo very indecent, that Joſeph was obliged, contrary to his inclination, to uſe ſome violence to her, and taking her in his arms, he ſhut her out of the room, and locked the door.

How ought man to rejoice, that his chaſtity is always in his own power; that if he hath ſufficient ſtrength of mind, he hath always a competent ſtrength of

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of body to defend himſelf, and cannot, like a poor weak woman, be raviſhed againſt his will!

Betty was in the moſt violent agitation at this diſappointment. Rage and luſt pulled her heart, as with two ſtrings, two different ways; one moment ſhe thought of ſtabbing Joſeph, the next of taking him in her arms, and devouring him with kiſſes; but the latter paſſion was far more prevalent. Then ſhe thought of revenging his refuſal on herſelf: but whilſt ſhe was engaged in this meditation, happily Death preſented himſelf to her in ſo many ſhapes of drowning, hanging, poiſoning, &c. that her diſtracted mind could reſolve on none. In this perturbation of ſpirit it accidentally occurred to her memory, that her maſter's bed was not made; ſhe therefore went directly to his room; where he happened at that time to be engaged at his bureau. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, ſhe attempted to retire, but he called her back, and taking her by the hand, ſqueezed her ſo tenderly, at the ſame time whiſpered ſo many ſoft things into her ears, and then preſſed her ſo cloſely with his kiſſes, that the vanquiſhed fair-one, whoſe paſſions were already raiſed, and which were not ſo whimſically capricious that one man only could lay them, though, perhaps, ſhe would have rather preferred that one: the vanquiſhed fair-one quietly ſubmitted, I ſay, to her maſter's will, who had juſt attained the accompliſhment of his bliſs, when Mrs Tow-wouſe unexpectedly entered the room, and cauſed all that confuſion which we have before ſeen, and which it is not neceſſary at preſent to take any farther notice of: ſince, without the aſſiſtance of a ſingle hint from us, every reader of any ſpeculation, or experience, though not married himſelf, may eaſily conjecture, that it concluded with the diſcharge of Betty, the ſubmiſſion of Mr Tow-wouſe, with ſome things to be performed on his ſide by way of gratitude for his wife's goodneſs in being reconciled to him, with many hearty promiſes never to offend any more in the like manner; and laſtly, his quietly and contentedly bearing to be reminded of his tranſgreſſions, as a kind of penance, once or twice a-day, during the reſidue of his life.

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BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Of diviſions in authors.

THERE are certain myſteries or ſecrets in all trades, from the higheſt to the loweſt, from that of prime-miniſtring to this of authoring, which are ſeldom diſcovered, unleſs to members of the ſame calling. Among thoſe uſed by us gentlemen of the latter occupation, I take this of dividing our works into books and chapters to be none of the leaſt conſiderable. Now, for want of being truly acquainted with this ſecret, common readers imagine, that by this art of dividing, we mean only to ſwell our works to a much larger bulk than they would otherwiſe be extended to. Theſe ſeveral places therefore in our paper, which are filled with our books and chapters, are underſtood as ſo much buckram, ſtays, and ſtay-tape, in a tailor's bill, ſerving only to make up the ſum total, commonly found at the bottom of our firſt page, and of his laſt.

But in reality the caſe is otherwiſe; and in this, as well as all other inſtances, we conſult the advantage of our reader, not our own; and indeed many notable uſes ariſe to him from this method: for, firſt, thoſe little ſpaces between our chapters may be looked upon as an inn or reſting-place, where he may ſtop and take a glaſs, or any other refreſhment, as it pleaſes him. Nay, our fine readers will, perhaps, be ſcarce able to travel farther than through one of them in a day. As to thoſe vacant pages which are placed between our books, they are to be regarded as thoſe ſtages, where, in long journeys, the traveller ſtays ſome time to repoſe himſelf, and conſider of what he hath ſeen in the parts he hath already paſſed through; a conſideration which I take the liberty to recommend a

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little to the reader: for, however swift his capacity may be, I would not advise him to travel thro' these pages too fast: for if he doth, he may probably miss the seeing some curious productions of nature, which will be observed by the slower and more accurate reader. A volume without any such places of rest resembles the opening of wilds or seas, which tires the eye and fatigues the spirit when entered upon.

Secondly, what are the contents prefixed to every chapter, but so many inscriptions over the gates of inns (to continue the same metaphor) informing the reader what entertainment he is to expect, which, if he likes not, he may travel on to the next: for, in biography, as we are not tied down to an exact concatenation equally with other historians; so a chapter or two (for instance this I am now writing) may be often passed over without any injury to the whole. And in these inscriptions I have been as faithful as possible, not imitating the celebrated Montaigne, who promises you one thing and gives you another; nor some title-page authors, who promise a great deal and produce nothing at all.

There are, besides these more obvious benefits, several others which our readers enjoy from this art of dividing; though perhaps most of them too mysterious to be presently understood by any who are not initiated into the science of authoring. To mention therefore but one which is most obvious, it prevents spoiling the beauty of a book by turning down its leaves, a method otherwise necessary to those readers, who (though they read with great improvement and advantage) are apt, when they return to their study, after half an hour's absence, to forget where they left off.

These divisions have the sanction of great antiquity. Homer not only divided his great work into twenty-four books, (in compliment perhaps to the twenty-four letters, to which he had very particular obligations) but, according to the opinion of some very sagacious critics, hawked them all separately, delivering only one book at a time, (probably by subscription.)

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ſcription.) He was the firſt inventor of the art which hath ſo long lain dormant, of publiſhing by numbers; an art now brought to ſuch perfection, that even dictionaries are divided and exhibited piece-meal to the public; nay, one bookſeller hath (to encourage learning, and eaſe the public) contrived to give them a dictionary in this divided manner, for only fifteen ſhillings more than it would have coſt entire.

Virgil hath given us his poem in twelve books, an argument of his modeſty; for by that doubtleſs he would inſinuate, that he pretends to no more than half the merit of the Greek: for the ſame reaſon, our Milton went originally no farther than ten; 'till being puffed by the praiſe of his friends, he put himſelf on the ſame footing with the Roman poet.

I ſhall not however enter ſo deep into this matter as ſome very learned critics have done, who have with infinite labour and acute diſcernment diſcovered what books are proper for embelliſhment, and what require ſimplicity only, particularly with regard to ſimilies, which I think are now generally agreed to become any book but the firſt.

I will diſmiſs this chapter with the following obſervation: that it becomes an author generally to divide a book, as it does a butcher to joint his meat; for ſuch aſſiſtance is of great help to both the reader and the carver. And now having indulged myſelf a little, I will endeavour to indulge the curioſity of my reader, who is no doubt impatient to know what he will find in the ſubſequent chapters of this book.

CHAP. II.

A ſurpriſing inſtance of Mr Adams's ſhort memory, with the unfortunate conſequences which it brought on Joſeph.

MR Adams and Joſeph were now ready to depart different ways, when an accident determined the former to return with his friend, which Tow-wouſe, Barnabas, and the bookſeller, had not

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been able to do. This accident was, that those sermons, which the parson was travelling to London to publish, were, O my good reader, left behind; what he had mistaken for them in the saddle-bags being no other than three shirts, a pair of shoes, and some other necessaries, which Mrs Adams, who thought her husband would want shirts more than sermons on his journey, had carefully provided him.

This discovery was now luckily owing to the presence of Joseph at the opening the saddle-bags; who having heard his friend say, he carried with him nine volumes of sermons, and not being of that sect of philosophers, who can reduce all the matter of the world into a nut-shell, seeing there was no room for them in the bags, where the parson had said they were deposited, had the curiosity to cry out, 'Bless 'me, Sir, where are your sermons?' The parson answered, 'There, there, child, there they are, under 'my shirts.' Now it happened, that he had taken forth his last shirt, and the bags remained visibly empty. 'Sure, Sir,' says Joseph, 'there is nothing 'in the bags.' Upon which Adams starting, and testifying some surprise, cried, 'Hey! fie, fie upon 'it; they are not here sure enough. Ay, they are 'certainly left behind.'

Joseph was greatly concerned at the uneasiness which he apprehended his friend must feel from this disappointment: he begged him to pursue his journey, and promised he would himself return with the books to him, with the utmost expedition. 'No, 'thank you, child,' answered Adams, 'it shall not 'be so. What would it avail me to tarry in the 'great city, unless I had my discourses with me, 'which are, *ut ita dicam*, the sole cause, the *aitia mo-* 'notate of my perigrination. No, child, as this ac- 'cident hath happened, I am resolved to return back 'to my cure, together with you: which indeed my 'inclination sufficiently leads me to. This disap- 'pointment may perhaps be intended for my good.' He concluded with a verse out of Theocritus, which signifies

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ſignifies no more than, that ſometimes it rains, and ſometimes the ſun ſhines.

Joſeph bowed with obedience and thankfulneſs for the inclination which the parſon expreſſed of returning with him; and now the bill was called for, which, on examination, amounted within a ſhilling to the ſum Mr Adams had in his pocket. Perhaps the reader may wonder how he was able to produce a ſufficient ſum for ſo many days; that he may not be ſurpriſed therefore, it cannot be unneceſſary to acquaint him, that he had borrowed a guinea of a ſervant belonging to the coach and ſix, who had been formerly one of his pariſhioners, and whoſe maſter, the owner of the coach, then lived within three miles of him; for ſo good was the credit of Mr Adams, that even Mr Peter the lady Booby's ſteward would have lent him a guinea with very little ſecurity.

Mr Adams diſcharged the bill, and they were both ſetting out, having agreed to ride and tie; a method of travelling much uſed by perſons who have but one horſe between them, and is thus performed. The two travellers ſet out together, one on horſeback, the other on foot: now, as it generally happens that he on horſeback outgoes him on foot, the cuſtom is, that when he arrives at the diſtance agreed on, he is to diſmount, tie the horſe to ſome gate, tree, poſt, or other thing, and then proceed on foot; when the other comes up to the horſe, he unties him, mounts and gallops on, 'till having paſſed by his fellow-traveller, he likewiſe arrives at the place of tying. And this is that method of travelling ſo much in uſe among our prudent anceſtors, who knew that horſes had mouths as well as legs, and that they could not uſe the latter, without being at the expence of ſuffering the beaſts themſelves to uſe the former. This was the method in uſe in thoſe days, when, inſtead of a coach and ſix, a member of parliament's lady uſed to mount a pillion behind her huſband; and a grave ſerjeant at law condeſcended to amble to Weſtminſter, on an eaſy pad, with his clerk kicking his heels behind him.

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Adams was now gone ſome minutes, having inſiſted on Joſeph's beginning the journey on horſeback, and Joſeph had his foot in the ſtirrup, when the hoſtler preſented him a bill for the horſe's board during his reſidence at the inn Joſeph ſaid Mr Adams had paid all; but this matter being referred to Mr Tow-wouſe, was by him decided in favour of the hoſtler, and indeed with truth and juſtice: for this was a freſh inſtance of that ſhortneſs of memory, which did not ariſe from want of parts, but that continual hurry in which parſon Adams was always involved.

Joſeph was now reduced to a dilemma which extremely puzzled him. The ſum due for horſe-meat was twelve ſhillings, (for Adams, who had borrowed the beaſt of his clerk, had ordered him to be fed as well as they could feed him), and the caſh in his pocket amounted to ſixpence, (for Adams had divided the laſt ſhilling with him.) Now though there have been ſome ingenious perſons who have contrived to pay twelve ſhillings with ſixpence, Joſeph was not one of them. He had never contracted a debt in his life, and was conſequently the leſs ready at an expedient to extricate himſelf. Tow-wouſe was willing to give him credit till next time, to which Mrs Tow-wouſe would probably have conſented (for ſuch was Joſeph's beauty, that it had made ſome impreſſion even on that piece of flint which that good woman wore in her boſom by way of heart.) Joſeph would have found therefore, very likely, the paſſage free, had he not, when he honeſtly diſcovered the nakedneſs of his pockets, pulled out that little piece of gold which we have mentioned before. This cauſed Mrs Tow-wouſe's eyes to water; ſhe told Joſeph ſhe did not conceive a man could want money whilſt he had gold in his pocket. Joſeph anſwered, he had ſuch a value for that little piece of gold, that he would not part with it for a hundred times the riches which the greateſt eſquire in the county was worth. 'A pretty way 'indeed,' ſaid Mrs Tow-wouſe, 'to run in debt, 'and then refuſe to part with your money, becauſe 'you have a value for it. I never knew any piece

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'of gold of more value than as many ſhillings as it 'would change for.' 'Not to preſerve my life from 'ſtarving, nor to redeem it from a robber, would 'I part with this dear piece,' anſwered Joſeph. 'What,' ſays Mrs Tow-wouſe, 'I ſuppoſe it was 'given you by ſome vile trollop, ſome miſs or other; 'if it had been the preſent of a virtuous woman, you 'would not have had ſuch a value for it. My huſ-'band is a fool if he parts with the horſe without 'being paid for him.' 'No, no, I can't part with 'the horſe indeed till I have the money,' cried Tow-wouſe. A reſolution highly commended by a lawyer then in the yard, who declared Mr Tow-wouſe might juſtify the detainer.

As we cannot therefore at preſent get Mr Joſeph out of the inn, we ſhall leave him in it, and carry our reader on after parſon Adams, who, his mind being perfectly at eaſe, fell into a contemplation on a paſſage in Æſchylus, which entertained him for three miles together, without ſuffering him once to reflect on his fellow-traveller.

At length, having ſpun out his thread, and being now at the ſummit of a hill, he caſt his eyes backwards, and wondered that he could not ſee any ſign of Joſeph. As he left him ready to mount the horſe, he could not apprehend any miſchief had happened, neither could he ſuſpect he had miſſed his way, it being ſo broad and plain: the only reaſon which preſented itſelf to him, was, that he had met with an acquaintance who had prevailed with him to delay ſome time in diſcourſe.

He therefore reſolved to proceed ſlowly forwards, not doubting but that he ſhould be ſhortly overtaken, and ſoon came to a large water, which filling the whole road, he ſaw no method of paſſing unleſs by wading through, which he accordingly did up to his middle; but was no ſooner got to the other ſide, than he perceived, if he had looked over the hedge, he would have found a foot-path capable of conducting him without wetting his ſhoes.

His ſurpriſe at Joſeph's not coming up grew now very troubleſome: he began to fear he knew not what;

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what; and as he determined to move no farther, and, if he did not ſhortly overtake him, to return back, he wiſhed to find a houſe of public entertainment, where he might dry his clothes and refreſh himſelf with a pint: but ſeeing no ſuch, (for no other reaſon than becauſe he did not caſt his eyes a hundred yards forwards), he ſat himſelf down on a ſtile, and pulled out his Æſchylus.

A fellow paſſing preſently by, Adams aſked him, if he could direct him to an ale-houſe. The fellow, who had juſt left it, and perceived the houſe and ſign to be within ſight, thinking he had jeered him, and being of a moroſe temper, bade him follow his noſe and be d—n'd. Adams told him he was a ſaucy jackanapes; upon which the fellow turned about angrily: but perceiving Adams clench his fiſt, he thought proper to go on without taking any farther notice.

A horſeman following immediately after, and being aſked the ſame queſtion, anſwered, 'Friend, there is 'one within a ſtone's throw; I believe you may ſee it 'before you.' Adams, lifting up his eyes, cried, 'I 'proteſt and ſo there is;' and, thanking his informer, proceeded directly to it.

CHAP. III.

The opinion of two lawyers concerning the ſame gentleman, with Mr Adams's enquiry into the religion of his hoſt.

HE had juſt entered the houſe, had called for his pint, and ſeated himſelf, when two horſemen came to the door, and faſtening their horſes to the rails, alighted. They ſaid there was a violent ſhower of rain coming on, which they intended to weather there, and went into a little room by themſelves, not perceiving Mr Adams.

One of theſe immediately aſked the other, if he had ſeen a more comical adventure a great while? Upon which the other ſaid, 'he doubted whether, by law, 'the landlord could juſtify detaining the horſe for his 'corn and hay.' But the former anſwered, 'Un-

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'doubtedly he can; it is an adjudged caſe, and I have 'known it tried.'

Adams, who though he was, as the reader may ſuſpect, a little inclined to forgetfulneſs, never wanted more than a hint to remind him, over-hearing their diſcourſe, immediately ſuggeſted to himſelf that this was his own horſe, and that he had forgot to pay for him, which, upon enquiry, he was certified of by the gentlemen; who added, that the horſe was likely to have more reſt than food unleſs he was paid for.

The poor parſon reſolved to return preſently to the inn, though he knew no more than Joſeph, how to procure his horſe his liberty: he was however prevailed on to ſtay under cover, till the ſhower, which was now very violent, was over.

The three travellers then ſat down together over a mug of good beer; when Adams, who had obſerved a gentleman's houſe as he paſſed along the road, enquired to whom it belonged: one of the horſemen had no ſooner mentioned the owner's name, than the other began to revile him in the moſt opprobrious terms. The Engliſh language ſcarce affords a ſingle reproachful word, which he did not vent on this occaſion. He charged him likewiſe with many particular facts. He ſaid, 'he no more regarded a field of wheat when he 'was hunting, than he did the highway; that he had 'injured ſeveral poor farmers by trampling their corn 'under his horſe's heels: and if any of them begged 'him with the utmoſt ſubmiſſion to refrain, his horſe-'whip was always ready to do them juſtice.' He ſaid, 'that he was the greateſt tyrant to the neighbours in 'every other inſtance, and would not ſuffer a farmer 'to keep a gun, though he might juſtify it by law; 'and in his own family ſo cruel a maſter, that he never 'kept a ſervant a twelvemonth. In his capacity as a 'juſtice,' continued he, 'he behaves ſo partially, that 'he commits or acquits juſt as he is in the humour, 'without any regard to truth or evidence: the devil 'may carry any one before him for me; I would rather be tried before ſome judges than be a proſecutor 'before him: if I had an eſtate in the neighbourhood,

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'I would ſell it for half the value, rather than live 'near him.'

Adams ſhook his head, and ſaid, 'he was ſorry 'ſuch men were ſuffered to proceed with impunity, 'and that riches could ſet any man above law.' The reviler a little after retiring into the yard, the gentleman who had firſt mentioned his name to Adams, began to aſſure him, 'that his companion was a prejudiced perſon. 'It is true,' ſays he, 'perhaps, that 'he may have ſometimes purſued his game over a 'field of corn, but he hath always made the party 'ample ſatisfaction; that ſo far from tyrannizing 'over his neighbours, or taking away their guns, he 'himſelf knew ſeveral farmers not qualified, who not 'only kept guns, but killed game with them. That 'he was the beſt of maſters to his ſervants, and ſeveral 'of them had grown old in his ſervice. That he was 'the beſt juſtice of peace in the kingdom, and to his 'certain knowledge, had decided many difficult points, 'which were referred to him, with the greateſt equity, 'and the higheſt wiſdom. And he verily believed, 'ſeveral perſons would give a year's purchaſe more 'for an eſtate near him, than under the wings of any 'other great man.' He had juſt finiſhed his encomium, when his companion returned, and acquainted him the ſtorm was over. Upon which, they preſently mounted their horſes, and departed.

Adams, who was in the utmoſt anxiety at thoſe different characters of the ſame perſon, aſked his hoſt if he knew the gentleman: for he began to imagine they had by miſtake been ſpeaking of two ſeveral gentlemen. 'No, no, maſter!' anſwered the hoſt, a ſhrewd cunning fellow, 'I know the gentleman 'very well of whom they have been ſpeaking, as 'I do the gentlemen who ſpoke of him. As for 'riding over other men's corn, to my knowledge he 'hath not been on horſeback theſe two years. I 'never heard he did any injury of that kind; and 'as to making reparation, he is not ſo free of his 'money as that comes to neither. Nor did I ever 'hear of his taking away any man's gun; nay, I 'know

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'know several that have guns in their houses: but as 'for killing game with them, no man is stricter; and 'I believe he would ruin any one who did. You heard 'one of the gentlemen say, he was the worst master 'in the world, and the other that he is the best: but 'for my own part, I know all his servants, and never 'heard from any of them that he was either one or 'the other.———' 'Aye! aye!' said Adams, 'and 'how doth he behave as a justice, pray?' 'Faith, 'friend,' answered the host, 'I question whether he 'is in the commission: the only cause I have heard he 'hath decided a great while, was one between those 'very two persons who just went out of this house; 'and I am sure he determined that justly, for I heard 'the whole matter.' 'Which did he decide it in fa-'vour of?' quoth Adams. 'I think I need not an-'swer that question,' cried the host, 'after the differ-'ent characters you have heard of him. It is not my 'business to contradict gentlemen, while they are 'drinking in my house; but I knew neither of them 'spoke a syllable of truth.' 'God forbid!' said Adams, 'that men should arrive at such a pitch of 'wickedness. to belye the character of their neigh-'bour from a little private affection, or, what is in-'finitely worse, a private spite. I rather believe we 'have mistaken them, and they mean two other per-'sons; for there are many houses on the road.' 'Why, 'prithee, friend,' cries the host, 'dost thou pretend 'never to have told a lie in thy life?' 'Never a ma-'licious one, I am certain,' answered Adams; 'nor with 'a design to injure the reputation of any man living.' 'Pugh! malicious, no, no,' replied the host; 'not 'malicious, with a design to hang a man, or bring 'him into trouble: but surely out of love to one's self, 'one must speak better of a friend than an enemy.' 'Out of love to yourself! you should confine yourself 'to truth,' says Adams, 'for by doing otherwise, you 'injure the noblest part of yourself, your immortal 'soul. I can hardly believe any man such an ideot to 'risque the loss of that by any trifling gain, and the 'greatest gain in this world is but dirt in comparison

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'of what ſhall be revealed hereafter.' Upon which the hoſt taking up the cup, with a ſmile, drank a health to Hereafter; adding, he was for ſomething preſent. 'Why,' ſays Adams very gravely, 'do not you believe another world?' To which the hoſt anſwered, 'Yes, he was no atheiſt.' 'And you believe you have 'an immortal ſoul?' cries Adams. He anſwered, 'God forbid he ſhould not.' 'And heaven and hell?' ſaid the parſon. The hoſt then bid him 'not to profane; for thoſe were things not to be mentioned nor 'thought of but in church.' Adams aſked him, 'why 'he went to church, if what he learned there had no 'influence on his conduct in life?' 'I go to church,' anſwered the hoſt, 'to ſay my prayers and behave 'godly.' 'And doſt thou then,' cried Adams, 'believe what thou heareſt at church?' 'Moſt part of 'it, maſter,' returned the hoſt. 'And doſt thou not 'then tremble,' cries Adams, 'at the thought of eternal puniſhment?' 'As for that, Maſter,' ſaid he, 'I 'never once thought about it; but what ſignifies talking about matters ſo far off? the mug is out, ſhall 'I draw another?'

Whilſt he was going for that purpoſe, a ſtage-coach drove up to the door. The coachman coming into the houſe, was aſked by the miſtreſs, 'what paſ-'ſengers he had in his coach?' 'a parcel of ſquinny-'gut b——s, (ſays he) I have a good mind to over-turn 'them; you won't prevail upon them to drink any 'thing, I aſſure you.' Adams aſked him if he had not ſeen a young man on horſeback on the road, (deſcribing Joſeph.) 'Aye,' ſaid the coachman, 'a gentlewoman 'in my coach that is his acquaintance redeemed him 'and his horſe; he would have been here before this 'time, had not the ſtorm driven him to ſhelter.' 'God 'bleſs her,' ſaid Adams, in a rapture; nor could he delay walking out to ſatisfy himſelf who this charitable woman was; but what was his ſurpriſe, when he ſaw his old acquaintance Madam Slipſlop? Her's indeed was not ſo great, becauſe ſhe had been informed by Joſeph, that he was on the road. Very civil were the ſalutations on both ſides; and Mrs

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Slipslop rebuked the hostess for denying the gentleman to be there when she asked for him. But indeed the poor woman had not erred designedly; for Mrs Slipslop asked for a clergyman; and she had unhappily mistaken Adams for a person travelling to a neighbouring fair with the thimble and button, or some other such operation: for he marched in a swinging great, but short, white coat with black buttons, a short wig, and a hat, which so far from having a black hatband, had nothing black about it.

Joseph was now come up, and Mrs Slipslop would have had him quit his horse to the parson, and come himself into the coach: but he absolutely refused, saying, he thanked Heaven he was well enough recovered to be very able to ride; and added, he hoped he knew his duty better than to ride in a coach, while Mr Adams was on horseback.

Mrs Slipslop would have persisted longer, had not a lady in the coach put a short end to the dispute, by refusing to suffer a fellow in a livery to ride in the same coach with herself: so it was at length agreed that Adams should fill the vacant place in the coach, and Joseph should proceed on horseback.

They had not proceeded far before Mrs Slipslop, addressing herself to the parson, spoke thus: 'There 'hath been a strange alteration in our family, Mr 'Adams, since Sir Thomas's death.' 'A strange 'alteration indeed!' says Adams, 'as I gather from 'some hints which have dropped from Joseph.' 'Aye,' says he, 'I could never have believed it, 'but the longer one lives in the world, the more one 'sees.' 'So Joseph hath given you hints.'—'But of 'what nature will always remain a perfect secret 'with me,' cries the parson; 'he forced me to promise before he would communicate any thing. I 'am indeed concerned to find her ladyship behave in 'so unbecoming a manner. I always thought her 'in the main a good lady, and should never have 'suspected her of thoughts so unworthy a Christian, 'and with a young lad her own servant.' 'These 'things are no secrets to me, I assure you,' cries Slipslop; 'and I believe they will be none any where 'shortly:

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'shortly: for ever since the boy's departure, she hath 'behaved more like a mad-woman than any thing 'else.' 'Truly I am heartily concerned,' says Adams, 'for she was a good sort of a lady; indeed 'I have often wished she had attended a little more 'constantly at the service, but she hath done a great 'deal of good in the parish.' 'O Mr Adams!' says Slipslop, 'people that don't see all, often know no-'thing. Many things have been given away in our 'family, I do assure you, without her knowledge. I 'have heard you say in the pulpit, we ought not to 'brag: but indeed I can't avoid saying, if she had 'kept the keys herself, the poor would have wanted 'many a cordial which I have let them have. As for 'my late master, he was as worthy a man as ever 'lived, and would have done infinite good if he 'had not been controlled: but he loved a quiet life, 'Heavens rest his soul! I am confident he is there, 'and enjoys a quiet life, which some folks would not 'allow him here.' Adams answered, he had never heard this before, and was mistaken, if she herself, (for he remembered she used to commend her mistress and blame her master,) had not formerly been of another opinion. 'I don't know,' replied she, 'what I 'might once think, but now I am confidous matters 'are as I tell you; the world will shortly see who 'hath been deceived: for my part I say nothing, but 'that it is wondersome how some people can carry all 'things with a grave face.'

Thus Mr Adams and she discoursed, till they came opposite to a great house which stood at some distance from the road; a lady in the coach spying it, cried, Yonder lives the unfortunate Leonora, if one can justly call a woman unfortunate whom we must own at the same time guilty, and the author of her own calamity. This was abundantly sufficient to awaken the curiosity of Mr Adams, as indeed it did that of the whole company, who jointly solicited the lady to acquaint them with Leonora's history, since it seemed, by what she had said, to contain something remarkable.

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The Lady, who was perfectly well bred, did not require many intreaties, and having only wished their entertainment might make amends for the company's attention, she began in the following manner.

CHAP. IV.

The history of Leonora: or, the unfortunate jilt.

LEONORA was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune; she was tall and well shaped, with a sprightliness in her countenance which often attracts beyond more regular features joined with an insipid air: nor is this kind of beauty less apt to deceive than allure; the good humour which it indicates being often mistaken for good-nature, and the vivacity for true understanding.

Leonora, who was now at the age of eighteen, lived with an aunt of her's in a town in the north of England. She was an extreme lover of gaiety; and very rarely missed a ball, or any other public assembly; where she had frequent opportunities of satisfying a greedy appetite of vanity with the preference which was given her by the men to almost every other woman present.

Among many young fellows who were particular in their gallantries towards her, Horatio soon distinguished himself in her eyes beyond all his competitors; she danced with more than ordinary gaiety when he happened to be her partner; neither the fairness of the evening, nor the music of the nightingale, could lengthen her walk like his company. She affected no longer to understand the civilities of others; whilst she inclined so attentive an ear to every compliment of Horatio, that she often smiled even when it was too delicate for her comprehension.

'Pray, Madam,' says Adams, 'who was this 'Squire Horatio?'

Horatio, says the Lady, was a young gentleman of a good family, bred to the law, and had been some few years called to the degree of a Barrister. His face and person were such as the generality allowed handsome: but he had a dignity in his air very rarely

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to be ſeen. His temper was of the ſaturnine complexion, but without the leaſt taint of moroſeneſs. He had wit and humour, with an inclination to ſatire, which he indulged rather too much.

This gentleman, who had contracted the moſt violent paſſion for Leonora, was the laſt perſon who perceived the probability of its ſucceſs. The whole town had made the match for him, before he himſelf had drawn a confidence from her actions ſufficient to mention his paſſion to her: for it was his opinion, (and perhaps he was there in the right), that it is highly impolitic to talk ſeriouſly of love to a woman before you have made ſuch a progreſs in her affections, that ſhe herſelf expects and deſires to hear it.

But whatever diffidence the fears of a lover may create, which are apt to magnify every favour conferred on a rival, and to ſee the little advances towards themſelves through the other end of the perſpective; it was impoſſible that Horatio's paſſion ſhould ſo blind his diſcernment, as to prevent his conceiving hopes from the behaviour of Leonora, whoſe fondneſs for him was now as viſible to an indifferent perſon in their company, as his for her.

'I never knew any of theſe forward ſluts come to 'good,' ſays the Lady, who refuſed Joſeph's entrance into the coach, 'nor ſhall I wonder at any thing ſhe 'doth in the ſequel.'

The Lady proceeded in her ſtory thus: It was in the midſt of a gay converſation in the walks one evening, when Horatio whiſpered Leonora, that he was deſirous to take a turn or two with her in private; for that he had ſomething to communicate to her of great conſequence. 'Are you ſure it is of conſe-'quence?' ſaid ſhe ſmiling—'I hope,' anſwered he, 'you will think ſo too, ſince the whole future happi-'neſs of my life muſt depend on the event.'

Leonora, who very much ſuſpected what was coming, would have deferred it till another time: but Horatio, who had more than half conquered the difficulty of ſpeaking, by the firſt motion, was ſo very importunate, that ſhe at laſt yielded, and leaving the

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the reſt of the company, they turned aſide into an unfrequented walk.

They had retired far out of the ſight of the company, both maintaining a ſtrict ſilence. At laſt Horatio made a full ſtop, and taking Leonora, who ſtood pale and trembling, gently by the hand, he fetched a deep ſigh, and then looking on her eyes with all the tenderneſs imaginable, he cried out in a faltering accent; 'O Leonora! is it neceſſary for me 'to declare to you on what the future happineſs of 'my life muſt be founded! Muſt I ſay, there is ſome-'thing belonging to you which is a bar to my hap-'pineſs, and which unleſs you will part with, I muſt 'be miſerable?' 'What can that be?' replied Leonora.—'No wonder,' ſaid he, 'you are ſurpriſed 'that I ſhould make an objection to any thing which 'is yours; yet ſure you may gueſs, ſince it is the only 'one which the riches of the world, if they were 'mine, ſhould purchaſe of me—Oh it is that which 'you muſt part with, to beſtow all the reſt! Can 'Leonora, or rather will ſhe, doubt longer!——'Let me then whiſper it in her ears—It is your name, 'Madam. It is by parting with that, by your con-'deſcenſion to be for ever mine, which muſt at once 'prevent me from being the moſt miſerable, and will 'render me the happieſt of mankind.'

Leonora, covered with bluſhes, and with as angry a look as ſhe could poſſibly put on, told him, 'that had ſhe ſuſpected what his declaration would 'have been, he ſhould not have decoyed her from 'her company; that he had ſo ſurpriſed and frighted 'her, that ſhe begged him to convey her back as 'quick as poſſible;' which he trembling very near as much as herſelf, did.

'More fool he,' cried Slipſlop, 'it is a ſign he 'knew very little of our ſect' 'Truly, Madam,' ſaid Adams, 'I think you are in the right, I ſhould 'have inſiſted to know a piece of her mind, when I 'had carried matters ſo far.' But Mrs Grave-airs deſired the lady to omit all ſuch fulſome ſtuff in her ſtory; for that it made her ſick.

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Well, then, Madam, to be as concise as possible, said the lady, many weeks had not passed after this interview, before Horatio and Leonora were what they call on a good footing together. All ceremonies except the last were now over; the writings were now drawn, and every thing was in the utmost forwardness preparative to the putting Horatio in possession of all his wishes. I will, if you please, repeat you a letter from each of them which I have got by heart, and which will give you no small idea of their passion on both sides.

Mrs Grave-airs objected to hearing these letters: but being put to the vote, it was carried against her by all the rest in the coach; parson Adams contending for it with the utmost vehemence.

HORATIO to LEONORA.

"HOW vain, most adorable creature, is the "pursuit of pleasure in the absence of an ob- "ject to which the mind is entirely devoted, unless "it have some relation to that object! I was last "night condemned to the society of men of wit and "learning, which, however agreeable it might have "formerly been to me, now only gave me a suspi- "cion that they imputed my absence in conversation "to the true cause. For which reason, when your "engagements forbid me the extatic happiness of "seeing you, I am always desirous to be alone; "since my sentiments for Leonora are so delicate, "that I cannot bear the apprehension of another's "prying into those delightful endearments with "which the warm imagination of a lover will some- "times indulge him, and which I suspect my eyes "then betray. To fear this discovery of our thoughts, "may perhaps appear too ridiculous a nicety to "minds not susceptible of all the tenderness of this "delicate passion. And surely we shall suspect there "are few such, when we consider that it requires "every human virtue, to exert itself in its full ex- "tent. Since the beloved, whose happiness it ulti- "mately respects, may give us charming opportu-

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" nities of being brave in her defence, generous to
" her wants, compaſſionate to her afflictions, grate-
" ful to her kindneſs; and, in the ſame manner, of
" exerciſing every other virtue, which he who would
" not do to any degree, and that with the utmoſt
" rapture, can never deſerve the name of a lover.
" It is therefore with a view to the delicate modeſty
" of your mind that I cultivate it ſo purely in my
" own; and it is that which will ſufficiently ſuggeſt to
" you the uneaſineſs I bear from thoſe liberties, which
" men, to whom the world allows politeneſs, will
" ſometimes allow themſelves on theſe occaſions.

" Can I tell you with what eagerneſs I expect the
" arrival of that bleſſed day, when I ſhall experience
" the fallehood of a common aſſertion, that the greateſt
" human happineſs conſiſts in hope? A doctrine
" which no perſon had ever ſtronger reaſon to be-
" lieve than myſelf at preſent, ſince none ever taſted
" ſuch bliſs as fires my boſom with the thoughts
" of ſpending my future days with ſuch a compa-
" nion, and that every action of my life will have
" the glorious ſatisfaction of conducing to your hap-
" pineſs."

LEONORA to HORATIO *.

" THE refinement of your mind has been ſo
" evidently proved by every word and action
" ever ſince I had firſt the pleaſure of knowing you,
" that I thought it impoſſible my good opinion of
" Horatio could have been heightened to any addi-
" tional proof of merit. This very thought was my
" amuſement when I received your laſt letter, which
" when I opened, I confeſs I was ſurpriſed to find
" the delicate ſentiments expreſſed there, ſo far ex-
" ceeded what I thought could come even from you,
" (although I know all the generous principles human
" nature is capable of, are centered in your breaſt)
" that words cannot paint what I feel on the reflec-
" tion, that my happineſs ſhall be the ultimate end
" of all your actions.

* This letter was written by a young lady on reading the former.

" Oh

" Oh Horatio! what a life muſt that be, where " the meaneſt domeſtic cares are ſweetened by the " pleaſing conſideration, that the man on earth who " beſt deſerves, and to whom you are moſt inclined " to give your affections, is to reap either profit or " pleaſure from all you do! in ſuch a caſe toils muſt " be turned into diverſions, and nothing but the un- " avoidable inconveniencies of life can make us re- " member that we are mortal.

" If the ſolitary turn of your thoughts, and the " deſire of keeping them undiſcoverved, makes even " the converſation of men of wit and learning tedious " to you, what anxious hours muſt I ſpend who am " condemned by cuſtom to the converſation of wo- " men, whoſe natural curioſity leads them to pry in- " to all my thoughts, and whoſe envy can never ſuf- " fer Horatio's heart to be poſſeſſed by any one with- " out forcing them into malicious deſigns againſt the " perſon who is ſo happy as to poſſeſs it! but, in- " deed, if ever envy can poſſibly have any excuſe, " or even alleviation, it is in this caſe, where the " good is ſo great, that it muſt be equally natural to " all to wiſh it for themſelves, nor am I aſhamed to " own it: and to your merit, Horatio, I am obliged, " that prevents my being in that moſt uneaſy of all " the ſituations I can figure in my imagination, of " being led by inclination to love the perſon whom " my own judgment forces me to condemn."

Matters were in ſo great forwardneſs between this fond couple, that the day was fixed for their marriage, and was now within a fortnight, when the ſeſſions chanced to be held for that county in a town about twenty miles diſtance from that which is the ſcene of our ſtory. It ſeems it is uſual for the young gentlemen of the bar to repair to theſe ſeſſions, not ſo much for the ſake of profit, as to ſhew their parts, and learn the law of the juſtices of peace: for which purpoſe one of the wiſeſt and graveſt of all the juſtices is appointed ſpeaker or chairman, as they modeſtly call it, and he reads them a lecture, and inſtructs them in the true knowledge of the law.

' You

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'You are here guilty of a little miſtake,' ſays Adams, 'which, if you pleaſe, I will correct; I have 'attended at one of theſe quarter-ſeſſions, where I 'obſerved the counſel taught the juſtices, inſtead of 'learning any thing of them.'

It is not very material, ſaid the lady. Hither repaired Horatio, who as he hoped by his profeſſion to advance his fortune, which was not at preſent very large, for the ſake of his dear Leonora, he reſolved to ſpare no pains, nor loſe any opportunity of improving or advancing himſelf in it.

The ſame afternoon in which he left the town, as Leonora ſtood at her window, a coach and ſix paſſed by: which ſhe declared to be the compleateſt, genteeleſt, prettieſt equipage ſhe ever ſaw; adding theſe remarkable words. 'O I am in love with that equi-'page!' which, tho' her friend Florella at that time did not greatly regard, ſhe hath ſince remembered.

In the evening an aſſembly was held, which Leonora honoured with her company: but intended to pay her dear Horatio the compliment of refuſing to dance in his abſence.

O why have not women as good reſolution to maintain their vows, as they have often good inclinations in making them!

The gentleman who owned the coach and ſix came to the aſſembly. His clothes were as remarkably fine as his equipage could be. He ſoon attracted the eyes of the company; all the ſmarts, all the ſilk waiſtcoats with ſilver and gold edgings, were eclipſed in an inſtant.

'Madam,' ſaid Adams, 'if it be not impertinent, I 'ſhould be glad to know how this gentleman was dreſſed?'

Sir, anſwered the lady, I have been told he had on a cut-velvet coat of cinnamon colour, lined with a pink ſattin, embroidered all over with gold; his waiſtcoat, which was cloth of ſilver, was embroidered with gold likewiſe. I cannot be particular as to the reſt of his dreſs: but it was all in the French faſhion; for Bellarmine (that was his name) was juſt arrived from Paris.

This

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This fine figure did not more entirely engage the eyes of every lady in the assembly, than Leonora did his. He had scarce beheld her, but he stood motionless and fixed as a statue, or at least would have done so, if good breeding had permitted him. However, he carried it so far, before he had power to correct himself, that every person in the room easily discovered where his admiration was settled. The other ladies began to single out their former partners, all perceiving who would be Bellarmine's choice; which they however endeavoured, by all possible means, to prevent: many of them saying to Leonora, 'O 'Madam, I suppose we shan't have the pleasure of 'seeing you dance to-night;' and then crying out, in Bellarmine's hearing, 'O Leonora will not dance, 'I assure you; her partner is not here.' One maliciously attempted to prevent her, by sending a disagreeable fellow to ask her, that so she might be obliged either to dance with him, or sit down: but this scheme proved abortive.

Leonora saw herself admired by the fine stranger, and envied by every woman present. Her little heart began to flutter within her, and her head was agitated with a convulsive motion; she seemed as if she would speak to several of her acquaintance, but had nothing to say; for as she would not mention her present triumph, so she could not disengage her thoughts one moment from the contemplation of it: she had never tasted any thing like this happiness. She had before known what it was to torment a single woman; but to be hated and secretly cursed by a whole assembly, was a joy reserved for this blessed moment. As this vast profusion of ecstacy had confounded her understanding, so there was nothing so foolish as her behaviour; she played a thousand childish tricks, distorted her person into several shapes, and her face into several laughs, without any reason. In a word, her carriage was as absurd as her desires, which were, to affect an insensibility of the stranger's admiration, and at the same time a triumph, from that admiration, over every woman in the room.

In

In this temper of mind Bellarmine having enquired who she was, advanced to her, and with a low bow begged the honour of dancing with her, which she with as low a curt'sy immediately granted. She danced with him all night, and enjoyed perhaps the highest pleasure that she was capable of feeling.

At these words, Adams fetched a deep groan, which frightened the ladies, who told him, 'they hoped 'he was not ill.' He answered, 'he groaned only 'for the folly of Leonora.'

Leonora retired (continued the lady) about six in the morning, but not to rest. She tumbled and tossed in her bed, with very short intervals of sleep, and those entirely filled with dreams of the equipage and fine clothes she had seen, and the balls, operas, and ridottos, which had been the subject of their conversation.

In the afternoon, Bellarmine, in the dear coach and six, came to wait on her. He was indeed charmed with her person, and was, on enquiry, so well pleased with the circumstances of her father, (for he himself, notwithstanding all his finery, was not quite so rich as Crœsus or an Attalus.) 'Attalus,' says Mr Adams: 'but pray how came you acquainted with 'these names?' The lady smiled at the question, and proceeded —— He was so pleased, I say, that he resolved to make his addresses to her directly. He did so accordingly, and that with so much warmth and briskness, that he quickly baffled her weak repulses, and obliged the lady to refer him to her father, who she knew, would quickly declare in favour of a coach and six.

Thus, what Horatio had by sighs and tears, love and tenderness, been so long obtaining, the French-English Bellarmine with gaiety and gallantry possessed himself of in an instant. In other words, what modesty had employed a full year in raising, impudence demolished in twenty-four hours.

Here Adams groaned a second time: but the ladies, who began to smoke him, took no notice.

From the opening of the assembly till the end of Bellarmine's visit, Leonora had scarce once thought of

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of Horatio: but he now began, though an unwelcome gueſt, to enter into her mind. She wiſhed ſhe had ſeen the charming Bellarmine and his charming equipage, before matters had gone ſo far. 'Yet why (ſays ſhe) ſhould I wiſh to have ſeen him before; or what ſignifies it that I have ſeen him now? Is not Horatio my lover? almoſt my huſband? Is he not as handſome, nay handſomer, than Bellarmine? Aye, but Bellarmine is the genteeler and the finer man; yes, that he muſt be allowed. Yes, yes, he is that certainly. But did not I no longer ago than yeſterday love Horatio more than all the world? Aye, but yeſterday I had not ſeen Bellarmine. But doth not Horatio doat on me, and may he not in deſpair break his heart, if I abandon him? Well, and hath not Bellarmine a heart to break too? Yes. But I promiſed Horatio firſt; but that was poor Bellarmine's misfortune; if I had ſeen him firſt, I ſhould certainly have preferred him. Did not the dear creature prefer me to every woman in the aſſembly, when every She was laying out for him? When was it in Horatio's power to give me ſuch an inſtance of affection? Can he give me an equipage, or any of thoſe things which Bellarmine will make me miſtreſs of? How vaſt is the difference between being the wife of a poor counſellor, and the wife of one of Bellarmine's fortune! If I marry Horatio, I ſhall triumph over no more than one rival: but by marrying Bellarmine, I ſhall be the envy of all my acquaintance. What happineſs!—But can I ſuffer Horatio to die? for he hath ſworn he cannot ſurvive my loſs: but perhaps he may not die; if he ſhould, can I prevent it? Muſt I ſacrifice myſelf to him? beſides, Bellarmine may be as miſerable for me too.' She was thus arguing with herſelf when ſome young ladies called her to the walks, and a little relieved her anxiety for the preſent.

The next morning Bellarmine breakfaſted with her in preſence of her aunt, whom he ſufficiently informed of his paſſion for Leonora. He was no ſooner withdrawn, than the old lady began to adviſe her niece on this occaſion——'You ſee, child,' ſays ſhe, 'what

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'fortune hath thrown in your way: and I hope you 'will not withſtand your own preferment.' Leonora ſighing, 'begged her not to mention any ſuch thing, 'when ſhe knew her engagements to Horatio.' 'Engagements to a fig,' cry'd the aunt; 'you ſhould 'thank Heaven on your knees, that you have it yet 'in your power to break them. Will any woman 'heſitate a moment, whether ſhe ſhall ride in a coach, 'or walk on foot all the days of her life?—But Bellarmine drives ſix, and Horatio not even a pair.' 'Yes, but, Madam, what will the world ſay?' anſwered Leonora; 'will not they condemn me?' 'The 'world is always on the ſide of prudence,' cries the aunt, 'and would ſurely condemn you, if you ſacrificed 'your intereſt to any motive whatever. O, I know 'the world very well; and you ſhow your ignorance, 'my dear, by your objection. O' my conſcience! 'the world is wiſer. I have lived longer in it than 'you, and I aſſure you there is not any thing worth 'our regard beſides money; nor did I ever know any 'one perſon who married from other conſiderations, 'who did not afterwards heartily repent it. Beſides, 'if we examine the two men, can you prefer a ſneaking fellow who hath been bred at the univerſity, 'to a fine gentleman juſt come from his travels?—'All the world muſt allow Bellarmine to be a fine 'gentleman, poſitively a fine gentleman, and a handſome man.'—'Perhaps, Madam, I ſhould not doubt, 'if I knew how to be handſomely off with the 'other.' 'O leave that to me,' ſays the aunt. 'You know your father hath not been acquainted 'with the affair. Indeed, for my part, I thought it 'might do well enough, not dreaming of ſuch an offer: but I'll diſengage you; leave me to give the 'fellow an anſwer. I warrant you ſhall have no farther trouble.'

Leonora was at length ſatisfied with her aunt's reaſoning; and Bellarmine ſupping with her that evening, it was agreed he ſhould the next morning go to her father and propoſe the match, which ſhe conſented ſhould be conſummated at his return.

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The aunt retired soon after supper, and the lovers being left together, Bellarmine began in the following manner; 'Yes, Madam, this coat I assure you 'was made at Paris, and I defy the best English tailor even to imitate it. There is not one of them 'can cut, Madam, they can't cut. If you observe 'how this skirt is turned, and this sleeve, a clumsy 'English rascal can nothing like it.—Pray how do 'you like my liveries?' Leonora answered, 'she 'thought them very pretty.' 'All French,' says he, 'I assure you, except the great coats; I never trust 'any thing more than a great coat to an Englishman; 'you know one must encourage our own people what 'one can, especially as, before I had a place, I was 'in the country interest, he, he, he! but for myself, 'I would see the dirty island at the bottom of the 'sea, rather than wear a single rag of English work 'about me; and I am sure, after you have made one 'tour to Paris, you will be of the same opinion with 'regard to your own clothes. You can't conceive 'what an addition a French dress would be to your 'beauty; I positively assure you, at the first opera I 'saw since I came over, I mistook the English ladies 'for chambermaids, he, he, he!'

With such sort of polite discourse did the gay Bellarmine entertain his beloved Leonora, when the door opened all on a sudden, and Horatio entered the room. Here 'tis impossible to express the surprise of Leonora.

'Poor woman,' says Mrs Slipslop, 'what a ter-'rible quandary she must be in!' 'Not at all,' says Miss Grave-airs, 'such sluts can never be confound-'ed.' 'She must have then more than Corinthian 'assurance,' said Adams; 'aye, more than Lais her-'self.'

A long silence, continued the lady, prevailed in the whole company. If the familiar entrance of Horatio struck the greatest astonishment into Bellarmine, the unexpected presence of Bellarmine no less surprised Horatio. At length Leonora, collecting all the spirit she was mistress of, addressed herself to the latter, and pretended to wonder at the reason of

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of so late a visit. 'I should, indeed,' answered he, 'have made some apology for disturbing you at this 'hour, had not my finding you in company assured 'me I did not break in upon your repose.' Bellarmine rose from his chair, traversed the room in a minuet step, and humm'd an opera tune, while Horatio, advancing to Leonora, asked her in a whisper, if that gentleman was not a relation of hers; to which she answered with a smile, or rather sneer, 'No, he 'is no relation of mine yet;' adding, 'she could not 'guess the meaning of his question.' Horatio told her softly, 'it did not arise from jealousy.' 'Jealousy!' 'I assure you, it would be very strange in a com-'mon acquaintance to give himself any of those airs.' These words a little surprized Horatio; but before he had time to answer, Bellarmine danced up to the lady, and told her, 'he feared he interrupted some 'business between her and the gentleman.' 'I can 'have no business,' said she, 'with the gentleman, 'nor any other, which need be any secret to you.

'You'll pardon me,' said Horatio, 'if I desire 'to know who this gentleman is, who is to be en-'trusted with all our secrets.' 'You'll know soon 'enough,' cries Leonora; 'but I can't guess what 'secrets can ever pass between us of such mighty 'consequence.' 'No, Madam!' cries Horatio, 'I'm 'sure you would not have me understand you in ear-'nest.' 'Tis indifferent to me,' says she, 'how you 'understand me; but I think so unseasonable a visit 'is difficult to be understood at all, at least when 'people find one engaged; though one's servants do 'not deny one, one may expect a well-bred person 'should soon take the hint.' 'Madam,' said Horatio, 'I did not imagine any engagement with a stranger, 'as it seems this gentleman is, would have made my 'visit impertinent, or that any such ceremonies were 'to be preserved between persons in our situation.' 'Sure you are in a dream,' said she, 'or would per-'suade me that I am in one. I know no pretensions 'a common acquaintance can have to lay aside the 'ceremonies of good-breeding.' 'Sure,' said he, 'I am in a dream; for it is impossible I should be

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'really esteemed a common acquaintance by Leonora, after what has passed between us!' 'Passed 'between us! Do you intend to affront me before 'this gentleman?' 'D—n me, affront the lady,' says Bellarmine, cocking his hat, and strutting up to Horatio, 'Does any man dare affront this lady before me, d—n me?' 'Harkee, Sir,' says Horatio, 'I would advise you to lay aside that fierce air; for 'I am mightily deceived, if this lady has not a violent desire to get your worship a good drubbing.' 'Sir,' said Bellarmine, 'I have the honour to be her 'protector, and d—n me if I understand your meaning.' 'Sir,' answered Horatio, 'she is rather your 'protectress: but give yourself no more airs, for you 'see I am prepared for you,' (shaking his whip at 'him.) 'Oh! *Serviteur tres humble*,' says Bellarmine, '*jes vous entend parfaitment bien*.' At which time the aunt, who had heard of Horatio's visit, entered the room, and soon satisfied all his doubts. She convinced him that he was never more awake in his life, and that nothing more extraordinary had happened in his three days absence, than a small alteration in the affections of Leonora; who now burst into tears, and wondered what reason she had given him to use her in so barbarous a manner. Horatio desired Bellarmine to withdraw with him: but the ladies prevented it, by laying violent hands on the latter; upon which, the former took his leave without any great ceremony, and departed, leaving the lady with his rival to consult for his safety, which Leonora feared her indiscretion might have endangered: but the aunt comforted her with assurances, that Horatio would not venture his person against so accomplished a cavalier as Bellarmine; and that being a lawyer, he would seek revenge in his own way, and the most they had to apprehend from him was an action.

They at length therefore agreed to permit Bellarmine to retire to his lodgings, having first settled all matters relating to the journey which he was to undertake in the morning, and their preparations for the nuptials at his return.

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But alas, as wise men have observed, the seat of valour is not in the countenance; and many a grave and plain man, will, on a just provocation, betake himself to that mischievous metal, cold iron; while men of a fiercer brow, and sometimes with that emblem of courage, a cockade, will more prudently decline it.

Leonora was waked in the morning, from a visionary coach and six, with the dismal account, that Bellarmine was run through the body by Horatio; that he lay languishing at an inn, and the surgeons had declared the wound mortal. She immediately leaped out of the bed, danced about the room in a frantic manner, tore her hair, and beat her breast in all the agonies of despair: in which sad condition her aunt, who likewise arose at the news, found her. The good old lady applied her utmost art to comfort her niece. She told her, 'while there was life there 'was hope; but that if he should die, her affliction 'would be of no service to Bellarmine, and would 'only expose herself, which might probably keep her 'some time without any future offer; that as matters 'had happened her wisest way would be to think 'no more of Bellarmine, but to endeavour to regain 'the affections of Horatio.' 'Speak not to me,' cried the disconsolate Leonora; 'is it not owing to 'me, that poor Bellarmine has lost his life? have not 'these cursed charms,' (at which words she looked stedfastly in the glass) 'been the ruin of the most charming 'man of this age Can I ever bear to contemplate 'my own face again?' (with her eyes still fixed on the glass? 'Am I not the murderess of the finest gentleman? No other woman in the town could have 'made any impression on him.' 'Never think of 'things past,' cries the aunt,' think of regaining 'the affections of Horatio.' 'What reason,' said the niece, 'have I to hope he would forgive me? 'No, I have lost him as well as the other, and it was 'your wicked advice which was the occasion of all; 'you seduced me, contrary to my inclinations, to 'abandon poor Horatio,' at which words she burst

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into tears; 'you prevailed upon me, whether I would 'or no, to give up my affections for him; had it not 'been for you, Bellarmine never would have entered 'into my thoughts; had not his addreſſes been back-'ed by your perſuaſions, they never would have made 'any impreſſion on me; I ſhould have defied all the 'fortune and equipage in the world; but it was you, 'it was you, who got the better of my youth and 'ſimplicity, and forced me to loſe my dear Horatio 'for ever.'

The aunt was almoſt borne down with this torrent of words; ſhe however rallied all the ſtrength ſhe could, and drawing her mouth up in a purſe, began: 'I am not ſurpriſed, niece, at this ingratitude. 'Thoſe who adviſe young women for their intereſt, 'muſt always expect ſuch a return: I am convinced 'my brother will thank me for breaking off your 'match with Horatio at any rate,' 'That may not 'be in your power yet,' anſwered Leonora; 'tho' 'it is very ungrateful in you to deſire or attempt it, 'after the preſents you have received from him.' (For indeed true it is, that many preſents, and ſome pretty valuable ones, had paſſed from Horatio to the old lady: but as true it is, that Bellarmine, when he breakfaſted with her and her niece, had complimented her with a brilliant from his finger, of much greater value than all ſhe had touched of the other.)

The aunt's gall was on float to reply, when a ſervant brought a letter into the room; which Leonora, hearing it came from Bellarmine, with great eagerneſs opened, and read as follows:

"Moſt divine creature,

"THE wound which I fear you have heard I re-"ceived from my rival, is not like to be ſo "fatal as thoſe ſhot into my heart, which have been "fired from your eyes, *tout-brilliant*. Thoſe are the "only cannons by which I am to fall: for my ſur-"geon gives me hopes of being ſoon able to attend "your Ruelle; till when, unleſs you would do me "an honour which I have ſcarce the *hardieſſe* to

"think

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" think of, your abſence will be the greateſt anguiſh " can be felt by,

" Madam,

" *Avec toute le reſpect* in the world,

" Your moſt obedient, moſt abſolute " *Devoté*,

" BELLARMINE."

As ſoon as Leonora perceived ſuch hopes of Bellarmine's recovery, and that the goſſip Fame had, according to cuſtom, ſo enlarged his danger, ſhe preſently abandoned all further thoughts of Horatio, and was ſoon reconciled to her aunt, who received her again into favour, with a more Chriſtian forgiveneſs than we generally meet with. Indeed, it is poſſible, ſhe might be a little alarmed at the hints which her niece had given her concerning the preſents. She might apprehend ſuch rumours, ſhould they get abroad, might injure a reputation, which, by frequenting church twice a-day, and preſerving the utmoſt rigour and ſtrictneſs in her countenance and behaviour for many years, ſhe had eſtabliſhed.

Leonora's paſſion returned now for Bellarmine with greater force after its ſmall relaxation than ever. She propoſed to her aunt to make him a viſit in his confinement, which the old lady, with great and commendable prudence, adviſed her to decline: 'For,' ſays ſhe, 'ſhould any accident intervene to prevent 'your intended match, too forward a behaviour 'with this lover may injure you in the eyes of others. 'Every woman, till ſhe is married, ought to conſider 'of and provide againſt the poſſibility of the affair's 'breaking off.' Leonora ſaid, ſhe ſhould be indifferent to whatever might happen in ſuch a caſe; for ſhe had now ſo abſolutely placed her affections on this dear man, (ſo ſhe called him) that, if it was her misfortune to loſe him, ſhe ſhould forever abandon all thoughts of mankind. She therefore reſolved to viſit him, notwithſtanding all the prudent advice of her aunt to the contrary, and that very afternoon executed her reſolution.

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The Lady was proceeding in her ſtory, when the coach drove into the inn where the company were to dine, ſorely to the diſſatisfaction of Mr Adams, whoſe ears were the moſt hungry part about him; he being, as the reader may perhaps gueſs, of an inſatiable curioſity, and heartily deſirous of hearing the end of this amour, though he profeſſed he could ſcarce wiſh ſucceſs to a lady of ſo inconſtant a diſpoſition.

CHAP. V.

A dreadful quarrel which happened at the inn where the company dined; with its bloody conſequences to Mr Adams.

AS ſoon as the paſſengers had alighted from the coach, Mr Adams, as was his cuſtom, made directly to the kitchen, where he found Joſeph ſitting by the fire, and the hoſteſs anointing his leg: for the horſe, which Mr Adams had borrowed of his clerk, had ſo violent a propenſity to kneeling, that one would have thought it had been his trade as well as his maſter's; nor would he always give any notice of ſuch his intention: he was often found on his knees, when the rider leaſt expected it. This foible, however, was of no great inconvenience to the parſon, who was accuſtomed to it, and as his legs almoſt touched the ground when he beſtrode the beaſt, had but a little way to fall, and threw himſelf forward on ſuch occaſions with ſo much dexterity, that he never received any miſchief; the horſe and he frequently rolling many paces diſtance, and afterwards both getting up and meeting as good friends as ever.

Poor Joſeph, who had not been uſed to ſuch kind of cattle, though an excellent horſeman, did not ſo happily diſengage himſelf; but falling with his leg under the beaſt, received a violent contuſion, to which the good woman was, as we have ſaid, applying a warm hand, with ſome camphorated ſpirits, juſt at the time when the parſon entered the kitchen.

He had ſcarce expreſſed his concern for Joſeph's misfortune, before the hoſt likewiſe entered. He was by

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by no means of Mr Tow-wouse's gentle disposition, and was indeed perfect master of his house, and every thing in it but his guests.

This surly fellow, who always proportioned his respect to the appearance of a traveller, from God bless your honour, down to plain Coming presently, observing his wife on her knees to a footman, cried out, without considering his circumstances, 'What a pox 'is the woman about? Why don't you mind the com- 'pany in the coach? Go and ask them what they will 'have for dinner?' 'My dear,' says she, 'you know 'they can have nothing but what is at the fire, which 'will be ready presently; and really the poor young 'man's leg is very much bruised.' At which words she fell to chaffing more violently than before: the bell then happening to ring, he damned his wife, and bid her go in to the company, and not stand rubbing there all day: for he did not believe the young fellow's leg was so bad as he pretended; and if it was, within twenty miles he would find a surgeon to cut it off. Upon these words, Adams fetched two strides across the room; and snapping his fingers over his head, muttered aloud, 'He would excommunicate 'such a wretch for a farthing; for he believed the 'devil had more humanity.' These words occasioned a dialogue between Adams and the host, in which there were two or three sharp replies, till Joseph bade the latter know how to behave himself to his betters. At which the host (having first strictly surveyed Adams) scornfully repeating the word betters, flew into a rage, and telling Joseph he was as able to walk out of his house as he had been to walk into it, offered to lay violent hands on him; which Adams perceiving, dealt him so sound a compliment over his face with his fist, that the blood immediately gushed out of his nose in a stream. The host being unwilling to be outdone in courtesy, especially by a person of Adams's figure, returned the favour with so much gratitude, that the parson's nostrils began to look a little redder than usual. Upon which he again assailed his antagonist, and with another stroke laid him sprawling on the floor.

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The hoſteſs, who was a better wife than ſo ſurly a huſband deſerved, ſeeing her huſband all bloody and ſtretched along, haſtened preſently to his aſſiſtance, or rather to revenge the blow, which, to all appearance, was the laſt he would ever receive; when, lo! a pan full of hog's blood, which unluckily ſtood on the dreſſer, preſented itſelf firſt to her hands. She ſeized it in her fury, and without any reflection diſcharged it into the parſon's face, and with ſo good an aim, that much the greater part firſt ſaluted his countenance, and trickled thence in ſo large a current down to his beard, and over his garments, that a more horrible ſpectacle was hardly to be ſeen, or even imagined. All which was perceived by Mrs Slipſlop, who entered the kitchen at that inſtant. This good gentlewoman, not being of a temper ſo extremely cool and patient as perhaps was required to aſk many queſtions on this occaſion, flew with great impetuoſity at the hoſteſs's cap, which, together with ſome of her hair, ſhe plucked from her head in a moment, giving her at the ſame time ſeveral hearty cuffs in the face, which, by frequent practice on the inferior ſervants, ſhe had learned an excellent knack of delivering with a good grace. Poor Joſeph could hardly riſe from his chair; the parſon was employed in wiping the blood from his eyes, which had entirely blinded him, and the landlord was but juſt beginning to ſtir, whilſt Mrs Slipſlop, holding down the landlady's face with her left hand, made ſo dextrous an uſe of her right, that the poor woman began to roar in a key which alarmed all the company in the inn.

There happened to be in the inn at this time, beſides the ladies who arrived in the ſtage-coach, the two gentlemen who were preſent at Mr Tow-wouſe's when Joſeph was detained for his horſe's meat, and whom we have before-mentioned to have ſtopped at the alehouſe with Adams. There was likewiſe a gentleman juſt returned from his travels to Italy; all whom the horrid outcry of murder preſently brought into the kitchen, where the ſeveral combatants were found in the poſtures already deſcribed.

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It was now no difficulty to put an end to the fray, the conquerors being satisfied with the vengeance they had taken, and the conquered having no appetite to renew the fight. The principal figure, and which engaged the eyes of all, was Adams, who was all over covered with blood, which the whole company concluded to be his own; and consequently imagined him no longer for this world. But the host, who had now recovered from his blow, and was risen from the ground, soon delivered them from this apprehension, by damning his wife for wasting the hog's puddings, and telling her, all would have been very well, if she had not intermeddled like a b— as she was; adding, he was very glad the gentlewoman had paid her, though not half what she had deserved. The poor woman had indeed fared much the worst, having, besides the unmerciful cuffs received, lost a quantity of hair, which Mrs Slipslop in triumph held in her left hand.

The traveller, addressing himself to Mrs Grave-airs, desired her not to be frightened; for there had been only a little boxing, which he said, to their *disgracia*, the English were *accustomata* to: adding, it must be however a fight somewhat strange to him, who was just come from Italy, the Italians not being addicted to the *cuffardo*, but *bastonza*, says he. He then went up to Adams, and telling him he looked like the ghost of Othello, bid him not shake his goary locks at him, for he could not say he did it. Adams very innocently answered, 'Sir, I am far from accusing you.' He then returned to the lady, and cried, 'I find the bloody 'gentleman is *uno insipido del nullo senso*. *Dammata* 'di me, if I have seen such a *spectacule* in my way 'from Viterbo.'

One of the gentlemen having learned from the host the occasion of this bustle, and being assured by him that Adams had struck the first blow, whispered in his ear, he'd warrant he would recover. 'Recover, 'master,' said the host, smiling; 'Yes, yes, I am not 'afraid of dying with a blow or two neither, I am not 'such a chicken as that.' 'Pugh!' said the gentleman, 'I mean you will recover damages in that action 'which undoubtedly you intend to bring, as soon as

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'a writ can be returned from London; for you look 'like a man of too much ſpirit and courage to ſuffer 'any one to beat you without bringing your action 'againſt him: he muſt be a ſcandalous fellow indeed, 'who would put up a drubbing, whilſt the law is open 'to revenge it; beſides, he hath drawn blood from 'you, and ſpoiled your coat; and the jury will give 'damages for that too. An excellent new coat upon 'my word, and now not worth a ſhilling!'

'I don't care,' continued he, 'to intermeddle in 'theſe caſes; but you have a right to my evidence; 'and if I am ſworn I muſt ſpeak the truth. I ſaw 'you ſprawling on the floor, and the blood guſhing 'from your noſtrils. You may take your own opi-'nion; but was I in your circumſtances, every drop 'of my blood ſhould convey an ounce of gold into 'my pocket; remember I don't adviſe you to go to 'law; but if your jury were Chriſtians, they muſt 'give ſwinging damages. That's all.' 'Maſter,' cried the hoſt, ſcratching his head, 'I have no ſto-'mach to law, I thank you. I have ſeen enough 'of that in the pariſh, where two of my neighbours 'have been at law about a houſe, till they have 'both lawed themſelves into a gaol.' At which words he turned about, and began to enquire again after his hog's puddings; nor would it probably have been a ſufficient excuſe for his wife, that ſhe ſpilt them in his defence, had not ſome awe of the company, eſpecially of the Italian traveller, who was a perſon of great dignity, with-held his rage. Whilſt one of the above-mentioned gentlemen was employed, as we have ſeen him, on the behalf of the land-lord, the other was no leſs hearty on the ſide of Mr Adams, whom he adviſed to bring his action im-mediately. He ſaid, the aſſault of the wife was in law the aſſault of the huſband; for they were but one perſon; and he was liable to pay damages, which he ſaid muſt be conſiderable, where ſo bloody a diſ-poſition appeared. Adams anſwered, if it was true that they were but one perſon, he had aſſaulted the wife; for he was ſorry to own he had ſtruck the huſ-band the firſt blow. 'I am ſorry you own it too,'

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cries the gentleman; 'for it could not poſſibly ap-
'pear to the court: for here was no evidence pre-
'ſent but the lame man in the chair, whom I ſup-
'poſe to be your friend, and would conſequently ſay
'nothing but what made for you.' 'How, Sir,' ſays Adams, 'do you take me for a villain, who would
'proſecute revenge in cold blood, and uſe unjuſtifiable
'means to obtain it? If you knew me and my order,
'I ſhould think you affronted both.' At the word order, the gentleman ſtared, (for he was too bloody to be of any modern order of knights), and turning haſtily about, ſaid, 'Every man knew his own buſi-
'neſs.'

Matters being now compoſed, the company retired to their ſeveral apartments, the two gentlemen congratulating each other on the ſucceſs of their good offices, in procuring a perfect reconciliation between the contending parties; and the traveller went to his repaſt, crying, as the Italian poet ſays,

'*Je voi* very well, *que tuta e pace*,
'So ſend up dinner, good Boniface.'

The coachman began now to grow importunate with his paſſengers, whoſe entrance into the coach was retarded by Miſs Grave-airs inſiſting, againſt the remonſtrance of all the reſt, that ſhe would not admit a footman into the coach; for poor Joſeph was too lame to mount a horſe. A young lady, who was, as it ſeems, an Earl's grand-daughter, begged it with almoſt tears in her eyes. Mr Adams prayed, and Mrs Slipſlop ſcolded, but all to no purpoſe. She ſaid, ſhe would not demean herſelf to ride with a footman: that there were waggons on the road: that if the maſter of the coach deſired it, ſhe would pay for two places: but would ſuffer no ſuch fellow to come in. 'Madam,' ſays Slipſlop, 'I am
'ſure no one can refuſe another coming into a ſtage-
'coach.' 'I don't know, Madam,' ſays the Lady,
'I am not much uſed to ſtage-coaches, I ſeldom tra-
'vel in them.' 'That may be, Madam,' replied Slipſlop, 'very good people do, and ſome people's
'betters, for aught I know.' Miſs Grave-airs ſaid, Some folks might ſometimes give their tongues a

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liberty, to some people that were their betters, which did not become them; for her part, she was not used to converse with servants. Slipslop returned, Some people kept no servants to converse with: for her part, she thanked Heaven she lived in a family where there were a great many; and had more under her own command, than any paultry little gentlewoman in the kingdom. Miss Grave-airs cried, She believed her mistress would not encourage such saucineſs to her betters. 'My betters,' says Slipslop, 'who is my betters, pray?' 'I am your betters,' answered Miss Grave-airs, 'and I'll acquaint 'your Mistress.'—At which Mrs Slipslop laughed aloud, and told her, Her lady was one of the great gentry, and such little paultry gentlewomen, as some folks who travelled in stage-coaches, would not easily come at her.

This smart dialogue between some people and some folks, was going on at the coach door, when a solemn person riding into the inn, and seeing Miss Grave-airs, immediately accosted her with, 'Dear 'child, how do you?' She presently answered, 'O! 'papa, I am glad you have overtaken me.' 'So am 'I,' answered he: 'for one of our coaches is just at 'hand: and there being room for you in it, you 'shall go no farther in the stage, unless you desire 'it.' 'How can you imagine I should desire it?' says she; so bidding Slipslop ride with her fellow, if she pleased, she took her father by the hand, who was just alighted, and walked with him into a room.

Adams instantly asked the coachman in a whisper, if he knew who the gentleman was? The coachman answered, he was now a gentleman, and kept his horse and man: 'but times are altered, master,' said he: 'I remember when he was no better born 'than myself.' 'Ay! ay!' says Adams. 'My father 'drove the squire's coach,' answered he, 'when that 'very man rode postilion: but he is now his steward, 'and a great gentleman.' Adams then snapped his fingers, and cried, He thought she was some such trollop.

Adams

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Adams made haſte to acquaint Mrs Slipſlop with this good news, as he imagined it; but it found a reception different from what he expected. The prudent gentlewoman, who deſpiſed the anger of Miſs Grave-airs, whilſt ſhe conceived her the daughter of a gentleman of ſmall fortune, now ſhe heard her alliance with the upper ſervants of a great family in her neighbourhood, began to fear her intereſt with her miſtreſs. She wiſhed ſhe had not carried the diſpute ſo far, and began to think of endeavouring to reconcile herſelf to the young lady before ſhe left the inn; when luckily the ſcene at London, which the reader can ſcarce have forgotten, preſented itſelf to her mind, and comforted her with ſuch aſſurance, that ſhe no longer apprehended any enemy with her miſtreſs.

Every thing being now adjuſted, the company entered the coach, which was juſt on its departure, when one lady recollected ſhe had left her fan, a ſecond her gloves, a third a ſnuff-box, and a fourth a ſmelling-bottle behind her; to find all which occaſioned ſome delay, and much ſwearing, to the coachman.

As ſoon as the coach had left the inn, the women all together fell to the character of Miſs Grave-airs, whom one of them declared ſhe had ſuſpected to be ſome low creature, from the beginning of their journey; and another affirmed, had not even the looks of a gentlewoman: a third warranted ſhe was no better than ſhe ſhould be; and turning to the lady who had related the ſtory in the coach, ſaid, 'Did 'you ever hear, Madam, any thing ſo prudith as her 'remarks? Well, deliver me from the cenſoriouſneſs 'of ſuch a prude.' The fourth added, 'O Madam! 'all theſe creatures are cenſorious: but for my part, 'I wonder where the wretch was bred; indeed I muſt 'own I have ſeldom converſed with theſe mean kind 'of people; ſo that it may appear ſtranger to me; 'but to refuſe the general deſire of a whole company 'had ſomething in it ſo aſtoniſhing, that, for my 'part, I own I ſhould hardly believe it, if my own 'ears had not been witneſſes to it.' 'Yes, and ſo

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'handſome a young fellow,' cries Slipſlop: 'the woman muſt have no compulſion in her, I believe ſhe 'is more of a Turk than a Chriſtian; I am certain, 'if ſhe had any Chriſtian woman's blood in her veins, 'the ſight of ſuch a young fellow muſt have warm'd 'it. Indeed there are ſome wretched, miſerable old 'objects, that turn one's ſtomach; I ſhould not wonder if ſhe had refuſed ſuch a one; I am as nice as 'herſelf, and ſhould have cared no more than her'ſelf for the company of ſtinking old fellows: but 'hold up thy head, Joſeph, thou art none of thoſe; 'and ſhe who hath not compulſion for thee is a My'hummetman, and I will maintain it.' This converſation made Joſeph uneaſy, as well as the ladies; who, perceiving the ſpirits which Mrs Slipſlop was in, (for indeed ſhe was not a cup too low), began to fear the conſequence; one of them therefore deſired the Lady to conclude the ſtory—'Ay, Madam,' ſaid Slipſlop, 'I beg your Ladyſhip to give us that ſtory 'you commenſated in the morning;' which requeſt that well-bred woman immediately complied with.

CHAP. VI.

Concluſion of the unfortunate jilt.

LEONORA having once broke thro' the bounds which cuſtom and modeſty impoſe on her ſex, ſoon gave an unbridled indulgence to her paſſion. Her viſits to Bellarmine were more conſtant, as well as longer, than his ſurgeon's; in a word, ſhe became abſolutely his nurſe, made his water gruel, adminiſtred him his medicines, and, notwithſtanding the prudent advice of her aunt to the contrary, almoſt entirely reſided in her wounded lover's apartment.

The ladies of the town began to take her conduct under conſideration; it was the chief topic of diſcourſe at their tea-tables, and was very ſeverely cenſured by the moſt part; eſpecially by Lindamira, a lady whoſe diſcreet and ſtarch carriage, together with a conſtant attendance at church three times a-day, had utterly defeated many malicious attacks on her own reputation: for ſuch was the envy that Lindamira's

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mira's virtue had attracted, that, notwithstanding her own strict behaviour, and strict enquiry into the lives of others, she had not been able to escape being the mark of some arrows herself, which however did her no injury; a blessing, perhaps, owed by her to the clergy, who were her chief male companions, and with two or three of whom she had been barbarously and unjustly calumniated.

'Not so unjustly neither, perhaps,' says Slipslop; 'for the clergy are men, as well as other folks.'

The extreme delicacy of Lindamira's virtue was cruelly hurt by those freedoms which Leonora allowed herself: she said, It was an affront to her sex; that she did not imagine it consistent with any woman's honour to speak to the creature, or to be seen in her company: and that, for her part, she should always refuse to dance at an assembly with her, for fear of contamination by taking her by the hand.

But to return to my story: as soon as Bellarmine was recovered, which was somewhat within a month from his receiving the wound, he set out, according to agreement, for Leonora's father's, in order to propose the match, and settle all matters with him touching settlements, and the like.

A little before his arrival, the old gentleman had received an information of the affair by the following letter, which I can repeat *verbatim*, and which, they say, was written neither by Leonora nor her aunt, though it was in a woman's hand. The letter was in these words:

SIR,

"I AM sorry to acquaint you, that your daughter "Leonora hath acted one of the basest, as well as "most simple parts with a young gentleman to whom "she had engaged herself, and whom she hath, (par- "don the word) jilted for another of inferior fortune, "notwithstanding his superior figure. You may take "what measures you please on this occasion; I have "performed what I thought my duty; as I have, "though unknown to you, a very great respect for "your family."

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The old gentleman did not give himself the trouble to answer this kind epistle; nor did he take any notice of it after he had read it, till he saw Bellarmine. He was, to say the truth, one of those fathers who look on children as an unhappy consequence of their youthful pleasures; which as he would have been delighted not to have had attended them, so was he no less pleased with an opportunity to rid himself of the incumbrance. He passed, in the world's language, as an exceeding good father, being not only so rapacious as to rob and plunder all mankind to the utmost of his power, but even to deny himself the conveniencies and almost necessaries of life; which his neighbours attributed to a desire of raising immense fortunes for his children: but in fact it was not so: he heaped up money for its own sake only, and looked on his children as his rivals, who were to enjoy his beloved mistress, when he was incapable of possessing her, and which he would have been much more charmed with the power of carrying along with him: nor had his children any other security of being his heirs, than that the law would constitute them such without a will, and that he had not affection enough for any one living to take the trouble of writing one.

To this gentleman came Bellarmine on the errand I have mentioned. His person, his equipage, his family, and his estate, seemed to the father to make him an advantageous match for his daughter; he therefore very readily accepted his proposals: but when Bellarmine imagined the principal affair concluded, and began to open the incidental matters of fortune, the old gentleman presently changed his countenance, saying, He resolved never to marry his daughter on a Smithfield match; that whoever had love for her to take her, would, when he died, find her share of his fortune in his coffers: but he had seen such examples of undutifulness happen from the too early generosity of parents, that he had made a vow never to part with a shilling whilst he lived. He commended the saying of Solomon,

" He

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"He that ſpareth the rod, ſpoileth the child:" but added, he might have likewiſe aſſerted, that he that ſpareth the purſe ſaveth the child. He then ran into a diſcourſe on the extravagance of the youth of the age; whence he launched into a diſſertation on horſes, and came at length to commend thoſe Bellarmine drove. That fine gentleman, who, at another ſeaſon, would have been well enough pleaſed to dwell a little on that ſubject, was now very eager to reſume the circumſtance of fortune. He ſaid, He had a very high value for the young lady, and would receive her with leſs than he would any other whatever; but that even his love to her made ſome regard to worldly matters neceſſary; for it would be a moſt diſtracting ſight for him to ſee her, when he had the honour to be her huſband, in leſs than a coach and ſix. The old gentleman anſwered, 'Four will 'do, four will do;' and then took a turn from horſes to extravagance, and from extravagance to horſes, till he came round to the equipage again, whither he was no ſooner arrived, than Bellarmine brought him back to the point; but all to no purpoſe; he made his eſcape from that ſubject in a minute; till at laſt the lover declared, that in the preſent ſituation of his affairs, it was impoſſible for him, though he loved Leonora more than *tout le monde*, to marry her without any fortune. To which the father anſwered, He was ſorry then his daughter muſt loſe ſo valuable a match; that if he had an inclination, at preſent it was not in his power to advance a ſhilling: that he had had great loſſes, and been at great expences on projects; which though he had great expectation from them, had yet produced him nothing; that he did not know what might happen hereafter, as on the birth of a ſon, or ſuch accident; but he would make no promiſe, or enter into any article: for he would not break his vow for all the daughters in the world.

In ſhort, ladies, to keep you no longer in ſuſpenſe, Bellarmine having tried every argument and perſuaſion which he could invent, and finding them all in-

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effectual, at length took his leave, but not in order to return to Leonora; he proceeded directly to his own ſeat, whence, after a few days ſtay, he returned to Paris, to the great delight of the French, and the honour of the Engliſh nation.

But as ſoon as he arrived at his home, he preſently diſpatched a meſſenger with the following epiſtle to Leonora.

" Adorable and Charmante,

" I Am ſorry to have the honour to tell you I am " not the *heureux* perſon deſtined for your divine " arms. Your papa hath told me ſo with a *politeſſe* " not often ſeen on this ſide Paris. You may per- " haps gueſs his manner of refuſing me——*Ah mon* " *dieu!* You will certainly believe me, Madam, in- " capable myſelf of delivering this *triſte* meſſage, " which I intend to try the French air to cure the " conſequences of—*A jamais! Cœur! Ange!—Au* " *diable!*——If your papa obliges you to a marriage, " I hope we ſhall ſee you at Paris, till when the wind " that blows from thence will be the warmeſt *dans le* " *monde*: for it will conſiſt almoſt entirely of my ſighs. " *Adieu, ma princeſſe! Ah l'amour!*

" BELLARMINE."

I ſhall not attempt, ladies, to deſcribe Leonara's condition when ſhe received this letter. It is a picture of horror, which I ſhould have had as little pleaſure in drawing, as you in beholding. She immediately left the place, where ſhe was the ſubject of converſation and ridicule, and retired to that houſe I ſhewed you when I began the ſtory; where ſhe hath ever ſince led a diſconſolate life, and deſerves perhaps pity for her misfortunes, more than our cenſure for a behaviour to which the artifices of her aunt very probably contributed, and to which very young women are often rendered too liable by that blameable levity in the education of our ſex.

'If I was inclined to pity her,' ſaid a young lady in the coach; 'it would be for the loſs of Horatio; for 'I cannot diſcern any misfortune in her miſſing ſuch a 'huſband as Bellarmine.'

'Why,

'Why, I muſt own,' ſays Slipſlop, 'the gentleman 'was a little falſe-hearted: but howſumever it was 'hard to have two lovers, and get never a huſband at 'all. But pray, Madam, what became of our *Ouraſho*?' He remains, ſaid the lady, ſtill unmarried, and hath applied himſelf ſo ſtrictly to his buſineſs, that he hath raiſed, I hear, a very conſiderable fortune. And what is remarkable, they ſay, he never hears the name of Leonora without a ſigh, nor hath ever uttered one ſyllable to charge her with her ill conduct towards him.

CHAP. VII.

A very ſhort chapter, in which parſon Adams went a great way.

THE lady having finiſhed her ſtory, received the thanks of the company; and now Joſeph, putting his head out of the coach, cried out, 'Never 'believe me, if yonder be not our parſon Adams 'walking along without his horſe.' 'On my word, 'and ſo he is,' ſays Slipſlop; 'and as ſure as twopence, 'he hath left him behind at the inn.' Indeed, true it is, the parſon had exhibited a freſh inſtance of his abſence of mind: for he was ſo pleaſed with having got Joſeph into the coach, that he never once thought of the beaſt in the ſtable; and finding his legs as nimble as he deſired, he ſallied out brandiſhing a crab-ſtick, and had kept on before the coach, mending and ſlackening his pace occaſionally, ſo that he had never been much more or leſs than a quarter of a mile diſtant from it.

Mrs Slipſlop deſired the coachman to overtake him, which he attempted, but in vain: for the faſter he drove, the faſter ran the parſon, often crying out, 'Ay, ay, catch me if you can:' till at length the coachman ſwore he would as ſoon attempt to drive after a grey-hound; and giving the parſon two or three hearty curſes, he cried, 'Softly, ſoftly, boys,' to his horſes, which the civil beaſts immediately obeyed.

But we will be more courteous to our reader than he was to Mrs Slipſlop; and leaving the coach and its

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its company to purſue their journey, we will carry our reader on after parſon Adams, who ſtretched forwards without once looking behind him: till having left the coach full three miles in his rear, he came to a place, where, by keeping the extremeſt tract to the right, it was juſt barely poſſible for a human creature to miſs his way. This tract however did he keep, as indeed he had a wonderful capacity at theſe kinds of bare poſſibilities; and travelling in it about three miles over the plain, he arrived at the ſummit of a hill, whence, looking a great way backwards, and perceiving no coach in ſight, he ſat himſelf down on the turf, and pulling out his Æſchylus, determined to wait here for its arrival.

He had not ſat long here, before a gun going off very near, a little ſtartled him; he looked up, and ſaw a gentleman within a hundred paces taking up a partridge, which he had juſt ſhot.

Adams ſtood up, and preſented a figure to the gentleman which would have moved laughter in many: for his caſſock had juſt again fallen down below his great coat, that is to ſay, it reached his knees; whereas, the ſkirts of his great coat deſcended no lower than half way down his thighs: but the gentleman's mirth gave way to his ſurpriſe, at beholding ſuch a perſonage in ſuch a place.

Adams advancing to the gentleman, told him he hoped he had good ſport; to which the other anſwered, 'Very little.' 'I ſee, Sir,' ſays Adams, 'you have 'ſmote one partridge;' to which the ſportſman made no reply, but proceeded to charge his piece.

Whilſt the gun was charging, Adams remained in ſilence, which he at laſt broke by obſerving, that it was a delightful evening. The gentleman, who had at firſt ſight conceived a very diſtaſteful opinion of the parſon, began, on perceiving a book in his hand, and ſmoaking likewiſe the information of the caſſock, to change his thoughts, and made a ſmall advance to converſation on his ſide, by ſaying, 'Sir, I ſuppoſe you 'are not of theſe parts?'

Adams immediately told him, No: that he was a traveller, and invited by the beauty of the evening and

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and the place to repose a little, and amuse himself with reading. 'I may as well repose myself too,' said the sportsman; 'for I have been out this whole after-'noon, and the devil a bird have I seen till I came 'hither.

'Perhaps then the game is not very plenty here-'abouts,' cries Adams. 'No, Sir,' said the gentle-man; 'the soldiers who are quartered in the neigh-'bourhood, have killed it all.' 'It is very probable,' cries Adams;' 'for shooting is their profession.' 'Aye, shooting the game,' answered the other, 'but 'I don't see they are so forward to shoot our enemies. 'I don't like that affair of Carthagena; if I had been 'there, I believe I should have done other guess things, 'd—n me; what's a man's life when his country de-'mands it? a man who won't sacrifice his life for his 'country, deserves to be hanged, d—n me.' Which words he spoke with so violent a gesture, so loud a voice, so strong an accent, and so fierce a countenance, that he might have frightened a captain of trained bands at the head of his company; but Mr Adams was not greatly subject to fear: he told him intrepidly, that he very much approved his virtue, but disliked his swearing, and begged him not to addict himself to so bad a custom, without which, he said, he might fight as bravely as Achilles did. Indeed he was charmed with this discourse; he told the gentleman, He would willingly have gone many miles to have met a man of his generous way of thinking; that if he pleased to sit down, he should be greatly delighted to commune with him: for though he was a clergyman, he would him-self be ready, if thereto called, to lay down his life for his country.

The gentleman sat down, and Adams by him; and then the latter began, as in the following chapter, a discourse which we have placed by itself, as it is not only the most curious in this, but perhaps in any other book.

CHAP

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CHAP. VIII.

A notable dissertation by Mr Abraham Adams; wherein that gentleman appears in a political light.

'I DO assure you, Sir,' says he, taking the gentleman by the hand, 'I am heartily glad to meet 'with a man of your kidney: for though I am a poor 'parson, I will be bold to say, I am an honest man, 'and would not do an ill thing to be made a bishop: 'nay, though it hath not fallen in my way to offer so 'noble a sacrifice, I have not been without opportunities of suffering for the sake of my conscience, I 'thank Heaven for them; for I have had relations, 'though I say it, who made some figure in the world; 'particularly a nephew, who was a shopkeeper, and 'an alderman of a corporation. He was a good lad, 'and was under my care when a boy, and I believe 'would do what I bade him to his dying day. Indeed it looks like extreme vanity in me, to affect being a man of such consequence, as to have so great 'an interest in an alderman; but others have thought 'so too, as manifestly appeared by the rector, whose 'curate I formerly was, sending for me on the approach of an election, and telling me, if I expected 'to continue in his cure, that I must bring my nephew to vote for one Colonel Courtly, a gentleman 'whom I had never heard tidings of till that instant. 'I told the rector, I had no power over my nephew's 'vote, (God forgive me for such prevarication!) that 'I supposed he would give it according to his conscience; that I would by no means endeavour to 'influence him to give it otherwise. He told me, It 'was in vain to equivocate: that he knew I had already spoke to him in favour of Esquire Fickle my 'neighbour; and indeed it was true I had: for it was 'at a season when the church was in danger, and 'when all good men expected they knew not what 'would happen to us all. I then answered boldly, If 'he thought I had given my promise, he affronted 'me, in proposing any breach of it. Not to be too 'prolix; I persevered, and so did my nephew in the 'Esquire's

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'Esquire's interest, who was chose chiefly through his 'means; and so I lost my curacy. Well, Sir, but do 'you think the 'Squire ever mentioned a word of the 'church? *Ne verbum quidem, ut ita dicam;* within 'two years he got a place, and hath ever since lived 'in London; where I have been informed, (but God 'forbid I should believe that) that he never so much 'as goeth to church. I remained, Sir, a considerable 'time without any cure, and lived a full month on 'one funeral sermon, which I preached on the indis-'position of a clergyman; but this by the bye. At 'last, when Mr Fickle got his place, Colonel Court-'ley stood again; and who should make interest for 'him, but Mr Fickle himself? that very identical 'Mr Fickle, who had formerly told me, the Colonel 'was an enemy both to the church and state, had the 'confidence to solicit my nephew for him; and the 'Colonel himself offered me to make me chaplain to 'his regiment, which I refused in favour of Sir Oli-'ver Hearty, who told us he would sacrifice every 'thing to his country; and I believe he would, ex-'cept his hunting, which he stuck so close to, that 'in five years together he went but twice up to parlia-'ment; and one of these times, I have been told, 'never was within sight of the house. However, 'he was a worthy man, and the best friend I ever 'had: for by his interest with a bishop, he got me 'replaced into my curacy, and gave me eight pounds 'out of his own pocket to buy me a gown and cas-'sock, and furnish my house. He had our interest 'while he lived, which was not many years. On 'his death I had fresh applications made to me; for 'all the world knew the interest I had with my good 'nephew, who now was a leading man in the cor-'poration: and Sir Thomas Booby buying the estate 'which had been Sir Oliver's, proposed himself a 'candidate. He was then a young gentleman just 'come from his travels: and it did me good to hear 'him discourse on affairs, which, for my part, I 'knew nothing of. If I had been master of a thou-'sand votes, he should have had them all. I en-'gaged my nephew in his interest; and he was elect-

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'ed, and a very fine parliament man he was. They 'tell me he made ſpeeches of an hour long; and I 'have been told very fine ones: but he could never 'perſuade the parliament to be of his opinion.—*Non* 'omnia poſſumus omnes. He promiſed me a living, 'poor man; and I believe I ſhould have had it, but 'an accident happened: which was, that my Lady 'had promiſed it before, unknown to him. This 'indeed I never heard till afterwards; for my ne'phew, who died about a month before the incum'bent, always told me I might be aſſured of it. 'Since that time, Sir Thomas, poor man, had al'ways ſo much buſineſs, that he never could find lei'ſure to ſee me. I believe it was partly my Lady's 'fault too, who did not think my dreſs good enough 'for the gentry at her table. However, I muſt do 'him the juſtice to ſay, he never was ungrateful: 'and I have always found his kitchen, and his cel'lar too, open to me; many a time after ſervice on 'Sunday, for I preach at four churches, have I re'cruited my ſpirits with a glaſs of his ale. Since 'my nephew's death, the corporation is in other 'hands; and I am not a man of that conſequence I 'was formerly. I have now no longer any talents 'to lay out in the ſervice of my country; and to 'whom nothing is given, of him can nothing be re'quired. However, on all proper ſeaſons, ſuch as the 'approach of an election, I throw a ſuitable daſh or 'two into my ſermons; which I have the pleaſure 'to hear is not diſagreeable to Sir Thomas, and the 'other honeſt gentlemen my neighbours, who have 'all promiſed me theſe five years, to procure an 'ordination for a ſon of mine, who is now near 'thirty, hath an infinite ſtock of learning, and is, I 'thank Heaven, of an unexceptionable life: though, 'as he was never at an univerſity, the biſhop refuſes 'to ordain him. Too much care cannot indeed be 'taken in admitting any to the ſacred office; tho' I 'hope he will never act ſo as to be a diſgrace to any 'order; but will ſerve his God and his country to 'the utmoſt of his power, as I have endeavoured to 'do before him; nay, and will lay down his life

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'whenever called to that purpose. I am sure I have 'educated him in those principles; so that I have 'acquitted my duty, and shall have nothing to an- 'swer for on that account; but I do not distrust him: 'for he is a good boy; and, if Providence should 'throw it in his way to be of as much consequence 'in a public light, as his father once was, I can 'answer for him, he will use his talents as honestly 'as I have done.'

CHAP. IX.

In which the gentleman descants on bravery and heroic virtue, till an unlucky accident puts an end to the discourse.

THE gentleman highly commended Mr Adams for his good resolutions, and told him, He hoped his son would tread in his steps; adding, that if he would not die for his country, he would not be worthy to live in it. 'I'd make no more of 'shooting a man that would not die for his country, 'than—'

'Sir,' said he, 'I have disinherited a nephew who 'is in the army; because he would not exchange his 'commission, and go to the West Indies. I believe 'the rascal is a coward, though he pretends to be in 'love forsooth. I would have all such fellows hanged, 'Sir; I would have them hanged.' Adams answer- ed, 'That would be too severe: that men did not 'make themselves; and if fear had too much ascend- 'ance in the mind, the man was rather to be pitied 'than abhorred; that reason and time might teach 'him to subdue it.' He said, 'a man might be a 'coward at one time, and brave at another. Homer,' says he, 'who so well understood and copied nature, 'hath taught us this lesson; for Paris fights, and 'Hector runs away: nay, we have a mighty instance 'of this in the history of later ages, no longer ago 'than the 705th year of Rome, when the great Pom- 'pey, who had won so many battles, and been ho- 'noured with so many triumphs, and of whose va- 'lour several authors, especially Cicero and Patercu-

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'lus have formed such eulogiums; this very Pompey 'left the battle of Pharsalia before he had lost it, and 'retreated to his tent, where he sat like the most pu'sillanimous rascal in a fit of despair, and yielded a 'victory, which was to determine the empire of the 'world, to Cæsar. I am not much travelled in the 'history of modern times, that is to say, these last 'thousand years: but those who are, can, I make no 'question, furnish you with parallel instances.' He concluded therefore, that had he taken any such hasty resolutions against his nephew, he hoped he would consider better, and retract them. The gentleman answered with great warmth, and talked much of courage and his country, till perceiving it grew late, he asked Adams, 'what place he intended for that 'night?' He told him, 'he waited there for the 'stage-coach.' 'The stage-coach! Sir,' said the gentleman, 'they are all past by long ago. You may 'see the last yourself almost three miles before us.' 'I protest and so they are,' cries Adams, 'then I 'must make haste and follow them.' The gentleman told him, he would hardly be able to overtake them; and that if he did not know his way, he would be in danger of losing himself on the downs; for it would be presently dark; and he might ramble about all night, and, perhaps, find himself farther from his journey's end in the morning than he was now. He advised him therefore to accompany him to his house, which was very little out of his way, assuring him, that he would find some country-fellow in his parish, who would conduct him for sixpence to the city where he was going. Adams accepted this proposal, and on they travelled, the gentleman renewing the discourse on courage, and the infamy of not being ready at all times to sacrifice our lives to our country. Night overtook them much about the same time as they arrived near some bushes; whence, on a sudden, they heard the most violent shrieks imaginable in a female voice. Adams offered to snatch the gun out of his companion's hand. 'What are you doing?' said he. 'Doing!' says Adams, 'I am hastening to the as-

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'sistance of the poor creature whom some villains are 'murdering.' 'You are not mad enough, I hope,' says the gentleman, trembling: 'Do you consider 'this gun is only charged with shot, and that the 'robbers are most probably furnished with pistols 'loaded with bullets? This is no business of ours; 'let us make as much haste as possible out of the 'way, or we may fall into their hands ourselves.' The shrieks now increasing, Adams made no answer, but snapt his fingers, and brandishing his crabstick, made directly to the place whence the voice issued; and the man of courage made as much expedition towards his own home, whither he escaped in a very short time without once looking behind him: where we will leave him, to contemplate his own bravery, and to censure the want of it in others; and return to the good Adams, who, on coming up to the place whence the noise proceeded, found a woman struggling with a man, who had thrown her on the ground, and had almost overpowered her. The great abilities of Mr Adams were not necessary to have formed a right judgment of this affair on the first sight. He did not therefore want the entreaties of the poor wretch to assist her; but lifting up his crabstick, he immediately levelled a blow at that part of the ravisher's head, where, according to the opinion of the ancients, the brains of some persons are deposited, and which he had undoubtedly let forth, had not Nature (who, as wise men have observed, equips all creatures with what is most expedient for them) taken a provident care (as she always doth with those she intends for encounters) to make this part of the head three times as thick as those of ordinary men, who are designed to exercise talents which are vulgarly called *rational*, and for whom, as brains are necessary, she is obliged to leave some room for them in the cavity of the skull: whereas, those ingredients being entirely useless to persons of the heroic calling, she hath an opportunity of thickening the bone, so as to make it less subject to any impression, or liable to be cracked or broken; and indeed, in some who are predestined to the command of armies and empires,

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ſhe is ſuppoſed ſometimes to make that part perfectly ſolid.

As a game-cock, when engaged in amorous toying with a hen, if perchance he eſpies another cock at hand, immediately quits his female, and oppoſes himſelf to his rival; ſo did the raviſher, on the information of the crabſtick, immediately leap from the woman, and haſten to aſſail the man. He had no weapons but what Nature had furniſhed him with. However, he clenched his fiſt, and preſently darted it at that part of Adams's breaſt where the heart is lodged. Adams ſtaggered at the violence of the blow, when throwing away his ſtaff, he likewiſe clenched that fiſt which we have before commemorated, and would have diſcharged it full in the breaſt of his antagoniſt, had he not dextrouſly caught it with his left hand, at the ſame time darting his head, (which ſome modern heroes of the lower claſs uſe, like the battering-ram of the Ancients, for a weapon of offence; another reaſon to admire the cunningneſs of Nature, in compoſing it of thoſe impenetrable materials), daſhing his head, I ſay, into the ſtomach of Adams, he tumbled him on his back, and not having any regard to the laws of heroiſm, which would have reſtrained him from any farther attack on his enemy till he was again on his legs, he threw himſelf upon him, and laying hold on the ground with his left hand, he with his right belaboured the body of Adams till he was weary, and indeed till he concluded (to uſe the language of fighting) that he had done his buſineſs: or in the language of poetry, that he had ſent him to the ſhades below; in plain Engliſh, that he was dead.

But Adams, who was no chicken, and could bear a drubbing as well as any boxing champion in the univerſe, lay ſtill only to watch his opportunity; and now perceiving his antagoniſt to pant with his labours, he exerted his utmoſt force at once, and with ſuch ſucceſs, that he overturned him, and became his ſuperior; when fixing one of his knees in his breaſt, he cried out in an exulting voice, 'It is my turn 'now;' and after a few minutes conſtant application,

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tion, he gave him so dextrous a blow just under his chin, that the fellow no longer retained any motion, and Adams began to fear he had struck him once too often; for he often asserted, He should be concerned to have the blood of even the wicked upon him.

Adams got up, and called aloud to the young woman,—'Be of good cheer, damsel,' said he, 'you 'are no longer in danger of your ravisher, who, I 'am terribly afraid, lyes dead at my feet: but God 'forgive me what I have done in defence of inno-'cence.' The poor wretch, who had been some time in recovering strength enough to rise, and had afterwards, during the engagement, stood trembling, being disabled by fear even from running away, hearing her champion was victorious, came up to him, but not without apprehensions even of her deliverer; which, however, she was soon relieved from, by his courteous behaviour and gentle words. They were both standing by the body, which lay motionless on the ground, and which Adams wished to see stir much more than the woman did, when he earnestly begged her to tell him, by what misfortune she came, at such a time of night, into so lonely a place? She acquainted him, She was travelling towards London, and had accidentally met with the person from whom he had delivered her, who told her he was likewise on his journey to the same place, and would keep her company: an offer which, suspecting no harm, she had accepted: that he told her, they were at a small distance from an inn where she might take up her lodging that evening, and he would shew her a nearer way to it than by following the road. That if she had suspected him, (which she did not, he spoke so kindly to her), being alone on these downs in the dark, she had no human means to avoid him; that therefore she put her whole trust in Providence, and walked on, expecting every moment to arrive at the inn; when, on a sudden, being come to those bushes, he desired her to stop, and after some rude kisses, which she resisted, and some entreaties, which she rejected, he laid violent hands on her, and was attempting

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tempting to execute his wicked will, when, she thanked God, he timely came up, and prevented him. Adams encouraged her for saying she had put her whole trust in Providence, and told her, He doubted not but Providence had sent him to her deliverance, as a reward for that trust. He wished indeed, he had not deprived the wicked wretch of life, but God's will be done: he said, he hoped the goodness of his intention would excuse him in the next world, and he trusted in her evidence to acquit him in this. He was then silent, and began to consider with himself, whether it would be proper to make his escape, or to deliver himself into the hands of justice; which meditation ended as the reader will see in the next chapter.

CHAP. X.

Giving an account of the strange catastrophe of the preceding adventure, which drew poor Adams into fresh calamities; and who the woman was who owed the preservation of her chastity to his victorious arm.

THE silence of Adams, added to the darkness of the night, and loneliness of the place, struck dreadful apprehensions into the poor woman's mind: she began to fear as great an enemy in her deliverer, as he had delivered her from; and as she had not light enough to discover the age of Adams and the benevolence visible in his countenance, she suspected he had used her as some very honest men have used their country; and had rescued her out of the hands of one rifler, in order to rifle her himself. Such were the suspicions she drew from his silence: but indeed, they were ill-grounded. He stood over his vanquished enemy, wisely weighing in his mind the objections which might be made to either of the two methods of proceeding mentioned in the last chapter, his judgment sometimes inclining to the one, and sometimes to the other; for both seemed to him so equally adviseable, and so equally dangerous, that probably he would have ended his days, at least two or three of them,

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them, on that very ſpot, before he had taken any reſolution: at length he lifted up his eyes, and ſpied a light at a diſtance, to which he inſtantly addreſſed himſelf with *Heus tu, Traveller, heus tu!* He preſently heard ſeveral voices, and perceived the light approaching toward him. The perſons who attended the light began ſome to laugh, others to ſing, and others to hallow, at which the woman teſtified ſome fear, (for ſhe had concealed her ſuſpicions of the Parſon himſelf,) but Adams ſaid, 'Be of good cheer, Damſel, 'and repoſe thy truſt in the ſame Providence which 'hath hitherto protected thee, and never will forſake 'the innocent.' Theſe people who now approached were no other, Reader, than a ſet of young fellows, who came to theſe buſhes in purſuit of a diverſion which they call Bird-batting. This, if thou'art ignorant of it (as perhaps, if thou haſt never travelled beyond Kenſington, Iſlington, Hackney, or the Borough, thou may'ſt be) I will inform thee, is performed by holding a large clap-net before a lantern, and at the ſame time beating the buſhes: for the birds, when they are diſturbed from their places of reſt, or rooſt, immediately make to the light, and ſo are enticed within the net. Adams immediately told them what happened, and deſired them to hold the lantern to the face of the man on the ground, for he feared he had ſmote him fatally. But, indeed, his fears were frivolous; for the fellow, though he had been ſtunned by the laſt blow he received, had long ſince recovered his ſenſes, and finding himſelf quit of Adams, had liſtened attentively to the diſcourſe between him and the young woman; for whoſe departure he had patiently waited, that he might likewiſe withdraw himſelf, having no longer hopes of ſucceeding in his deſires, which were moreover almoſt as well cooled by Mr Adams, as they could have been by the young woman herſelf, had he obtained his utmoſt wiſh. This fellow, who had a readineſs at improving any accident, thought he might now play a better part than that of a dead man; and accordingly, the moment the candle was held to his face, he leaped up, and laying hold on Adams, cried out,

'No,

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'No, Villain, I am not dead, though you and your 'wicked whore might well think me ſo, after the barbarous cruelties you have exerciſed on me. Gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'you are luckily come to the aſſiſtance of a poor traveller, who would otherwiſe 'have been robbed and murdered by this vile man 'and woman, who led me hither out of my way from 'the high-road, and both falling on me have uſed 'me as you ſee.' Adams was going to anſwer, when one of the young fellows cried, 'D—n them, let's 'carry them both before the juſtice.' The poor woman began to tremble, and Adams lifted up his voice, but in vain. Three or four of them laid hands on him, and one holding the lantern to his face, they all agreed, He had the moſt villainous countenance they ever beheld; and an attorney's clerk who was in the company declared, He was ſure he had remembered him at the bar. As to the woman, her hair was diſhevelled in the ſtruggle; and her noſe had bled, ſo that they could not perceive whether ſhe was handſome or ugly, but they ſaid her fright plainly diſcovered her guilt. And ſearching her pockets, as they did thoſe of Adams for money, which the fellow ſaid he had loſt, they found in her pocket a purſe with ſome gold in it, which abundantly convinced them, eſpecially as the fellow offered to ſwear to it. Mr Adams was found to have no more than one halfpenny about him. This, the clerk ſaid, was a great preſumption that he was an old offender, by cunningly giving all the booty to the woman. To which all the reſt readily aſſented.

This accident promiſing them better ſport than what they had propoſed, they quitted their intention of catching birds, and unanimouſly reſolved to proceed to the juſtice with the offenders. Being informed what a deſperate fellow Adams was, they tied his hands behind him; and having hid their nets among the buſhes, and the lantern being carried before them, they placed the two priſoners in their front, and then began their march: Adams not only ſubmitting patiently to his own fate, but comforting and encouraging his companion under her ſufferings.

Whilſt

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Whilſt they were on their way, the clerk informed the reſt, that this adventure would prove a very beneficial one; for that they would be all entitled to their proportion of 80 l. for apprehending the robbers. This occaſioned a contention concerning the parts which they had ſeverally borne in taking them; one inſiſting, he ought to have the greateſt ſhare, for he had firſt laid his hands on Adams; another claiming a ſuperior part, for having firſt held the lantern to the man's face on the ground, by which, he ſaid, the whole was diſcovered. The clerk claimed four fifths of the reward, for having propoſed to ſearch the priſoners; and likewiſe the carrying them before the juſtice; he ſaid, indeed, in ſtrict juſtice, he ought to have the whole. Theſe claims, however, they at laſt conſented to refer to a future deciſion, but ſeemed all to agree that the clerk was entitled to a moiety. They then debated what money ſhould be allotted to the young fellow, who had been employed only in holding the nets. He very modeſtly ſaid, That he did not apprehend any large proportion would fall to his ſhare; but hoped they would allow him ſomething: he deſired them to conſider, that they had aſſigned their nets to his care, which prevented him from being as forward as any in laying hold of the robbers, (for ſo theſe innocent people were called:) that if he had not occupied the nets, ſome other muſt: concluding however, that he ſhould be content with the ſmalleſt ſhare imaginable, and ſhould think that rather their bounty than his merit. But they were all unanimous in excluding him from any part whatever, the clerk particularly ſwearing, if they gave him a ſhilling, they might do what they pleaſed with the reſt: for he would not concern himſelf with the affair. This contention was ſo hot, and ſo totally engaged the attention of all the parties, that a dextrous nimble thief, had he been in Mr Adams's ſituation, would have taken care to have given the juſtice no trouble that evening. Indeed, it required not the art of a ſhepherd to eſcape, eſpecially as the darkneſs of the night would have ſo much befriended him; but

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but Adams truſted rather to his innocence than his heels, and without thinking of flight, which was eaſy, or reſiſtance (which was impoſſible, as there were ſix luſty young fellows, beſides the villain himſelf, preſent) he walked with great reſignation the way they thought proper to conduct him.

Adams frequently vented himſelf in ejaculations during their journey; at laſt poor Joſeph Andrews occurring to his mind, he could not refrain ſighing forth his name, which being heard by his companion in affliction, ſhe cried, with ſome vehemence, 'Sure 'I ſhould know that voice; you cannot certainly, 'Sir, be Mr Abraham Adams?' 'Indeed, damſel,' ſays he, 'that is my name; there is ſomething alſo 'in your voice, which perſuades me I have heard it 'before.' 'La, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'don't you remem-'ber poor Fanny?' 'How, Fanny!' anſwered Adams, 'indeed I very well remember you; what 'can have brought you hither?' 'I have told you, 'Sir,' replied ſhe, 'I was travelling towards Lon-'don; but I thought you mentioned Joſeph Andrews, 'pray what is become of him?' 'I left him, Child, 'this afternoon,' ſaid Adams, 'in the ſtage-coach, 'in his way towards our pariſh, whither he is going 'to ſee you.' 'To ſee me! La, Sir,' anſwered Fanny, 'ſure you jeer me; what ſhould he be go-'ing to ſee me for?' 'Can you aſk that?' replied Adams, 'I hope, Fanny, you are not inconſtant; I 'aſſure you he deſerves much better of you.' 'La! 'Mr Adams,' ſaid ſhe, 'what is Mr Joſeph to me? 'I am ſure I never had any thing to ſay to him, but 'as one fellow-ſervant might to another.' 'I am 'ſorry to hear this,' ſaid Adams; 'a virtuous paſſion 'for a young man, is what no woman need be aſham-'ed of. You either do not tell me truth, or you are 'falſe to a very worthy man.' Adams then told her what had happened at the inn, to which ſhe liſtened very attentively; and a ſigh often eſcaped from her, notwithſtanding her utmoſt endeavours to the contrary; nor could ſhe prevent herſelf from aſking a thouſand queſtions, which would have aſſured any one but Adams, who never ſaw farther into people than

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they desired to let him, of the truth of a passion she endeavoured to conceal. Indeed, the fact was, that this poor girl having heard of Joseph's misfortune by some of the servants belonging to the coach, which we have formerly mentioned to have stopt at the inn while the poor youth was confined to his bed, that instant abandoned the cow she wae milking, and taking with her a little bundle of cloaths under her arm, and all the money she was worth in her own purse, without consulting any one, immediately set forward, in pursuit of one, whom, notwithstanding her shyness to the parson, she loved with inexpressible violence, though with the purest and most delicate passion. This shyness therefore, as we trust it will recommend her character to all our female readers, and not greatly surprise such of our males as are well acquainted with the younger part of the other sex, we shall not give ourselves any trouble to vindicate.

CHAP. XI.

What happened to them while before the Justice. A chapter very full of learning.

THEIR fellow-travellers were so engaged in the hot dispute concerning the division of the reward for apprehending these innocent people, that they attended very little to their discourse. They were now arrived at the Justice's house, and had sent one of his servants in to acquaint his worship, that they had taken two robbers, and brought them before him. The Justice, who was just returned from a fox chase, and had not yet finished his dinner, ordered them to carry the prisoners into the stable, whither they were attended by all the servants in the house, and all the people in the neighbourhood, who flocked together to see them with as much curiosity as if there was something uncommon to be seen, or that a rogue did not look like other people.

The Justice now being in the height of his mirth and his cups, bethought himself of the prisoners; and telling his company he believed they should have good sport in their examination, he ordered them into

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his preſence. They had no ſooner entered the room, than he began to revile them, ſaying, that robberies on the highway were now grown ſo frequent, that people could not ſleep ſafely in their beds, and aſſured them they both ſhould be made examples of at the enſuing aſſizes. After he had gone on ſome time in this manner, he was reminded by his clerk, that it would be proper to take the depoſitions of the witneſſes againſt them: which he bid him do, and he would light his pipe in the mean time. Whilſt the clerk was employed in writing down the depoſition of the fellow who pretended he had been robbed, the Juſtice employed himſelf in cracking jeſts on poor Fanny, in which he was ſeconded by all the company at table. One aſked, whether ſhe was to be indicted for a highwayman? Another whiſpered in her ear, if ſhe had not provided herſelf a great belly, he was at her ſervice. A third ſaid, he warranted ſhe was a relation of Turpin. To which one of the company, a great wit, ſhaking his head, and then his ſides, anſwered, He believed ſhe was nearer related to Turpis; at which there was an univerſal laugh. They were proceeding thus with the poor girl, when ſomebody ſmoaking the caſſock peeping forth from under the great coat of Adams, cried out, 'What have we here? 'a parſon?' 'How, ſirrah,' ſays the Juſtice, 'do you 'go robbing in the dreſs of a clergyman? let me tell 'you, your habit will not entitle you to the benefit of 'the clergy.' 'Yes,' ſaid the witty fellow, 'he will 'have one benefit of clergy, he will be exalted above 'the heads of the people;' at which there was a ſecond laugh. And now the witty ſpark, ſeeing his jokes take, began to riſe in ſpirits; and turning to Adams, challenged him to cap verſes, and provoking him by giving the firſt blow, he repeated,

Molle meum levibus cord' eſt vilebile telis.

Upon which Adams, with a look full of ineffable contempt, told him, he deſerved ſcourging for his pronunciation. The witty fellow anſwered, 'What 'do you deſerve, Doctor, for not being able to anſwer

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'swer the first time? Why, I'll give you one, you 'blockhead—with an S.'

'*Si licet, ut fulvum spectatur in ignibus haurum.*

'What, can'st not with an M neither? thou art 'a pretty fellow for a parson—, Why didst not steal 'some of the parson's Latin as well as his gown?' Another at the table then answered, 'If he had, you would 'have been too hard for him; I remember you at 'the college a very devil at this sport; I have seen 'you catch a fresh man: for nobody that knew you, 'would engage with you.' 'I have forgot those 'things now,' cried the wit. 'I believe I could have 'done pretty well formerly.—Let's see, what did I 'end with?—an M again—ay——

'*Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*

'I could have done it once.'——'Ah! Evil betide 'you, and so you can now,' said the other, 'nobody 'in this country will undertake you.' Adams could hold no longer; 'Friend,' said he, 'I have a boy 'not above eight years old, who would instruct thee 'that the last verse runs thus:

'*Ut sunt divorum Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*

'I'll hold thee a guinea of that,' said the wit, throwing the money on the table.——'And I'll go your 'halves,' cries the other. 'Done,' answered Adams; but upon applying to his pocket, he was forced to retract and own he had no money about him; which set them all a laughing, and confirmed the triumph of his adversary, which was not moderate, any more than the approbation he met with from the whole company, who told Adams, he must go a little longer to school, before he attempted to attack that gentleman in Latin.

The clerk having finished the depositions, as well of the fellow himself, as of those who apprehended the prisoners, delivered them to the justice; who having sworn the several witnesses, without reading a syllable, ordered his clerk to make mittimus.

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Adams then said, 'he hoped he should not be 'condemned unheard.' 'No, no,' cries the Justice, 'you will be asked what you have to say for yourself, 'when you come on your trial: we are not trying 'you now; I shall only commit you to goal; if you 'can prove your innocence at Size, you will be found 'Ignoramus, and no harm done.' 'Is it no pu-'nishment, Sir, for an innocent man to ly several 'months in goal?' cries Adams: 'I beg you would 'at least hear me before you sign the mittimus.' 'What signifies all you can say? says the Justice, 'is 'it not here in black and white against you? I must 'tell you, you are a very impertinent fellow, to take 'up so much of my time. So make haste with his 'mittimus.'

The clerk now acquainted the Justice, that among other suspicious things, as a penknife, *&c.* found in Adams's pocket, they had discovered a book written, as he apprehended, in cyphers: for no one could read a word in it. 'Ay,' says the Justice, 'the fellow 'may be more than a common robber, he may be in 'a plot against the government—Produce the book.' Upon which the poor manuscript of Æschylus, which Adams had transcribed with his own hand, was brought forth; and the Justice looking at it shook his head, and turning to the prisoner asked the meaning of those Cyphers. 'Cyphers!' answered Adams, 'it 'is a manuscript of Æschylus.' 'Who? who?' said the Justice. Adams repeated, 'Æschylus.' 'That 'is an outlandish name,' cried the clerk. 'A fictitious name rather, I believe,' said the Justice. One of the company declared it looked very much like Greek. 'Greek?' said the Justice, 'why 'tis all 'writing.' 'No,' says the other, 'I don't positively 'say it is so; for it is a very long time since I have 'seen any Greek: there's one,' says he, turning to the parson of the parish, who was present, 'will tell 'us immediately.' The parson taking up the book, and putting on his spectacles and gravity together, muttered some words to himself, and then pronounced aloud—'Ay, indeed, it is a Greek manuscript, a very 'fine piece of antiquity. I make no doubt but it was

'stolen

'ſtolen from the ſame clergyman from whom the 'rogue took the caſſock.' 'What did the raſcal 'mean by his Æſchylus?' ſays the Juſtice. 'Pooh!' anſwered the Doctor, with a contemptuous grin, 'do you think that fellew knows any thing of this 'book? Æſchylus! ho! ho! I ſee now what it is— 'a manuſcript of one of the fathers. I know a 'nobleman who would give a great deal of money for 'ſuch a piece of antiquity.—Ay, ay, queſtion and 'anſwer. The beginning is the catechiſm in Greek. '—Ay, ay,—*Pollaki toi*—What's your name?'—— 'Ay, what's your name?' ſays the Juſtice to Adams, who anſwered, 'It is Æſchylus, and I will maintain 'it.'—'O it is!' ſays the Juſtice, 'make Mr Æſchy-'lus his mittimus. I will teach you to banter me 'with a falſe name.'

One of the company having looked ſtedfaſtly at Adams, aſked him, If he did not know Lady Booby? Upon which Adams, preſently calling him to mind, anſwered in a rapture, 'O Squire, are you there? I 'believe you will inform his Worſhip I am innocent.' 'I can indeed ſay,' replied the Squire, 'that I am 'very much ſurpriſed to ſee you in this ſituation;' and then addreſſing himſelf to the Juſtice, he ſaid, 'Sir, I aſſure you, Mr Adams is a clergyman as he 'appears, and a gentleman of a very good character. 'I wiſh you would enquire a little farther into this 'affair: for I am convinced of his innocence.' 'Nay,' ſays the Juſtice, 'if he is a gentleman, and 'you are ſure he is innocent, I don't deſire to com-'mit him, not I; I will commit the woman by her-'ſelf, and take your bail for the gentleman; look 'into the book, clerk, and ſee how it is to take 'bail: come—and make the mittimus for the wo-'man as faſt as you can.' 'Sir,' cries Adams, 'I 'aſſure you ſhe is as innocent as myſelf.' 'Perhaps,' ſaid the Squire, 'there may be ſome miſtake; pray 'let us hear Mr Adams's relation.' 'With all my 'heart,' anſwered the Juſtice, 'and give the gentle-'man a glaſs to wet his whiſtle before he begins. 'I know how to behave myſelf to gentlemen as well 'as another. Nobody can ſay I have committed a

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'gentleman, since I have been in the commission.' Adams then began the narrative, in which, tho' he was very prolix, he was uninterrupted, unless by several hums and ha's of the Justice, and his desire to repeat those parts which seemed to him most material. When he had finished, the Justice, who, on what the Squire had said, believed every syllable of his story on his bare affirmation, notwithstanding the depositions on oath to the contrary, began to let loose several rogues and rascals against the witness, whom he ordered to stand forth, but in vain: the said witness, long since, finding what turn matters were like to take, had privily withdrawn, without attending the issue. The Justice now flew into a violent passion, and was hardly prevailed with not to commit the innocent fellows, who had been imposed on as well as himself. He swore, They had best find out the fellow who was guilty of perjury, and bring him before him within two days, or he would bind them all over to their good behaviour. They all promised to use their best endeavours to that purpose, and were dismissed. Then the Justice insisted, that Mr Adams should sit down and take a glass with him; and the parson of the parish delivered him back the manuscript without saying a word; nor would Adams, who plainly discerned his ignorance, expose it. As for Fanny, she was, at her own request, recommended to the care of a maid servant of the house, who helped her to new-dress, and clean herself.

The company in the parlour had not been long seated, before they were alarmed with a horrible uproar from without, where the persons who had apprehended Adams and Fanny, had been regaling, according to the custom of the house, with the Justice's strong beer. These were fallen together by the ears, and were cuffing each other without any mercy. The Justice himself sallied out, and, with the dignity of his presence, soon put an end to the fray. On his return into the parlour, he reported, That the occasion of the quarrel was no other than a dispute, to whom, if Adams had been convicted, the greater share of the reward for apprehending him had belonged.

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longed. All the company laughed at this, except Adams, who, taking his pipe from his mouth, fetched a deep groan, and said, he was concerned to see so litigious a temper in men: that he remembered a story something like it in one of the parishes where his cure lay: 'There was,' continued he, 'a competition between three young fellows for the place 'of the clerk, which I disposed of to the best of my 'abilities, according to merit: that is, I gave it to 'him who had the happiest knack at setting a psalm. 'The clerk was no sooner established in his place, 'than a contention began between the two disappointed candidates concerning their excellence, each 'contending, on whom, had they two been the only 'competitors, my election would have fallen. This 'dispute frequently disturbed the congregation, and 'introduced a discord into the psalmody, till I was 'forced to silence them both. But alas, the litigious spirit could not be stifled; and being no longer 'able to vent itself in singing, it now broke forth in 'fighting. It produced many battles, (for they were 'very near a match;) and, I believe, would have 'ended fatally, had not the death of the clerk given 'me an opportunity to promote one of them to his 'place; which presently put an end to the dispute, 'and entirely reconciled the contending parties.' Adams then proceeded to make some philosophical observations on the folly of growing warm in disputes, in which neither party is interested. He then applied himself vigorously to smoaking; and a long silence ensued, which was at length broke by the Justice; who began to sing forth his own praises, and to value himself exceedingly on his nice discernment in the cause which had lately been before him. He was quickly interrupted by Mr Adams, between whom and his Worship a dispute now arose, whether he ought not, in strictness of law, to have committed him, the said Adams; in which the latter maintained he ought to have been committed, and the Justice as vehemently held he ought not. This had most probably produced a quarrel, (for both were very violent and positive in their opinions), had not Fanny accidentally heard,

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heard, that a young fellow was going from the Justice's house to the very inn where the stage-coach, in which Joseph was, put up. Upon this news, she immediately sent for the Parson out of the parlour. Adams, when he found her resolute to go, (though she would not own the reason, but pretended she could not bear to see the faces of those who had suspected her of such a crime) was as fully determined to go with her; he accordingly took leave of the Justice and company, and so ended a dispute in which the law seemed shamefully to intend to set a magistrate and a divine together by the ears.

CHAP. XII.

A very delightful adventure, as well to the persons concerned, as to the good-natured reader.

ADAMS, Fanny, and the guide set out together, about one in the morning, the moon being then just risen. They had not gone above a mile before a most violent storm of rain obliged them to take shelter in an inn, or rather ale house; where Adams immediately procured himself a good fire, a toast and ale, and a pipe, and began to smoke with great content, utterly forgetting every thing that had happened.

Fanny likewise sat down by the fire: but was much more impatient at the storm. She presently engaged the eyes of the host, his wife, the maid of the house, and the young fellow who was their guide; they all conceived they had never seen any thing half so handsome: and indeed, Reader, if thou art of an amorous hue, I advise you to skip over the next paragraph: which, to render our history perfect, we are obliged to set down, humbly hoping, that we may escape the fate of Pygmalion: for if it should happen to us or to thee to be struck with this picture, we should be perhaps in as helpless a condition as Narcissus; and might say to ourselves, *quod petis est nusquam.* Or, if the finest features in it should set Lady ——'s image before our eyes, we should be still in as

bad

bad a ſituation, and might ſay to our deſires, *Cœlum ipſum petimus ſtultitia.*

Fanny was now in the nineteenth year of her age; ſhe was tall and delicately ſhaped; but not one of thoſe ſlender young women, who ſeem rather intended to hang up in the hall of an anatomiſt, than for any other purpoſe. On the contrary, ſhe was ſo plump, that ſhe ſeemed burſting thro' her tight ſtays, eſpecially in the part which confined her ſwelling breaſts. Nor did her hips want the aſſiſtance of a hoop to extend them. The exact ſhape of her arms denoted the form of thoſe limbs which ſhe concealed; and though they were a little reddened by her labour, yet, if her ſleeve ſlipped above her elbow, or her handkerchief diſcovered any part of her neck, a whiteneſs appeared which the fineſt Italian paint would be unable to reach. Her hair was of a cheſnut brown, and Nature had been extremely laviſh to her of it, which ſhe had cut, and on Sundays uſed to curl down her neck in the modern faſhion. Her forehead was high, her eyebrows arched, and rather full than otherwiſe. Her eyes black and ſparkling; her noſe juſt inclining to the Roman; her lips red and moiſt, and her under lip, according to the opinion of the ladies, too pouting. Her teeth were white, but not exactly even. The ſmall-pox had left one only mark on her chin, which was ſo large, it might have been miſtaken for a dimple, had not her left cheek produced one ſo near a neighbour to it, that the former ſerved only for a foil to the latter. Her complexion was fair, a little injured by the ſun, but overſpread with ſuch a bloom, that the fineſt ladies would have exchanged all their white for it: add to theſe a countenance, in which, though ſhe was extremely baſhful, a ſenſibility appeared almoſt incredible; and a ſweetneſs whenever ſhe ſmiled, beyond either imitation or deſcription. To conclude all, ſhe had a natural gentility, ſuperior to the acquiſition of art, and which ſurpriſed all who beheld her.

This lovely creature was ſitting by the fire with Adams, when her attention was ſuddenly engaged by a voice from an inner room, which ſung the following ſong.

The

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The SONG.

SAY, Chloe, where muſt the ſwain ſtray,
Who is by thy beauties undone,
To waſh their remembrance away,
To what diſtant Lethe muſt run?
The wretch who is ſentenc'd to die,
May eſcape, and leave juſtice behind;
From his country perhaps he may fly:
But O can he fly from his mind!

O rapture! unthought of before,
To be thus of Chloe poſſeſt;
Nor ſhe, nor no tyrant's hard power,
Her image can tear from my breaſt.
But felt not Narciſſus more joy?
With his eyes he beheld his lov'd charms;
Yet what he beheld, the fond boy
More eagerly wiſh'd in his arms.

How can it thy dear image be,
Which fills thus my boſom with woe?
Can ought bear reſemblance to thee,
Which grief and not joy can beſtow?
This counterfeit ſnatch from my heart,
Ye Pow'rs, though with torment I rave,
Tho' mortal will prove the fell ſmart,
I then ſhall find reſt in my grave.

Ah! ſee the dear nymph o'er the plain
Come ſmiling and tripping along,
A thouſand Loves dance in her train;
The Graces around her all throng.
To meet her ſoft Zephyrus flies,
And wafts all the ſweets from the flow'rs;
Ah, Rogue! whilſt he kiſſes her eyes,
More ſweets from her breath he devours.

My ſoul, whilſt I gaze, is on fire:
But her looks were ſo tender and kind,
My hope almoſt reach'd my deſire,
And left lame Deſpair far behind.

Tranſported

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Tranſported with madneſs I flew,
And eagerly ſeiz'd on my bliſs:
Her boſom but half ſhe withdrew,
But half ſhe refus'd my fond kiſs.

Advances like theſe made me bold;
I whiſper'd her, Love,—we're alone.
The reſt let immortals unfold,
No language can tell but their own.
Ah! Chloe, expiring, I cry'd,
How long I thy cruelty bore?
Ah! Strephon, ſhe bluſhing reply'd,
You ne'er was ſo preſſing before.

Adams had been ruminating all this time on a paſſage in Æſchylus, without attending in the leaſt to the voice, tho' one of the moſt melodious that ever was heard; when caſting his eyes on Fanny, he cried out, 'Bleſs us, you look extremely pale.' 'Pale! Mr Adams,' ſays ſhe, 'O Jeſus!' and fell backward in her chair. Adams jumped up, flung his Æſchylus into the fire, and fell a roaring to the people of the houſe for help. He ſoon ſummoned every one into the room, and the ſongſter among the reſt: but O reader, when this nightingale, who was no other than Joſeph Andrews himſelf, ſaw his beloved Fanny in the ſituation we have deſcribed her, canſt thou conceive the agitation of his mind? If thou canſt not, wave that meditation to behold his happineſs, when claſping her in his arms, he found life and blood returning into her cheeks; when he ſaw her open her beloved eyes, and heard her with the ſofteſt accent whiſper, 'Are you 'Joſeph Andrews?' 'Art thou my Fanny?' he anſwered eagerly, and pulling her to his heart, he imprinted numberleſs kiſſes on her lips, without conſidering who were preſent.

If prudes are offended at the luſciouſneſs of this picture, they may take their eyes off from it, and ſurvey parſon Adams dancing about the room in a rapture of joy. Some philoſophers may perhaps doubt, whether he was not the happieſt of the three; for the goodneſs of his heart enjoyed the bleſſings which were

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were exulting in the breasts of both the other two, together with his own. But we shall leave such disquisitions, as too deep for us, to those who are building some favourite hypothesis, which they will refuse no metaphysical rubbish to erect and support: for our part, we give it clearly on the side of Joseph, whose happiness was not only greater than the parson's, but of longer duration: for as soon as the first tumults of Adams's rapture were over, he cast his eyes towards the fire, where Æschylus lay expiring: and immediately rescued the poor remains, to wit, the sheep-skin covering of his dear friend, which was the work of his own hands, and had been his inseparable companion for upwards of thirty years.

Fanny had no sooner perfectly recovered herself, than she began to restrain the impetuosity of her transports; and reflecting on what she had done and suffered in the presence of so many, she was immediately covered with confusion; and pushing Joseph gently from her, she begged him to be quiet: nor would admit of either kiss or embrace any longer. Then seeing Mrs Slipslop, she curt'sied, and offered to advance to her; but that high woman would not return her curt'sies; but casting her eyes another way, immediately withdrew into another room, muttering as she went, she wondered who the creature was.

CHAP. XIII.

A dissertation concerning high people and low people, with Mrs Slipslop's departure in no very good temper of mind, and the evil plight in which she left Adams and his company.

IT will doubtless seem extremely odd to many readers, that Mrs Slipslop, who had lived several years in the same house with Fanny, should in a short separation utterly forget her. And indeed the truth is, that she remembered her very well. As we would not willingly therefore, that any thing should appear unnatural in this our history, we will endeavour to explain the reasons of her conduct; nor do we doubt being able to satisfy the most curious reader, that

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Mrs Slipslop did not in the least deviate from the common road in this behaviour; and indeed, had she done otherwise, she must have descended below herself, and would have very justly been liable to censure.

Be it known then, that the human species are divided into two sorts of people, to wit, High people and Low people. As by high people, I would not be understood to mean persons literally born higher in their dimensions than the rest of the species, nor metaphorically those of exalted character or abilities; so by low people I cannot be construed to intend the reverse. High people signify no other than people of fashion, and low people those of no fashion. Now this word *fashion* hath by long use lost its original meaning, from which at present it gives us a very different idea: for I am deceived, if by persons of fashion we do not generally include a conception of birth and accomplishments superior to the herd of mankind; whereas, in reality, nothing more was originally meant by a person of fashion, than a person who dressed himself in the fashion of the times; and the word really and truly signifies no more at this day. Now the world being thus divided into people of fashion, and people of no fashion, a fierce contention arose between them; nor would those of one party, to avoid suspicion, be seen publicly to speak to those of the other, though they often held a very good correspondence in private. In this contention, it is difficult to say which party succeeded: for whilst the people of fashion seized several places to their own use, such as courts, assemblies, operas, balls, *&c.*; the people of no fashion, besides one royal place, called his majesty's bear garden, have been in constant possession of all hops, fairs, revels, *&c.* Two places have been agreed to be divided between them, namely the church and the play-house; where they segregate themselves from each other in a remarkable manner: for as the people of fashion exalt themselves at church over the heads of the people of no fashion, so in the play-house they abase themselves in the same degree under their feet. This distinction I have never met with

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any one able to account for: it is sufficient, that so far from looking on each other as brethren in the Christian language, they seem scarce to regard each other as of the same species. This the terms, "strange persons, people one does not know, the "creature, wretches, beasts, brutes," and many other appellations, evidently demonstrate; which Mrs Slipslop having often heard her mistress use, thought she had also a right to use, in her turn: and, perhaps, she was not mistaken; for these two parties, especially those bordering nearly on each other, to wit, the lowest of the high and the highest of the low, often change their parties according to place and time; for those who are people of fashion in one place, are often people of no fashion in another. And with regard to time, it may not be unpleasant to survey the picture of dependence like a kind of ladder: as for instance; early in the morning arises the postilion, or some other boy, which great families, no more than great ships, are without, and falls to brushing the clothes, and cleaning the shoes of John the footman, who being dressed himself, applies his hand to the same labours for Mr Second-hand, the squire's gentleman; the gentleman, in the like manner, a little later in the day, attends the squire; the squire is no sooner equipped, than he attends the levee of my lord; which is no sooner over, than my lord himself is seen at the levee of the favourite; who, after the hour of homage is at an end, appears himself to pay homage to the levee of his sovereign. Nor is there, perhaps, in this whole ladder of dependance, any one step at a greater distance from the other, than the first from the second: so that to a philosopher the question might only seem, whether you would chuse to be a great man at six in the morning, or at two in the afternoon. And yet there are scarce two of these, who do not think the least familiarity with the persons below them a condescension, and, if they were to go one step farther, a degradation.

And now, reader, I hope thou wilt pardon this long digression, which seemed to me necessary to vindicate the great character of Mrs Slipslop, from what low

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low people, who have never seen high people, might think an absurdity; but we who know them, must have daily found very high persons know us in one place and not in another, to-day, and not to-morrow; all which it is difficult to account for, otherwise than I have here endeavoured; and perhaps, if the gods, according to the opinion of some, made men only to laugh at them, there is no part of our behaviour which answers the end of our creation better than this.

But to return to our history; Adams, who knew no more of this than the cat which sat on the table, imagining Mrs Slipslop's memory had been much worse than it really was, followed her into the next room crying out, 'Madam Slipslop, here is one of 'your old acquaintance; do but see what a fine wo-'man she is grown since she left Lady Booby's service.' 'I think I reflect something of her,' answered she with great dignity, 'but I can't remmember all the in-'ferior servants in our family.' She then proceeded to satisfy Adams's curiosity, by telling him, 'when 'she arrived at the inn, she found a chaise ready for 'her; that her lady being expected very shortly in 'the country, she was obliged to make the utmost 'haste, and in commensuration of Joseph's lame-'ness, she had taken him with her:' and lastly, 'that 'the excessive virulence of the storm had driven 'them into the house where he found them.' After which, she acquainted Adams with his having left his horse, and expressed some wonder at his having strayed so far out of his way, and at meeting him, as she said, 'in the company of that wench, who she feared 'was no better than she should be.'

The horse was no sooner put into Adams's head, but he was immediately driven out by this reflection on the character of Fanny. He protested, 'he be-'lieved there was not a chaster damsel in the universe. 'I heartily wish, I heartily wish,' cried he, (snapping his fingers,) 'that all her betters were as good.' He then proceeded to inform her of the accident of their meeting: but when he came to mention the circumstance of delivering her from the rape, she said

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ſhe thought him properer for the army than the clergy: and that it did not become a clergyman to lay violent hands on any one; that he ſhould have rather prayed that ſhe might be ſtrengthened. Adams ſaid, He was very far from being aſhamed of what he had done: ſhe replied, Want of ſhame was not the currycuriſtic of a clergyman. This dialogue might have probably grown warmer, had not Joſeph opportunely entered the room, to aſk leave of Madam Slipſlop to introduce Fanny: but ſhe poſitively refuſed to admit any ſuch trollops; and told him, She would have been burnt, before ſhe would have ſuffered him to get into a chaiſe with her, if ſhe had once reſpected him of having his ſluts waylaid on the road for him; adding, That Mr Adams acted a very pretty part, and ſhe did not doubt but to ſee him a biſhop. He made the beſt bow he could, and cried out, 'I thank you, Madam, for that right reverend 'appellation, which I ſhall take all honeſt means 'to deſerve.' 'Very honeſt means,' returned ſhe with a ſneer, 'to bring good people together.' At theſe words Adams took two or three ſtrides acroſs the room, when the coachman came to inform Mrs Slipſlop, That the ſtorm was over, and the moon ſhone very bright. She then ſent for Joſeph, who was ſitting without with his Fanny, and would have had him gone with her: but he peremptorily refuſed to leave Fanny behind: which threw the good woman into a violent rage. She ſaid, She would inform her Lady what doings were carrying on, and did not doubt but ſhe would rid the pariſh of all ſuch people; and concluded a long ſpeech full of bitterneſs and very hard words, with ſome reflections on the clergy, not decent to repeat: at laſt, finding Joſeph unmoveable, ſhe flung herſelf into the chaiſe, caſting a look at Fanny as ſhe went, not unlike that which Cleopatra gives Octavia in the play. To ſay the truth, ſhe was moſt diſagreeably diſappointed by the preſence of Fanny; ſhe had, from her firſt ſeeing Joſeph at the inn, conceived hopes of ſomething which might have been accompliſhed at an alehouſe as well as a palace. Indeed, it is probable

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Mr Adams had rescued more than Fanny from the danger of a rape that evening.

When the chaise had carried off the enraged Slipslop, Adams, Joseph, and Fanny assembled over the fire; where they had a great deal of innocent chat, pretty enough; but as possibly it would not be very entertaining to the reader, we shall hasten to the morning; only observing that none of them went to bed that night. Adams, when he had smoaked three pipes, took a comfortable nap in a great chair, and left the lovers, whose eyes were too well employed to permit any desire of shutting them, to enjoy by themselves, during some hours, an happiness, which none of my readers, who have never been in love, are capable of the least conception of, though we had as many tongues as Homer desired to describe it with, and which all true lovers will represent to their own minds without the least assistance from us.

Let it suffice then to say, that Fanny, after a thousand entreaties, at last gave up her whole soul to Joseph, and almost fainting in his arms, with a sigh infinitely softer and sweeter too than any Arabian breeze, she whispered to his lips, which were then close to hers, 'O Joseph, you have won me; I will 'be yours for ever.' Joseph having thanked her on his knees, and embraced her with an eagerness which she now almost returned, leaped up in a rapture, and awakened the Parson, earnestly begging him, that he would that instant join their hands together. Adams rebuked him for his request, and told him, He would by no means consent to any thing contrary to the forms of the church: that he had no licence, nor indeed would he advise him to obtain one. That the church had prescribed a form, namely the publication of banns, with which all good Christians ought to comply, and to the omission of which he attributed the many miseries which befel great folks in marriage; concluding, 'As many as are joined together 'otherwise than God's word doth allow, are not 'joined together by God, neither is their matrimony 'lawful.' Fanny agreed with the Parson, saying to Joseph with a blush, She assured him she would not

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consent to any such thing, and wondered at his offering it. In which resolution she was comforted, and commended by Adams, and Joseph was obliged to wait patiently till after the third publication of the banns, which however he obtained the consent of Fanny, in the presence of Adams, to put in at their arrival.

The sun had been now risen some hours, when Joseph, finding his leg surprisingly recovered, proposed to walk forwards; but when they were all ready to set out, an accident a little retarded them. This was no other than the reckoning, which amounted to seven shillings; no great sum, if we consider the immense quantity of ale which Mr Adams poured in. Indeed they had no objection to the reasonableness of the bill, but many to the probability of paying it; for the fellow who had taken poor Fanny's purse, had unluckily forgot to return it. So that the account stood thus:

Mr Adams and company, Dr ——	0	7	0
In Mr Adams's pocket, — —	0	0	6½
In Mr Joseph's, — — —	0	0	0
In Mrs Fanny's, — — —	0	0	0
Balance, — — ——	0	6	5½

They stood silent some few minutes, staring at each other, when Adams whipt out on his toes, and asked the hostess, If there was no clergyman in that parish? She answered, There was. 'Is he wealthy?' replied he; to which she likewise replied in the affirmative. Adams then snapping his fingers returned overjoyed to his companions, crying out, 'Heureka, 'Heureka;' which not being understood, he told them in plain English, they need give themselves no trouble; for he had a brother in the parish, who would defray the reckoning, and that he would just step to his house and fetch the money, and return to them instantly.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIV.

An interview between parſon Adams and parſon Trulliber.

PARSON Adams came to the houſe of parſon Trulliber, whom he found ſtript in his waiſtcoat, with an apron on, and a pail in his hand juſt come from ſerving his hogs; for Mr Trulliber was a parſon on Sundays, but all the other ſix might more properly be called a farmer. He occupied a ſmall piece of land of his own, beſides which he rented a conſiderable deal more. His wife milked his cows, managed his dairy, and followed the markets with butter and eggs. The hogs fell chiefly to his care, which he carefully waited on at home, and attended to fairs; on which occaſion he was liable to many jokes, his own ſize being with much ale rendered little inferior to that of the beaſts he ſold. He was indeed one of the largeſt men you ſhould ſee, and could have acted the part of Sir John Falſtaff without ſtuffing. Add to this that the rotundity of his belly was conſiderably increaſed by the ſhortneſs of his ſtature, his ſhadow aſcending very near as far in height when he lay on his back, as when he ſtood on his legs. His voice was loud and hoarſe, and his accent extremely broad; to complete the whole, he had a ſtatelineſs in his gait when he walked, not unlike that of a gooſe, only he ſtalked ſlower.

Mr Trulliber being informed that ſomebody wanted to ſpeak with him, immediately ſlipt off his apron, and clothed himſelf in an old night-gown, being the dreſs in which he always ſaw his company at home. His wife, who informed him of Mr Adams's arrival, had made a ſmall miſtake; for ſhe had told her huſband, She believed here was a man come for ſome of his hogs. This ſuppoſition made Mr Trulliber haſten with the utmoſt expedition to attend his gueſt. He no ſooner ſaw Adams, than not in the leaſt doubting the cauſe of his errand to be what his wife had imagined, he told him, he was come in very good time; that he expected a dealer that very

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very afternoon; and added, they were all pure and fat, and upwards of 20 score a-piece. Adams answered, he believed he did not know him. 'Yes, 'yes,' cried Trulliber, 'I have seen you often at fair; 'why, we have dealt before now, mun, I warrant 'you; yes, yes,' cries he, 'I remember thy face very 'well, but won't mention a word more till you have 'seen them, tho' I have never sold thee a flitch of 'such bacon as is now in the stye.' Upon which he laid violent hands on Adams, and dragged him into the hog's stye, which was indeed but two steps from his parlour-window. They were no sooner arrived there than he cry'd out, 'Do but handle them; step 'in, friend, art welcome to handle them whether dost 'buy or no.' At which words opening the gate, he pushed Adams into the pig-stye, insisting on it, that he should handle them, before he would talk one word with him. Adams, whose natural complaisance was beyond any artificial, was obliged to comply before he was suffered to explain himself; and laying hold on one of their tails, the unruly beast gave such a sudden spring, that he threw poor Adams all along in the mire. Trulliber, instead of assisting him to get up, burst into a laughter, and entering the stye, said to Adams, with some contempt, 'Why, dost not 'know how to handle a hog?' and was going to lay hold of one himself; but Adams, who thought he had carried his complaisance far enough, was no sooner on his legs, than he escaped out of the reach of the animals, and cried out, '*Nihil habeo cum porcis*: I am a 'clergyman, Sir, and am not come to buy hogs.' Trulliber answered, 'he was sorry for the mistake; 'but that he must blame his wife;' adding, 'she was 'a fool, and always committed blunders.' He then desired him to walk in and clean himself; that he would only fasten up the stye and follow him. Adams desired leave to dry his great coat, wig and hat by the fire, which Trulliber granted. Mrs Trulliber would have brought him a bason of water to wash his face; but her husband bid her be quiet like a fool as she was, or she would commit more blunders, and then directed Adams to the pump. While Adams was thus employed,

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employed, Trulliber, who had conceived no great reſpect for the appearance of his gueſt, faſtened the parlour-door, and now conducted him into the kitchen; telling him, he believed a cup of drink would do him no harm, and whiſpered his wife to draw a little of the worſt ale. After a ſhort ſilence, Adams ſaid, 'I 'fancy, Sir, you already perceive me to be a clergy-'man.' 'Ay, ay,' cries Trulliber, grinning; 'I per-'ceive you have ſome caſſock; I will not venture to 'caale it a whole one.' Adams anſwered, 'it was 'indeed none of the beſt; but he had the misfortune 'to tear it about ten years ago in paſſing over a ſtile.' Mrs Trulliber returning with the drink, told her huſband, 'ſhe fancied the gentleman was a traveller, 'and that he would be glad to eat a bit.' Trulliber bid her hold her impertinent tongue; and aſked her, If parſons uſed to travel without horſes? adding, He ſuppoſed the gentleman had none by his having no boots on. 'Yes, Sir, yes,' ſays Adams, 'I have a horſe, but I left him behind me.' 'I am 'glad to hear you have one,' ſays Trulliber; 'for 'I aſſure you I don't love to ſee clergymen on foot; 'it is not ſeemly, nor ſuiting the dignity of the cloth.' Here Trulliber made a long oration on the dignity of the cloth (or rather gown) not much worth relating, till his wife had ſpread the table and ſet a meſs of porridge on it for his breakfaſt. He then ſaid to Adams, 'I don't know, friend, how you came to caale 'on me; however, as you are here, if you think pro-'per to eat a morſel, you may.' Adams accepted the invitation, and the two parſons ſat down together, Mrs Trulliber waiting behind her huſband's chair; as was, it ſeems, her cuſtom. Trulliber ate heartily, but ſcarce put any thing in his mouth without finding fault with his wife's cookery. All which the poor woman bore patiently. Indeed ſhe was ſo abſolute an admirer of her huſband's greatneſs and importance, of which ſhe had frequent hints from his own mouth, that ſhe almoſt carried her adoration to an opinion of his infallibility. To ſay the truth, the parſon had exerciſed her more ways than one; and the pious woman had ſo well edified by her huſband's

ſermons,

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ſermons, that ſhe had reſolved to receive the bad things of this world together with the good. She had indeed been at firſt a little contentious; but he had long ſince got the better, partly by her love for this, partly by her fear for that, partly by her religion, partly by the reſpect he paid himſelf, and partly by that which he received from the pariſh; ſhe had, in ſhort, abſolutely ſubmitted, and now worſhipped her huſband as Sarah did Abraham, calling him (not lord but) maſter. Whilſt they were at table, her huſband gave her a freſh example of his greatneſs; for as ſhe had juſt delivered a cup of ale to Adams, he ſnatched it out of his hand, and, crying out, 'I 'caal'd vurſt,' ſwallowed down the ale. Adams deny'd it; it was referred to the wife, who, tho' her conſcience was on the ſide of Adams, durſt not give it againſt her huſband. Upon which he ſaid, 'No, 'Sir, no, I ſhould not have been ſo rude to have 'taken it from you, if you had caal'd vurſt; but I'd 'have you know I'm a better man than to ſuffer the 'beſt he in the kingdom to drink before me in my 'own houſe, when I caal vurſt.'

As ſoon as their breakfaſt was ended, Adams began in the following manner; 'I think, Sir, it is 'high time to inform you of the buſineſs of my em'baſſy. I am a traveller, and am paſſing this way 'in company with two young people, a lad and a 'damſel, my pariſhioners, towards my own cure: 'we ſtopt at a houſe of hoſpitality in the pariſh, 'where they directed me to you, as having the cure.' '———Tho' I am but a curate,' ſays Trulliber, 'I believe I am as warm as the vicar himſelf, or perhaps the rector of the next pariſh too; I believe I 'could buy them both.' 'Sir,' cries Adams, 'I 'rejoice thereat. Now, Sir, my buſineſs is, that 'we are by various accidents ſtript of our money, 'and are not able to pay our reckoning, being ſeven 'ſhillings. I therefore requeſt you to aſſiſt me with 'the loan of thoſe ſeven ſhillings, and alſo ſeven 'ſhillings more, which peradventure I ſhall return 'to you; but if not, I am convinced you will joyfully embrace ſuch an opportunity of laying up a 'treaſure

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'treasure in a better place than any this world affords.'

Suppose a stranger who entered the chambers of a lawyer, being imagined a client, when the lawyer was preparing his palm for the fee, should pull out a writ against him. Suppose an apothecary, at the door of a chariot containing some great doctor of eminent skill, should, instead of directions to a patient, present him with a potion for himself. Suppose a minister should, instead of a good round sum, treat my Lord ——, or Sir——, or Esq;——with a good broomstick. Suppose, a civil companion, or a led captain should, instead of virtue, and honour, and beauty, and parts, and admiration, thunder vice and infamy, and uglineſs, and folly, and contempt in his patron's ears. Suppose, when a tradesman first carries in his bill, the man of fashion should pay it; or suppose, if he did so, the tradesman should abate what he had overcharged on the supposition of waiting. In short,——suppose what you will, you never can, nor will suppose any thing equal to the astonishment which seized on Trulliber, as soon as Adams had ended his speech. A while he rolled his eyes in silence, sometimes surveying Adams, then his wife, then casting them on the ground, then lifting them up to heaven. At last he burst forth in the following accents: 'Sir, I believe I know where to lay 'up my little treasure as well as another; I thank 'God, if I am not so warm as some, I am con'tent; that is a blessing greater than riches; and he 'to whom that is given need ask no more. To be 'content with a little is greater than to possess the 'world, which man may possess without being so. 'Lay up my treasure! what matters where a man's 'treasure is, whose heart is in the scriptures? there 'is the treasure of a Christian.' At these words the water ran from Adams's eyes; and catching Trulliber by the hand in a rapture, 'Brother,' says he, 'Heaven bless the accident by which I came to see 'you; I would have walked many a mile to have 'communed with you, and believe me, I will shortly 'pay you a second visit; but my friends, I fancy,

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'by this time, wonder at my ſtay; ſo let me have 'the money immediately.' Trulliber then put on a ſtern look, and cried out, 'Thou doſt not intend 'to rob me?' At which the wife burſting into tears, fell on her knees, and roared out, 'O dear Sir, for 'Heaven's ſake don't rob my maſter, we are but poor 'people,' 'Get up for a fool as thou art, and go 'about thy buſineſs,' ſaid Trulliber, 'doſt think the 'man will venture his life? he is a beggar, and no 'robber.' 'Very true indeed,' anſwered Adams, 'I 'wish, with all my heart, the tithing-man was here,' cries Trulliber, 'I would have thee puniſhed as a va-'gabond for thy impudence. Fourteen ſhillings in-'deed! I won't give thee a farthing. I believe thou 'art no more a clergyman than the woman there, '(pointing to his wife); but if thou art, thou doſt de-'ſerve to have thy gown ſtript over thy ſhoulders, for 'running about the country in ſuch a manner.' 'I 'forgive your ſuſpicions,' ſays Adams; 'but ſuppoſe 'I am not a clergyman, I am nevertheleſs thy brother, 'and thou, as a Chriſtian, much more as a clergyman, 'art obliged to relieve my diſtreſs.' 'Doſt preach 'to me?' replied Trulliber, 'doſt pretend to in-'ſtruct me in my duty?' 'Ifacks, a good ſtory,' cries Mrs Trulliber, 'to preach to my maſter.' 'Silence, 'woman,' cries Trulliber, 'I would have thee know, 'friend,' (addreſſing himſelf to Adams), 'I ſhall 'not learn my duty from ſuch as thee; I know what 'charity is, better than to give it to vagabonds. Be-'ſides, if we were inclined, the poor's rate obliges 'us to give ſo much charity,' cries the wife. 'Pugh! 'thou art a fool. Poor's rate! hold thy nonſenſe,' anſwered Trulliber: and then, turning to Adams, he told him, 'he would give him nothing.' 'I am 'ſorry,' anſwered Adams, 'that you do know what 'charity is, ſince you practiſe it no better; I muſt 'tell you, if you truſt to your knowledge for your 'juſtification, you will find yourſelf deceived, though 'you ſhould add faith to it without good works.' 'Fellow,' cries Trulliber, 'doſt thou ſpeak againſt 'faith in my houſe? Get out of my doors, I will no

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'longer remain under the same roof with a wretch 'who speaks wantonly of faith and the scriptures.' 'Name not the scriptures,' says Adams. 'How, 'not name the scriptures! Do you disbelieve the 'scriptures?' cries Trulliber. 'No, but you do,' answered Adams, 'if I may reason from your prac-'tice: for their commands are so explicit, and their 'rewards and punishments so immense, that it is im-'possible a man should stedfastly believe without obey-'ing. Now, there is no command more express, no 'duty more frequently enjoined than charity. Who-'ever therefore is void of charity, I make no scruple 'of pronouncing that he is no Christian.' 'I would 'not advise thee,' says Trulliber, 'to say that I am 'no Christian; I won't take it of you; for I believe I 'am as good a man as thyself:' (and indeed, though he was now rather too corpulent for athletic exercises, he had in his youth been one of the best boxers and cudgel-players in the country.) His wife, seeing him clench his fist, interposed, and begged him not to fight, but shew himself a true Christian, and take the law of him. As nothing could provoke Adams to strike, but an absolute assault on himself or his friend, he smiled at the angry look and gestures of Trulliber; and telling him, he was sorry to see such men in orders, departed without further ceremony.

CHAP. XV.

An adventure; the consequence of a new instance which Parson Adams gave of his forgetfulness.

WHEN he came back to the inn, he found Joseph and Fanny sitting together. They were so far from thinking his absence long, as he had feared they would, that they never once missed or thought of him. Indeed, I have been often assured by both, that they spent these hours in a most delightful conversation; but as I never could prevail on either to relate it, so I cannot communicate it to the reader.

Adams acquainted the lovers with the ill success of his enterprise. They were all greatly confounded,

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none being able to propoſe any method of departing, till Joſeph at laſt adviſed calling in the hoſteſs, and deſiring her to truſt them; which Fanny ſaid ſhe deſpaired of her doing, as ſhe was one of the ſoureſt-faced women ſhe had ever beheld.

But ſhe was agreeably diſappointed; for the hoſteſs was no ſooner aſked the queſtion than ſhe readily agreed; and, with a curt'ſy and ſmile, wiſhed them a good journey. However, leſt Fanny's ſkill in phyſiognomy ſhould be called in queſtion, we will venture to aſſign one reaſon, which might probably incline her to this confidence and good-humour. When Adams ſaid he was going to viſit his brother, he had unwittingly impoſed on Joſeph and Fanny; who both believed he had meant his natural brother, and not his brother in divinity; and had ſo informed the hoſteſs on her enquiry after him. Now Mr Trulliber had, by his profeſſions of piety, by his gravity, auſterity, reſerve, and opinion of his great wealth, ſo great an authority in his pariſh, that they all lived in the utmoſt fear and apprehenſion of him. It was therefore no wonder that the hoſteſs, who knew it was in his option whether ſhe ſhould ever ſell another mug of drink, did not dare to affront his ſuppoſed brother by denying him credit.

They were now juſt on their departure, when Adams recollected he had left his great coat and hat at Mr Trulliber's. As he was not deſirous of renewing his viſit, the hoſteſs herſelf, having no ſervant at home, offered to fetch it.

This was an unfortunate expedient; for the hoſteſs was ſoon undeceived in the opinion ſhe had entertained of Adams, whom Trulliber abuſed in the groſſeſt terms, eſpecially when he heard he had had the aſſurance to pretend to be his near relation.

At her return, therefore, ſhe entirely changed her note. She ſaid, Folks might be aſhamed of travelling about, and pretending to be what they were not: that taxes were high, and for her part, ſhe was obliged to pay for what ſhe had; ſhe could not therefore poſſibly, nor would ſhe truſt any body, no not her own father: that money was never ſcarcer,

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and she wanted to make up a sum. That she expected therefore they should pay their reckoning before they left the house.

Adams was now greatly perplexed: but as he knew that he could easily have borrowed such a sum in his own parish, and as he knew he would have lent it himself to any mortal in distress, so he took fresh courage, and sallied out all round the parish, but to no purpose; he returned as pennyless as he went, groaning and lamenting, that it was possible, in a country professing Christianity, for a wretch to starve in the midst of his fellow-creatures who abounded.

Whilst he was gone, the hostess, who stayed as a sort of guard with Joseph and Fanny, entertained them with the goodness of Parson Trulliber. And indeed he had not only a very good character, as to other qualities, in the neighbourhood, but was reputed a man of great charity: for though he never gave a farthing, he had always that word in his mouth.

Adams was no sooner returned the second time, than the storm grew exceeding high, the hostess declaring among other things, that if they offered to stir without paying her, she would soon overtake them with a warrant.

Plato and Aristotle, or somebody else hath said, THAT WHEN THE MOST EXQUISITE CUNNING FAILS, CHANCE OFTEN HITS THE MARK, AND THAT BY MEANS THE LEAST EXPECTED. Virgil expresses this very boldly:

Turne, quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en! attulit ultro.

I would quote more great men if I could: but my memory not permitting me, I will proceed to exemplify these observations by the following instance.

There chanced (for Adams had not cunning enough to contrive it) to be at that time in the alehouse, a fellow, who had been formerly a drummer in an Irish regiment, and now travelled the country as a pedlar. This man having attentively listened to the discourse of the hostess, at last took Adams aside, and asked

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him what the ſum was for which they were detained. As ſoon as he was informed, he ſighed, and ſaid, He was ſorry it was ſo much: for that he had no more than ſix ſhillings and ſixpence in his pocket, which he would lend them with all his heart. Adams gave a caper, and cried out, It would do: for that he had ſixpence himſelf. And thus theſe poor people, who could not engage the compaſſion of riches and piety, where at length delivered out of their diſtreſs by the charity of a poor pedlar.

I ſhall refer it to my reader to make what obſervations he pleaſes on this incident; it is ſufficient for me to inform him, that after Adams and his companions had returned him a thouſand thanks, and told him where he might call to be repaid, they all ſallied out of the houſe without any compliments from their hoſteſs, or indeed without paying her any; Adams declaring, he would take particular care never to call there again, and ſhe, on her ſide, aſſuring them ſhe wanted no ſuch gueſts.

CHAP. XVI.

A very curious adventure, in which Mr Adams gave a much greater inſtance of the honeſt ſimplicity of his heart than of his experience in the ways of this world.

OUR travellers had walked about two miles from that inn, which they had more reaſon to have miſtaken for a caſtle, than Don Quixote ever had any of thoſe in which he ſojourned, ſeeing they had met with ſuch difficulty in eſcaping out of its walls; when they came to a pariſh, and beheld a ſign of invitation hanging out. A gentleman ſat ſmoaking a pipe at the door; of whom Adams enquired the road, and received ſo courteous and obliging an anſwer, accompanied with ſo ſmiling a countenance, that the good parſon, whoſe heart was naturally diſpoſed to love and affection, began to aſk ſeveral other queſtions; particularly, the name of the pariſh, and who was the owner of a large houſe whoſe front they then had in proſpect. The gentleman anſwered as obligingly

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obligingly as before; and as to the house, acquainted him it was his own. He then proceeded in the following manner. 'Sir, I presume by your habit you are 'a clergyman: and as you are travelling on foot, I 'suppose a glass of good beer will not be disagreeable 'to you; and I can recommend my landlord's with-'in, as some of the best in all this country. What 'say you, will you halt a little and let us take a pipe 'together? there is no better tobacco in the king-'dom.' This proposal was not displeasing to Adams, who had allayed his thirst that day with no better liquor than what Mrs Trulliber's cellar had produced; and which was indeed little superior either in richness or flavour to that which distilled from those grains her generous husband bestowed on his hogs. Having therefore abundantly thanked the gentleman for his kind invitation, and bid Joseph and Fanny follow him, he entered the alehouse, where a large loaf and cheese, and a pitcher of beer, which truly answered the character given of it, being set before them, the three travellers fell to eating with appetites infinitely more voracious than are to be found at the most exquisite eating-houses in the parish of St James's.

The gentleman expressed great delight in the hearty and chearful behaviour of Adams; and particularly in the familiarity with which he conversed with Joseph and Fanny, whom he often called his children, a term he explained to mean no more than his parishioners; saying, he looked on all those whom God had entrusted to his cure, to stand to him in that relation. The gentleman, shaking him by the hand, highly applauded those sentiments. 'They are in-'deed,' says he, 'the true principles of a Christian di-'vine, and I heartily wish they were universal; but 'on the contrary, I am sorry to say, the parson of our 'parish, instead of esteeming his poor parishioners 'as a part of his family, seems rather to consider 'them as not of the same species with himself. He 'seldom speaks to any, unless some few of the richest 'of us; nay indeed he will not move his hat to the 'others. I often laugh, when I behold him on Sun-'days strutting along the church-yard like a turkey-

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'cock, through rows of his parishoners; who bow 'to him with as much submission, and are as unre- 'garded as a set of servile courtiers by the proudest 'prince in Christendom. But if such temporal pride 'is ridiculous, surely the spiritual is odious and de- 'testable: if such a puffed-up empty human bladder 'strutting in princely robes, just moves one's deri- 'sion; surely in the habit of a priest it must raise our 'scorn.'

'Doubtless,' answer'd Adams, 'your opinion is 'right; but I hope such examples are rare. The 'clergy whom I have the honour to know, maintain 'a different behaviour; and you will allow me, Sir, 'that the readiness which too many of the laity show 'to contemn the order, may be one reason of their 'avoiding too much humility.' 'Very true indeed, says the gentleman: 'I find, Sir, you are a man of 'excellent sense, and am happy in this opportunity 'of knowing you; perhaps our accidental meeting 'may not be disadvantageous to you, neither. At 'present I shall only say to you, that the incumbent 'of this living is old and infirm; and that it is in 'my gift. Doctor, give me your hand; and assure 'yourself of it at his decease.' Adams told him, 'he 'was never more confounded in his life, than at his 'utter incapacity to make any return to such noble 'and unmerited generosity.' 'A mere trifle, Sir,' cries the gentleman, 'scarce worth your acceptance; 'a little more than three hundred a-year. I wish it 'was double the value for your sake.' Adams bow- ed, and cried from the emotions of his gratitude; when the other asked him, If he was married, or had any children besides those in the spiritual sense he had mentioned. 'Sir,' replied the parson, 'I 'have a wife and six at your service.' 'That is un- 'lucky,' says the gentleman; 'for I would other- 'wise have taken you into my own house as my 'chaplain; however, I have another in the parish, '(for the parsonage-house is not good enough) which 'I will furnish for you. Pray, does your wife under- 'stand a dairy?' 'I can't profess she does,' says Adams. 'I am sorry for it,' quoth the gentleman: 'I would

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'I would have given you half a dozen cows, and 'very good grounds to have maintained them.' 'Sir,' ſaid Adams, in an ecſtaſy, 'you are too liberal; 'indeed you are.' 'Not at all,' cries the gentleman, 'I eſteem riches only as they give me an opportu- 'nity of doing good; and I never ſaw one whom I 'had a greater inclination to ſerve.' At which words he ſhook him heartily by the hand, and told him he had ſufficient room in his houſe to entertain him and his friends. Adams begged he might give him no ſuch trouble; for that they could be very well accommodated in the houſe where they were; forgetting they had not a ſixpenny piece among them. The gentleman would not be denied; and informing himſelf how far they were travelling, he ſaid, it was too long a journey to take on foot, and begged that they would favour him, by ſuffering him to lend them a ſervant and horſes; adding withal, that if they would do him the pleaſure of their company only two days, he would furniſh them with his coach and ſix. Adams turning to Joſeph, ſaid, 'How lucky is this gentle- 'man's goodneſs to you, who I am afraid would be 'ſcarce able to hold out on your lame leg!' and then addreſſing the perſon who made him theſe liberal promiſes, after much bowing, he cried out, 'Bleſſed be 'the hour which firſt introduced me to a man of your 'charity! you are indeed a Chriſtian of the true primitive kind, and an honour to the country wherein 'you live. I would willingly have taken a pilgrimage 'to the holy land to have beheld you: for the ad- 'vantages which we draw from your goodneſs, give 'me little pleaſure, in compariſon of what I enjoy 'for your own ſake; when I conſider the treaſures 'you are by theſe means laying up for yourſelf in a 'country that paſſeth not away. We will therefore, 'moſt generous Sir, accept your goodneſs, as well 'the entertainment you have ſo kindly offered us at 'your houſe this evening, as the accommodation of 'your horſes to-morrow morning.' He then began to ſearch for his hat, as did Joſeph for his: and both they and Fanny were in order of departure, when the gentleman ſtopping ſhort, and ſeeming to meditate by

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by himself for the space of about a minute, exclaimed thus: 'Sure never any thing was so unlucky; I 'had forgot that my house-keeper was gone abroad, 'and hath locked up all my rooms: indeed I would 'break them open for you, but shall not be able to 'furnish you with a bed; for she has likewise put 'away all my linen. I am glad it entered into my 'head, before I had given you the trouble of walk-'ing there; besides, I believe you will find better 'accommodations here than you expected. Land-'lord, you can provide good beds for these people, 'can't you?' 'Yes, and please your worship,' cries the host, 'and such as no lord or justice of the peace 'in the kingdom need be ashamed to ly in.' 'I am 'heartily sorry,' says the gentleman, 'for this disap-'pointment. I am resolved I will never suffer her 'to carry away the keys again.' 'Pray, Sir, let it 'not make you uneasy,' cries Adams, 'we shall do 'very well here; and the loan of your horses is a fa-'vour we shall be incapable of making any return to.' 'Ay!' said the squire, 'the horses shall attend you 'here, at what hour in the morning you please.' And now, after many civilities too tedious to enume-rate, many squeezes by the hand, with most affection-ate looks and smiles at each other, and after appoint-ing the horses at seven the next morning, the gentle-man took his leave of them, and departed to his own house. Adams and his companions returned to the table, where the parson smoaked another pipe, and then they all retired to rest.

Mr Adams rose very early, and called Joseph out of his bed, between whom a very fierce dispute ensu-ed, whether Fanny should ride behind Joseph, or be-hind the gentleman's servant; Joseph insisting on it, that he was perfectly recovered, and was as capable of taking care of Fanny as any other person could be. But Adams would not agree to it, and declared he would not trust her behind him; for that he was weaker than he imagined himself to be.

This dispute continued a long time, and had be-gun to be very hot, when a servant arrived from their good friend to acquaint them, that he was unfortu-nately

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nately prevented from lending them any horſes; for that his groom had, unknown to him, put his whole ſtable under a courſe of phyſic.

This advice preſently ſtruck the two diſputants dumb; Adams cried out, 'Was ever any thing ſo 'unlucky as this poor gentleman! I proteſt I am 'more ſorry on his account than my own. You ſee, 'Joſeph, how this good-natur'd man is treated by 'his ſervants; one locks up his linen, another phy-'ſics his horſes: and I ſuppoſe by his being at this 'houſe laſt night, the butler had locked up his cel-'lar. Bleſs us! how good-nature is uſed in this 'world! I proteſt I am more concerned on his account 'than my own.' 'So am not I,' cries Joſeph; 'not 'that I am much troubled about walking on foot; 'all my concern is how we ſhall get out of the houſe; 'unleſs GOD ſends another pedlar to redeem us. But 'certainly this gentleman has ſuch an affection for 'you, that he would lend you a larger ſum than we 'owe here; which is not above four or five ſhillings.' 'Very true, child,' anſwered Adams; 'I will write 'a letter to him, and will even venture to ſolicit him 'for three half-crowns; there will be no harm in 'having two or three ſhillings in our pockets; as we 'have full forty miles to travel, we may poſſibly have 'occaſion for them.'

Fanny being now riſen; Joſeph paid her a viſit, and left Adams to write his letter, which having finiſhed, he diſpatched a boy with it to the gentleman, and then ſeated himſelf by the door, lighted his pipe, and betook himſelf to meditation.

The boy ſtaying longer than ſeemed to be neceſſary, Joſeph, who with Fanny was now returned to the parſon expreſſed ſome apprehenſions, that the gentleman's ſteward had locked up his purſe too. To which Adams anſwered, It might very poſſibly be, and he ſhould wonder at no liberties which the devil might put into the head of a wicked ſervant to take with ſo worthy a maſter: but added, That as the ſum was ſo ſmall, ſo noble a gentleman would be eaſily able to procure it in the pariſh, though he had it not in his own pocket. 'Indeed,' ſays he, 'if 'it

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'it was four or five guineas, or any such large quan-
'tity of money, it might be a different matter.'

They were now sat down to breakfast over some toast and ale, when the boy returned, and informed them, that the gentleman was not at home. 'Very 'well!' cries Adams; 'but why, child, did you not 'stay till his return? Go back again, my good boy, 'and wait for his coming home: he cannot be gone 'far, as his horses are all sick; and besides, he had 'no intention to go abroad; for he invited us to spend 'this day and to-morrow at his house: therefore go 'back, child, and tarry till his return home.' The messenger departed, and was back again with great expedition; bringing an account, that the gentleman was gone a long journey, and would not be at home again this month. At these words Adams seemed greatly confounded, saying, 'This must be a sudden 'accident, as the sickness or death of a relation, or 'some sudden unforeseen misfortune;' and then turning to Joseph, cried, 'I wish you had reminded me 'to have borrowed this money last night.' Joseph smiling, answered, He was very much deceived, if the gentleman would not have found some excuse to avoid lending it. 'I own,' says he, 'I was never 'much pleased with his professing so much kindness 'for you at first sight: for I have heard the gentle-'men of our cloth in London tell many such stories 'of their masters. But when the boy brought the 'message back of his not being at home, I presently 'knew what would follow; for whenever a man of 'fashion doth not care to fulfil his promises, the cu-'stom is to order his servants that he will never be 'at home to the person so promised. In London they 'call it denying him. I have myself denied Sir 'Thomas Booby above an hundred times; and when 'the man hath danced attendance for about a month, 'or sometimes longer, he is acquainted in the end, 'that the gentleman is gone out of town, and could 'do nothing in the business.' 'Good Lord!' says Adams, 'what wickedness is there in the Christian 'world! I profess almost equal to what I have read 'of the Heathens. But surely, Joseph, your suspi-

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'cions of this gentleman must be unjust; for what 'a silly fellow must he be, who would do the devil's 'work for nothing? and canst thou tell me any inte-'rest he could possibly propose to himself by decei-'ving us in his professions?' 'It is not for me,' answered Joseph, 'to give reasons for what men do, to 'a gentleman of your learning.' 'You say right,' quoth Adams; 'knowledge of men is only to be 'learnt from books; Plato and Seneca for that; and 'those are authors, I am afraid, child, you never 'read.' 'Not I, Sir, truly,' answered Joseph; 'all 'I know is, it is a maxim among the gentlemen of 'our cloth, that those masters who promise the most 'perform the least; and I have often heard them 'say, they have found the largest vails in those fami-'lies where they were not promised any. But, Sir, 'instead of considering any farther these matters, it 'would be our wisest way to contrive some method of 'getting out of this house: for the generous gentle-'man, instead of doing us any service, hath left us 'the whole reckoning to pay. Adams was going to answer, when their host came in, and with a kind of jeering smile, said, 'Well, masters! the Squire hath 'not sent his horses for you yet. Laud help me! 'how easily some folks make promises!' 'How!' says Adams, 'have you ever known him to do any thing 'of the kind before?' 'Aye, marry have I,' answer-ed the host; 'it is no business of mine, you know, 'Sir, to say any thing of a gentleman to his face: 'but now he is not here, I will assure you, he hath 'not his fellow within the three next market-towns. 'I own, I could not help laughing, when I heard him 'offer you the living; for thereby hangs a good jest. 'I thought he would have offered you my house next; 'for one is no more his to dispose of than the other.' At these words, Adams blessing himself, declared, He had never read of such a monster: 'but what vexes 'me most,' says he, 'is, that he hath decoyed us in-'to running up a long debt with you, which we are 'not able to pay; for we have no money about us; 'and what is worse, live at such a distance, that if 'you should trust us, I am afraid you would lose your 'money

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'money for want of our finding any conveniency of 'sending it.' 'Truſt you, maſter!' ſays the hoſt, 'that I will, with all my heart; I honour the clergy 'too much to deny truſting one of them for ſuch a 'trifle; beſides, I like your fear of never paying 'me: I have loſt many a debt in my life-time; but 'was promiſed to be paid them all in a very ſhort 'time. I will ſcore this reckoning for the novelty of 'it. It is the firſt, I do aſſure you, of this kind But 'what ſay you, Maſter, ſhall we have t'other pot be-'fore we part? It will waſte but a little chalk more; 'and if you never pay me a ſhilling, the loſs will 'not ruin me.' Adams liked the invitation very well; eſpecially as it was delivered with ſo hearty an accent.—He ſhook his hoſt by the hand, and, thanking him, ſaid, 'he would tarry another pot, rather 'for the pleaſure of ſuch worthy company, than for 'the liquor;' adding, 'he was glad to find ſome 'Chriſtians left in the kingdom; for that he almoſt 'began to ſuſpect that he was ſojourning in a country 'inhabited only by Jews and Turks.'

The kind hoſt produced the liquor, and Joſeph with Fanny retired into the garden; where, while they ſolaced themſelves with amorous diſcourſe, Adams ſat down with his hoſt; and both filling their glaſſes, and lighting their pipes, they began that dialogue which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAP. XVII.

A dialogue between Mr Abraham Adams and his hoſt, which, by the diſagreement in their opinions, ſeemed to threaten an unlucky cataſtrophe, had it not been timely prevented by the return of the lovers.

'SIR,' ſaid the hoſt, 'I aſſure you, you are not 'the firſt to whom our 'ſquire hath promiſed more 'than he hath performed. He is ſo famous for this 'practice, that his word will not be taken for much 'by thoſe who know him. I remember a young fel-'low whom he promiſed his parents to make an ex-'ciſeman. The poor people, who could ill afford 'it, bred their ſon to writing and accounts, and other

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'learning, to qualify him for the place; and the boy 'held up his head above his condition with theſe 'hopes; nor would he go to plough, nor to any other 'kind of work; and went conſtantly dreſſed as fine as 'could be, with two clean Holland ſhirts a week, 'and this for ſeveral years; 'till at laſt he followed 'the ſquire up to London, thinking there to mind 'him of his promiſes: but he could never get ſight 'of him. So that being out of money and buſineſs, 'he fell into evil company and wicked courſes; 'and in the end came to a ſentence of tranſporta-'tion, the news of which broke the mother's heart. 'I will tell you another true ſtory of him: There 'was a neighbour of mine, a farmer, who had two 'ſons whom he bred up to the buſineſs. Pretty lads 'they were; nothing would ſerve the 'ſquire, but 'that the youngeſt muſt be made a parſon. Upon 'which he perſuaded the father to ſend him to ſchool, 'promiſing, that he would afterwards maintain him 'at the univerſity; and when he was of a proper 'age give him a living. But after the lad had been 'ſeven years at ſchool, and his father brought him to 'the ſquire with a letter from his maſter, that he was 'fit for the univerſity; the ſquire, inſtead of mind-'ing his promiſe, or ſending him thither at his ex-'pence, only told his father, that the young man 'was a fine ſcholar; and it was pity he could not 'afford to keep him at Oxford for four or five years 'more, by which time, if he could get him a curacy, 'he might have him ordained. The farmer ſaid, 'he was not a man ſufficient to do any ſuch thing.' 'Why then,' anſwered the ſquire, 'I am very ſorry 'you have given him ſo much learning; for if he can-'not get his living by that, it will rather ſpoil him 'for any thing elſe; and your other ſon, who can 'hardly write his name, will do more at ploughing 'and ſowing, and is in a better condition than he. 'And indeed ſo it proved; for the poor lad, not find-'ing friends to maintain him in his learning as he 'had expected, and being unwilling to work, fell to 'drinking, though he was a very ſober lad before; 'and, in a ſhort time, partly with grief, and partly

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'with good liquor, fell into a conſumption, and died. 'Nay, I can tell you more ſtill: there was another, 'a young woman, and the handſomeſt in all this 'neighbourhood, whom he enticed up to London, 'promiſing to make her a gentlewoman to one of 'your women of quality: but inſtead of keeping his 'word, we have ſince heard, after having a child by 'her himſelf, ſhe became a common whore; then 'kept a coffee-houſe in Covent-garden; and a little 'after died of the French diſtemper in a goal. I could 'tell you many more ſtories: but how do you ima- 'gine he ſerved me myſelf? You muſt know, Sir, I 'was bred a ſea-faring man, and have been many 'voyages; 'till at laſt I came to be maſter of a ſhip 'myſelf, and was in a fair way of making a fortune, 'when I was attacked by one of thoſe curſed Guarda- 'coſtas, who took our ſhips before the beginning of 'the war; and after a fight, wherein I loſt the 'greateſt part of my crew, my rigging being all de- 'moliſhed, and two ſhots received between wind and 'water, I was forced to ſtrike. The villains carried 'off my ſhip, a brigantine of an hundred and fifty 'tons, a pretty creature ſhe was, and put me, a man 'and a boy, into a little bad pink, in which, with 'much ado, we at laſt made Falmouth; though I 'believe the Spaniards did not imagine ſhe could 'poſſibly live a day at ſea. Upon my return hither, 'where my wife, who was of this country, then lived, 'the ſquire told me he was ſo pleaſed with the de- 'fence I had made againſt the enemy, that he did not 'fear getting me promoted to a lieutenancy of a man 'of war, if I would accept of it; which I thankfully 'aſſured him I would. Well, Sir, two or three years 'paſſed, during which I had many repeated promiſes, 'not only from the ſquire, but (as he told me) from 'the lords of the admiralty. He never returned from 'London, but I was aſſured I might be ſatisfied now, 'for I was certain of the firſt vacancy; and what 'ſurpriſes me ſtill, when I reflect on it, theſe aſſu- 'rances were given me with no leſs confidence, after 'ſo many diſappoinments, than at firſt. At laſt, 'Sir, growing weary, and ſomewhat ſuſpicious, after

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'so much delay, I wrote to a friend in London, who 'I knew had some acquaintance at the best house in 'the admiralty, and desired him to back the squire's 'interest: for indeed, I feared he had solicited the 'affair with more coldness than he pretended.—And 'what answer do you think my friend sent me?— 'Truly, Sir, he acquainted me, that the squire had 'never mentioned my name at the admiralty in his 'life; and unless I had much faithfuller interest, ad-'vised me to give over my pretensions, which I im-'mediately did; and, with the concurrence of my 'wife, resolved to set up an alehouse, where you are 'heartily welcome: and so my service to you; and 'may the squire, and all such sneaking rascals, go to 'the devil together.' 'Oh fie!' says Adams; 'Oh 'fie! He is indeed a wicked man; but God will, I 'hope, turn his heart to repentance. Nay, if he could 'but once see the meanness of this detestable vice; 'would he but once reflect that he is one of the most 'scandalous as well as pernicious liars; sure he must 'despise himself to so intolerable a degree, that it 'would be impossible for him to continue a moment 'in such a course. And, to confess the truth, not-'withstanding the baseness of this character, which 'he hath too well deserved, he hath in his counte-'nance sufficient symptoms of that *bona indoles*, that 'sweetness of disposition which furnishes out a good 'Christian.' 'Ah! master, master,' says the host, 'if 'you had travelled as far as I have, and conversed 'with the many nations where I have traded, you 'would not give any credit to a man's countenance. 'Symptoms in his countenance, quotha! I would 'look there, perhaps, to see whether a man has had 'the small-pox, but for nothing else.' He spoke this with so little regard to the parson's observation, that it a good deal nettled him; and, taking the pipe hastily from his mouth, he thus answered: 'Master of 'mine, perhaps I have travelled a great deal farther 'than you without the assistance of a ship. Do you 'imagine sailing by different cities or countries is 'travelling? No.

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'*Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currant.*

'I can go farther in an afternoon than you in a twelve-'month. What, I ſuppoſe you have ſeen the pillars 'of Hercules, and perhaps the walls of Carthage. 'Nay, you may have heard Scylla, and ſeen Charyb-'dis; you may have entered the cloſet where Archi-'medes was found at the taking Syracuſe. I ſuppoſe 'you have ſailed among the Cyclades, and paſſed the 'famous ſtraits which take their name from the un-'fortunate Helle, whoſe fate is ſweetly deſcribed by 'Apollonius Rhodius. You have paſſed the very ſpot, 'I conceive, where Dædalus fell into that ſea, his 'waxen wings being melted by the ſun; you have 'traverſed the Euxine ſea, I make no doubt; nay, 'you may have been on the banks of the Caſpian, 'and called at Colchis, to ſee if there is ever another 'golden fleece.'—'Not I, truly, maſter,' anſwered the hoſt, 'I never touched at any of theſe places.' 'But 'I have been at all theſe,' replied Adams. 'Then 'I ſuppoſe,' cries the hoſt, 'you have been at the 'Eaſt Indies; for there are no ſuch, I will be ſworn, 'either in the Weſt or the Levant.' 'Pray where is 'the Levant?' quoth Adams, 'that ſhould be in the 'Eaſt Indies by right.'—'Oho! you are a pretty tra-'veller,' cries the hoſt, 'and not know the Levant. 'My ſervice to you, maſter; you muſt not talk of 'theſe things with me! you muſt not tip us the tra-'veller; it won't go here.' 'Since thou art ſo dull 'to miſunderſtand me ſtill,' quoth Adams, 'I will 'inform thee; the travelling I mean is in books, the 'only way of travelling by which any knowledge is 'to be acquired. From them I learn what I aſſerted 'juſt now, that Nature generally imprints ſuch a por-'traiture of the mind in the countenance, that a ſkil-'ful phyſiognomiſt will rarely be deceived. I pre-'ſume you have never read the ſtory of Socrates to 'this purpoſe, and therefore I will tell it you. A 'certain phyſiognomiſt aſſerted of Socrates, that he 'plainly diſcovered by his features that he was a 'rogue in his nature. A character ſo contrary to the 'tenour of all this great man's actions, and the 'gene-

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'generally received opinion concerning him, incenſed 'the boys of Athens ſo, that they threw ſtones at the 'phyſiognomiſt, and would have demoliſhed him for 'his ignorance, had not Socrates himſelf prevented 'them by confeſſing the truth of his obſervations, and 'acknowledging, that though he corrected his diſpo-'ſition by philoſophy, he was indeed naturally as in-'clined to vice as had been predicated of him. Now, 'pray reſolve me,—How ſhould a man know this 'ſtory, if he had not read it?' 'Well, maſter,' ſaid the hoſt, 'and what ſignifies it whether a man knows 'it or no? He who goes abroad as I have done, 'will always have opportunities enough of knowing 'the world, without troubling his head with Socrates, 'or any ſuch fellows.'——'Friend,' cries Adams, 'if 'a man ſhould ſail round the world, and anchor in 'every harbour of it, without learning, he would re-'turn home as ignorant as he went out.' 'Lord help 'you,' anſwered the hoſt, 'there was my boatſwain, 'poor fellow! he could ſcarce either write or read, 'and yet he would navigate a ſhip with any maſter of 'a man of war; and a very pretty knowledge of trade 'he had too.' 'Trade,' anſwered Adams, 'as Ari-'ſtotle proves in his firſt chapter of politics, is below 'a philoſopher, and unnatural as it is managed now.' The hoſt looked ſtedfaſtly at Adams, and after a mi-nute's ſilence aſked him, if he was one of the writers of the Gazzeteers? 'for I have heard,' ſays he, 'they 'are writ by parſons.' 'Gazzeteers!' anſwered A-dams, 'what is that?' 'It is a dirty newſpaper,' re-plied the hoſt, 'which hath been given away all over 'the nation for theſe many years, to abuſe trade and 'honeſt men, which I would not ſuffer to ly on my 'table, though it hath been offered me for nothing.' 'Not I truly,' ſaid Adams, 'I never write any thing 'but ſermons; and I aſſure you I am no enemy to 'trade, whilſt it is conſiſtent with honeſty; nay, I 'have always looked on the tradeſman as a very va-'luable member of ſociety, and perhaps inferior to 'none but the man of learning' 'No, I believe he 'is not, nor to him neither,' anſwered the hoſt. 'Of 'what uſe would learning be in a country without

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'trade! What would all you parſons do to clothe 'your backs and feed your bellies? Who fetches you 'your ſilks, and your linnens, and your wines, and 'all the other neceſſaries of life? I ſpeak chiefly with 'regard to the ſailors.' 'You ſhould ſay, the extra-'vagancies of life,' replied the parſon: 'but admit 'they were the neceſſaries, there is ſomething more 'neceſſary than life itſelf, which is provided by learn-'ing; I mean the learning of the clergy. Who clothes 'you with piety, meekneſs, humility, charity, patience, 'and all the other Chriſtian virtues? Who feeds 'your ſouls with the milk of brotherly love, and diets 'them with all the dainty food of holineſs, which at 'once cleanſes them of all impure carnal affections, 'and fattens them with the truly rich ſpirit of grace? 'Who doth this?' 'Ay, who indeed!' cries the hoſt; 'for I do not remember ever to have ſeen any ſuch 'clothing, or ſuch feeding. And ſo in the mean time, 'maſter, my ſervice to you.' Adams was going to anſwer with ſome ſeverity, when Joſeph and Fanny returned, and preſſed his departure ſo eagerly, that he would not refuſe them; and ſo, graſping his crabſtick, he took leave of his hoſt, (neither of them being ſo well pleaſed with each other as they had been at their firſt ſitting down together), and with Joſeph and Fanny, who both expreſſed much impatience, departed, and now all together renewed their journey.

BOOK

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BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Matter prefatory in praiſe of Biography.

NOTWITHSTANDING the preference which may be vulgarly given to the authority of thoſe romance writers, who entitle their books, 'The Hiſtory of England, The Hiſtory of France, of 'Spain,' &c. it is moſt certain, that truth is to be found only in the works of thoſe who celebrate the lives of great men, and are commonly called Biographers, as the others ſhould indeed be termed topographers, or chorographers: words which might well mark the diſtinction between them; it being the buſineſs of the latter chiefly to deſcribe countries and cities, which, with the aſſiſtance of maps, they do pretty juſtly, and may be depended upon: but as to the actions and characters of men, their writings are not quite ſo authentic, of which there needs no other proof than thoſe eternal contradictions occurring between two topographers who undertake the hiſtory of the ſame country: for inſtance, between my Lord Clarendon and Mr Whitelock, between Mr Echard and Rapin, and many others; where facts being ſet forth in a different light, every reader believes as he pleaſes; and indeed the more judicious and ſuſpicious very juſtly eſteem the whole as no other than a romance, in which the writer hath indulged a happy and fertile invention. But though theſe widely differ in the narrative of facts; ſome aſcribing victory to the one, and others to the other party; ſome repreſenting the ſame man as a rogue, while others give him a great and honeſt character; yet all agree in the ſcene where the fact is ſuppoſed to have happened; and where the perſon, who is both a rogue and an honeſt man, lived. Now with us biographers the caſe is different; the facts we deliver may be relied on, though we often miſtake the age and country wherein they happened: for though it

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it may be worth the examination of critics, whether the ſhepherd Chryſoſtom, who, as Cervantes informs us, died for love of the fair Marcella, who hated him, was ever in Spain, will any one doubt but that ſuch a ſilly fellow hath really exiſted? Is there in the world ſuch a ſceptic as to diſbelieve the madneſs of Cardenio, the perfidy of Ferdinand, the impertinent curioſity of Anſelmo, the weakneſs of Camilla, the irreſolute friendſhip of Lothario; though perhaps as to the time and place where thoſe ſeveral perſons lived, that good hiſtorian may be deplorably deficient: but the moſt known inſtance of this kind is in the true hiſtory of Gil Blas, where the inimitable biographer hath made a notorious blunder in the country of Dr Sangrado, who uſed his patients as a vintner doth his wine veſſels, by letting out their blood, and filling them up with water. Doth not every one, who is the leaſt verſed in phyſical hiſtory, know that Spain was not the country in which this doctor lived? The ſame writer hath likewiſe erred in the country of his archbiſhop, as well as that of thoſe great perſonages whoſe underſtandings were too ſublime to taſte any thing but tragedy, and in many others. The ſame miſtakes may likewiſe be obſerved in Scarron, the Arabian Nights, the hiſtory of Marianne and le Paiſan Parvenu, and perhaps ſome few other writers of this claſs, whom I have not read, nor do at preſent recollect; for I would by no means be thought to comprehend thoſe perſons of ſurpriſing genius, the authors of immenſe romances, or the modern novel and Atalantis writers; who, without any aſſiſtance from nature or hiſtory, record perſons who never were, or will be; and facts which never did, nor poſſibly can happen: whoſe heroes are of their own creation, and their brains the chaos whence all their materials are ſelected. Not that ſuch writers deſerve no honour; ſo far otherwiſe, that perhaps they merit the higheſt: for what can be nobler than to be as an example of the wonderful extent of human genius! One may apply to them what Balzac ſays of Ariſtotle, that they are a ſecond nature, (for they have no communication with the firſt): by which authors of an inferior claſs, who cannot ſtand alone, are obliged

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liged to support themselves as with crutches: but these of whom I am now speaking, seem to be possessed of those stilts, which the excellent Voltaire tells us in his Letters, "carry the genius far off, but with an ir-"regular pace;" indeed far out of the sight of the reader,

Beyond the realm of Chaos, and old Night.

But to return to the former class, who are contented to copy Nature, instead of forming originals from the confused heap of matter in their own brains; is not such a book as that which records the atchievements of the renowned Don Quixote, more worthy the name of a history than even Mariana's? for whereas the latter is confined to a particular period of time, and to a particular nation; the former is the history of the world in general, at least that part which is polished by laws, arts, and sciences; and of that from the time it was first polished to this day; nay, and forwards as long as it shall so remain.

I shall now proceed to apply these observations to the work before us; for indeed I have set them down principally to obviate some objections, which the good-nature of mankind, who are always forward to see their friends virtues recorded, may put to particular parts. I question not but several of my readers will know the lawyer in the stage-coach, the moment they hear his voice. It is likewise odds, but the wit and the prude meet with some of their acquaintance, as well as all the rest of my characters. To prevent therefore any such malicious applications, I declare here once for all, I describe not men but manners; not an individual, but a species. Perhaps it will be answered, Are not the characters then taken from life? To which I answer in the affirmative; nay, I believe I might aver, that I have writ little more than I have seen. The lawyer is not only alive, but hath been so these 4000 years; and I hope GOD will indulge his life as many yet to come. He hath not indeed confined himself to one profession, one religion, or one country:

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country; but when the first mean selfish creature appeared on the human stage, who made Self the centre of the whole creation, would give himself no pain, incur no danger, advance no money to assist or preserve his fellow-creatures; then was our lawyer born: and whilst such a person as I have described exists on earth, so long shall he remain upon it. It is therefore doing him little honour, to imagine he endeavours to mimic some little obscure fellow, because he happens to resemble him in one particular feature, or perhaps in his profession; whereas his appearance in the world is calculated for much more general and noble purposes; not to expose one pitiful wretch to the small and contemptible circle of his acquaintance; but to hold the glass to thousands in their closets, that they may contemplate their deformity, and endeavour to reduce it, and thus by suffering private mortification, may avoid public shame. This places the boundary between, and distinguishes the satirist from the libeller; for the former privately corrects the fault for the benefit of the person, like a parent; the latter publicly exposes the person himself, as an example to others, like an executioner.

There are besides little circumstances to be considered; as the drapery of a picture, which, though fashion varies at different times, the resemblance of the countenance is not by those means diminished. Thus, I believe, we may venture to say, Mrs Tow-wouse is coeval with our lawyer; and though perhaps during the changes which so long an existence must have passed through, she may in her turn have stood behind the bar at an inn; I will not scruple to affirm, she hath likewise in the revolution of ages sat on a throne. In short, where extreme turbulency of temper, avarice, and an insensibility of human misery, with a degree of hypocrisy, have united in a female composition, Mrs Tow-wouse was that woman: and where a good inclination, eclipsed by a poverty of spirit and understanding, hath glimmered forth in a man, that man hath been no other than her sneaking husband.

I shall

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I shall detain my reader no longer than to give him one caution more of an opposite kind. For as in most of our particular characters we mean not to lash individuals, but all of the like sort; so in our general descriptions, we mean not universals, but would be understood with many exceptions: For instance, in our description of high people, we cannot be intended to include such, as whilst they are an honour to their high rank, by a well-guided condescension, make their superiority as easy as possible, to those whom fortune hath chiefly placed below them. Of this number I could name a peer no less elevated by Nature than by fortune, who, whilst he wears the noblest ensigns of honour on his person, bears the truest stamp of dignity on his mind, adorned with greatness, enriched with knowledge, and embellished with genius. I have seen this man relieve with generosity, while he hath conversed with freedom, and be to the same person a patron and a companion. I could name a commoner raised higher above the multitude by superior talents, than is in the power of his prince to exalt him; whose behaviour to those he hath obliged is more amiable than the obligation itself, and who is so great a master of affability, that if he could divest himself of an inherent greatness in his manner, would often make the lowest of his acquaintance forget who was the master of that palace in which they were so courteously entertained. These are pictures which must be, I believe, known: I declare they are taken from the life, and not intended to exceed it. By those high people therefore whom I have described, I mean a set of wretches, who, while they are a disgrace to their ancestors, whose honours and fortunes they inherit, (or perhaps a greater to their mother, for such degeneracy is scarce credible) have the insolence to treat those with disregard, who are at least equal to the founders of their own splendor. It is, I fancy, impossible to conceive a spectacle more worthy of our indignation, than that of a fellow who is not only a blot in the escutcheon of a great family, but a scandal to the human species, maintaining a supercilious behaviour to men who are

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an honour to their nature, and a disgrace to their fortune.

And now, reader, taking these hints along with you, you may, if you please, proceed to the sequel of this our true history.

CHAP. II.

A night scene, wherein several wonderful adventures befel Adams and his fellow-travellers.

IT was so late when our travellers left the inn or ale-house, (for it might be called either) that they had not travelled many miles, before night overtook them, or met them, which you please. The reader must excuse me if I am not particular as to the way they took: for as we are now drawing near the seat of the Boobies; and as that is a ticklish name, which malicious persons may apply according to their evil inclinations, to several worthy country 'squires, a race of men whom we look upon as intirely inoffensive, and for whom we have an adequate regard, we shall lend no assistance to any such malicious purposes.

Darkness had now overspread the hemisphere, when Fanny whispered Joseph, 'that she begged to rest 'herself a little; for that she was so tired, she could 'walk no farther.' Joseph immediately prevailed with parson Adams, who was as brisk as a bee, to stop. He had no sooner seated himself, than he lamented the loss of his dear Æschylus; but was a little comforted, when reminded, that if he had it in his possession, he could not see to read.

The sky was so clouded, that not a star appeared. It was indeed, according to Milton, darkness visible. This was a circumstance, however, very favourable to Joseph; for Fanny, not suspicious of being overseen by Adams, gave a loose to her passion, which she had never done before; and reclining her head on his bosom, threw her arm carelessly round him, and suffered him to lay his cheek close to hers. All this infused such happiness into Joseph, that he would not

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have changed his turf for the fineſt down in the fineſt palace in the univerſe.

Adams ſat at ſome diſtance from the lovers, and being unwilling to diſturb them, applied himſelf to meditation; in which he had not ſpent much time, before he diſcovered a light at ſome diſtance that ſeemed approaching towards him. He immediately hailed it; but, to his ſorrow and ſurpriſe, it ſtopped for a moment, and then diſappeared. He then called to Joſeph, aſking him, if he had not ſeen the light. Joſeph anſwered, He had. 'And did you not mark 'how it vaniſhed?' returned he: 'though I am not 'afraid of ghoſts, I do not abſolutely diſbelieve 'them.'

He then entered into a meditation on thoſe unſubſtantial beings; which was ſoon interrupted by ſeveral voices which he thought almoſt at his elbow, tho' in fact they were not ſo extremely near. However, he could diſtinctly hear them agree on the murder of any one they met. And a little after heard one of them ſay, He had killed a dozen ſince that day fortnight.

Adams now fell on his knees, and committed himſelf to the care of Providence; and poor Fanny, who likewiſe heard thoſe terrible words, embraced Joſeph ſo cloſely, that had not he, whoſe ears were alſo open, been apprehenſive on her account, he would have thought no danger which threatened only himſelf, too dear a price for ſuch embraces.

Joſeph now drew forth his penknife, and Adams having finiſhed his ejaculations, graſped his crabſtick, his only weapon, and coming up to Joſeph, would have had him quit Fanny, and place him in the rear; but his advice was fruitleſs, ſhe clung cloſer to him, not at all regarding the preſence of Adams, and in a ſoothing voice declared, She would die in his arms. Joſeph, claſping her with inexpreſſible eagerneſs, whiſpered her, That he preferred death in hers to life out of them. Adams, brandiſhing his crabſtick, ſaid, He deſpiſed death as much as any man; and then repeated aloud,

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Est hic, est animus contemptor et illum,
Qui vita bene credat emi quo tendis, honorem.

Upon this the voices ceased for a moment, and then one of them called out, 'D—n you, who is there?' To which Adams was prudent enough to make no reply; and of a sudden he observed half a dozen lights, which seemed to rise all at once from the ground, and advance briskly towards him. This he immediately concluded to be an apparition, and now beginning to conceive that the voices were of the same kind, he called out, 'In the name of the Lord, what wouldst 'thou have?' He had no sonner spoke than he heard one of the voices cry out, 'D—n them; here they 'come;' and soon after, heard several hearty blows, as if a number of men had been engaged at quarter-staff. He was just advancing towards the place of combat, when Joseph, catching him by the skirts, begged him that they might take the opportunity of the dark to convey away Fanny from the danger which threatened her. He presently complied, and Joseph lifting up Fanny, they all three made the best of their way; and without looking behind them, or being overtaken, they had travelled full two miles, poor Fanny not once complaining of being tired, when they saw far off several lights scattered at a small distance from each other, and at the same time found themselves on the descent of a very steep hill. Adams's foot slipping, he instantly disappeared, which greatly frightened both Joseph and Fanny; indeed, if the light had permitted them to see it, they would scarce have refrained laughing to see the Parson rolling down the hill, which he did from top to bottom, without receiving any harm. He then hallowed as loud as he could, to inform them of his safety, and relieve them from the fears which they had conceived for him. Joseph and Fanny halted some time, considering what to do; at last they advanced a few paces, where the declivity seemed least steep; and then Joseph, taking his Fanny in his arms, walked firmly down the hill, without making a false step, and at length landed her at the bottom, where Adams soon came to them.

Learn

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Learn hence, my fair countrywomen, to consider your own weakness, and the many occasions on which the strength of a man may be useful to you; and duly weighing this, take care that you match not yourselves with the spindle-shanked beaus and *petit-maitres* of the age, who, instead of being able, like Joseph Andrews, to carry you in lusty arms through the rugged ways and down-hill steeps of life, will rather want to support their feeble limbs with your strength and assistance.

Our travellers now moved forwards, where the nearest light presented itself, and having crossed a common field, they came to a meadow, where they seemed to be at a very little distance from the light, when, to their grief, they arrived at the banks of a river. Adams here made a full stop, and declared he could swim, but doubted how it was possible to get Fanny over; to which Joseph answered, 'if they 'walked along its banks, they might be certain of 'soon finding a bridge, especially as, by the number 'of lights, they might be assured a parish was near.' 'Odso, that's true indeed,' said Adams, 'I did not 'think of that.' Accordingly Joseph's advice being taken, they passed over two meadows, and came to a little orchard, which led them to a house. Fanny begged of Joseph to knock at the door, assuring him she was so weary that she could hardly stand on her feet. Adams, who was foremost, performed this ceremony, and the door being immediately opened, a plain kind of a man appeared at it. Adams acquainted him, that they had a young woman with them, who was so tired with her journey, that he should be much obliged to him, if he would suffer her to come in and rest herself. The man, who saw Fanny by the light of the candle which he held in his hand, perceiving her innocent and modest look, and having no apprehensions from the civil behaviour of Adams, presently answered, that the young woman was very welcome to rest herself in his house, and so were her company. He then ushered them into a very decent room, where his wife was sitting at a table; she immediately rose up, and assisted them in setting forth

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chairs, and desired them to sit down, which they had no sooner done, than the man of the house asked them if they would have any thing to refresh themselves with? Adams thanked him, and answered, he should be obliged to him for a cup of his ale, which was likewise chosen by Joseph and Fanny. Whilst he was gone to fill a very large jug with this liquor, his wife told Fanny she seemed greatly fatigued, and desired her to take something stronger than ale; but she refused, with many thanks, saying it was true, she was very much tired, but a little rest she hoped would restore her. As soon as the company were all seated, Mr Adams, who had filled himself with ale, and by public permission had lighted his pipe, turned to the master of the house, asking him, if evil spirits did not use to walk in that neighbourhood? To which receiving no answer, he began to inform him of the adventure which they had met with on the Downs; nor had he proceeded far in his story, when somebody knock'd very hard at the door. The company expressed some amazement, and Fanny and the good woman turned pale; her husband went forth, and whilst he was absent, which was some time, they all remained silent looking at one another, and heard several voices discoursing pretty loudly. Adams was fully persuaded that spirits were abroad, and began to meditate some exorcisms; Joseph a little inclined to the same opinion; Fanny was more afraid of men; and the good woman herself began to suspect her guests, and imagined those without were rogues belonging to their gang. At length the master of the house returned, and laughing, told Adams he had discovered his apparition; that the murderers were sheep-stealers, and the twelve persons murdered, were no other than twelve sheep; adding, that the shepherds had got the better of them, had secured two, and were proceeding with them to a justice of peace. This account greatly relieved the fears of the whole company; but Adams muttered to himself, 'He was convinced of the truth of appari-'tions for all that.'

They

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They now sat chearfully round the fire, till the master of the house, having surveyed his guests, and perceived that the cassock, which having fallen down, appeared under Adams's great coat, and the shabby livery of Joseph Andrews, did not well suit with the familiarity between them, began to entertain some suspicions not much to their advantage; addressing himself therefore to Adams, he said he perceived he was a clergyman by his dress, and supposed that honest man was his footman. 'Sir,' answered Adams, 'I am a clergyman at your service; but as to 'that young man, whom you have rightly termed 'honest, he is at present in nobody's service; he never lived in any other family than that of Lady 'Booby, from whence he was discharged, I assure you, 'for no crime.' Joseph said, 'he did not wonder 'the gentleman was surprised to see one of Mr A'dams's character condescend to so much goodness 'with a poor man.' 'Child,' said Adams, 'I should 'be ashamed of my cloth, if I thought a poor man, 'who is honest, below my notice or my familiarity. 'I know not how those that think otherwise, can 'profess themselves followers and servants of him who 'made no distinction, unless, peradventure, by pre'ferring the poor to the rich.' 'Sir,' said he, addressing himself to the gentleman, 'these two poor 'young people are my parishioners, and I look 'on them and love them as my children. There is 'something singular enough in their history, but I 'have not now time to recount it.' The master of the house, notwithstanding the simplicity which discovered itself in Adams, knew too much of the world to give a hasty belief to professions. He was not yet quite certain that Adams had any more of the clergyman in him than his cassock. To try him therefore further, he asked him, If Mr Pope had lately published any thing new? Adams answered, 'he 'had heard great commendations of that poet, but 'that he had never read, nor knew any of his works.' 'Ho! ho!' says the gentleman to himself, 'have I 'caught you?' 'What,' said he, 'have you never 'seen his Homer?' Adams answered, 'he had ne-

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'ver read any tranſlation of the claſſics.' 'Why, 'truly,' reply'd the gentleman, 'there is a dignity 'in the Greek language which I think no modern 'tongue can reach.' 'Do you underſtand Greek, 'Sir?' ſaid Adams, haſtily. 'A little, Sir,' anſwered the gentleman. 'Do you know, Sir,' cry'd Adams, 'where I can buy an Æſchylus? an unlucky misfor-'tune lately happened to mine.' Æſchylus was be-yond the gentleman, though he knew him very well by name; he therefore returning back to Homer, aſk-ed Adams, What part of the Iliad he thought moſt excellent! Adams return'd, His queſtion would be properer, what kind of beauty was the chief in poetry; for that Homer was equally excellent in them all.

'And indeed,' continued he, 'what Cicero ſays of 'a complete orator, may well be adapted to a great 'poet; 'He ought to comprehend all perfection.' 'Homer did this in the moſt excellent degree: it is 'not without reaſon therefore, that the philoſopher, 'in the 22d chapter of his Poetics, mentions him 'by no other appellation than that of The Poet: He 'was the father of the drama, as well as the epic; 'not of tragedy only, but of comedy alſo; for his 'Margites, which is deplorably loſt, bore, ſays Ari-'ſtotle, the ſame analogy to comedy, as his Odyſſey 'and Iliad to tragedy. To him therefore we owe 'Ariſtophanes, as well as Euripides, Sophocles, and 'my poor Æſchylus. But if you pleaſe we will con-'fine ourſelves (at leaſt for the preſent) to the Iliad, 'his nobleſt work, though neither Ariſtotle nor Ho-'race gave it the preference, as I remember, to the 'Odyſſey. Firſt, then, as to his ſubject, can any thing 'be more ſimple, and at the ſame time more noble? 'He is rightly praiſed by the firſt of thoſe judicious 'critics, for not chuſing the whole war, which tho' 'he ſays it hath a complete beginning and end, would 'have been too great for the underſtanding to com-'prehend at one view. I have therefore often won-'dered why ſo correct a writer as Horace ſhould, in 'his epiſtle to Lollius, call him the *Trojani Belli* '*Scriptorem*. Secondly, his action, termed by Ari-'ſtotle,

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'ſtotle, Pragmaton Syſtaſis; is it poſſible for the 'mind of man to conceive an idea of ſuch perfect 'unity, and at the ſame time ſo replete with great-'neſs? And here I muſt obſerve, what I do not re-'member to have ſeen noted by any, that Harmot-'ton, that agreement of his action to his ſubject: 'for as the ſubject is anger, how agreeable is his 'action, which is war? from which every incident 'ariſes, and to which every epiſode immediately re-'lates. Thirdly, his manners, which Ariſtotle places 'ſecond in his deſcription of the ſeveral parts of tra-'gedy, and which he ſays are included in the action. 'I am at a loſs whether I ſhould rather admire the 'exactneſs of his judgement in the nice diſtinction, or 'the immenſity of his imagination in their variety. 'For, as to the former of theſe, how accurately is 'the ſedate, injured reſentment of Achilles diſtin-'guiſhed from the hot inſulting paſſion of Agamem-'non! How widely doth the brutal courage of Ajax 'differ from the amiable bravery of Diomedes; and 'the wiſdom of Neſtor, which is the reſult of long 'reflection and experience, from the cunning of 'Ulyſſes, the effect of art and ſubtilty only! If we 'conſider their variety, we may cry out with Ariſtotle 'in his 24th chapter, that no part of this divine poem 'is deſtitute of manners. Indeed, I might affirm, 'that there is ſcarce a character in human nature un-'touched in ſome part or other. And as there is no 'paſſion which he is not able to deſcribe, ſo is there 'none in his reader which he cannot raiſe. If he hath 'any ſuperior excellence to the reſt, I have been in-'clined to fancy it in the pathetic. I am ſure I never 'read with dry eyes the two epiſodes, where Andro-'mache is introduced, in the former lamenting the 'danger, and in the latter the death of Hector. 'The images are ſo extremely tender in theſe, that 'I am convinced the poet had the worthieſt and beſt 'heart imaginable. Nor can I help obſerving how 'Sophocles falls ſhort of the beauties of the original, 'in that imitation of the diſſuaſive ſpeech of Andro 'mache, which he hath put into the mouth of Tec-'meſſa. And yet Sophocles was the greateſt genius

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'who ever wrote tragedy; nor have any of his succeſ-
'ſors in that art, that is to ſay, neither Euripides nor
'Seneca the tragedian, been able to come near him.
'As to his ſentiments and diction, I need ſay no-
'thing; the former are particularly remarkable for
'the utmoſt perfection on that head, namely, pro-
'priety; and as to the latter, Ariſtotle, whom doubt-
'leſs you have read over and over, is very diffuſe. I
'ſhall mention but one thing more, which that great
'critic in his diviſion of tragedy called Opſis, or the
'ſcenery, and which is as proper to the epic as to the
'drama, with this difference, that in the former it
'falls to the ſhare of the poet, and in the latter to
'that of the painter. But did ever painter imagine
'a ſcene like that in the 13th and 14th Iliad?' where
'the reader ſees, at one view, the proſpect of Troy,
'with the army, drawn up before it: the Grecian
'army, camp, and fleet; Jupiter ſitting on mount
'Ida, with his head wrapt in a cloud, and a thunder-
'bolt in his hand, looking towards Thrace; Neptune
'driving through the ſea, which divides on each ſide
'to permit his paſſage, and then ſeating himſelf on
'mount Samos: the heavens opened, and the deities
'all ſeated on their thrones. This is ſublime! This
'is poetry!' Adams then rapt out a hundred Greek
verſes, and with ſuch a voice, emphaſis, and action,
that he almoſt frightened the women; and as for the
gentleman, he was ſo far from entertaining any further
ſuſpicion of Adams, that he now doubted whether he
had not a biſhop in his houſe. He ran into the moſt
extravagant encomiums on his learning; and the
goodneſs of his heart began to dilate to all the ſtran-
gers. He ſaid he had great compaſſion for the poor
young woman, who looked pale and faint with her
journey; and in truth he conceived a much higher
opinion of her quality than it deſerved. He ſaid, he
was ſorry he could not accommodate them all: but if
they were contented with his fireſide, he would ſit up
with the men; and the young woman might, if ſhe
pleaſed, partake his wife's bed, which he adviſed her
to; for that they muſt walk upward of a mile to any
houſe of entertainment, and that not very good nei-
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them Adams, who liked his ſeat, his ale, his tobacco, and his company, perſuaded Fanny to accept this kind propoſal, in which ſolicitation he was ſeconded by Joſeph. Nor was ſhe very difficultly prevailed on; for ſhe had ſlept little the laſt night, and not at all the preceding, ſo that love itſelf was ſcarce able to keep her eyes open any longer. The offer therefore being kindly accepted, the good woman produced every thing eatable in her houſe on the table, and the gueſts being heartily invited, as heartily regaled themſelves, eſpecially Parſon Adams. As to the other two, they were examples of the truth of that phyſical obſervation, that love, like other ſweet things, is no whetter of the ſtomach.

Supper was no ſooner ended, than Fanny, at her own requeſt, retired, and the good woman bore her company. The man of the houſe, Adams, and Joſeph, who would modeſtly have withdrawn, had not the gentleman inſiſted on the contrary, drew round the fireſide, where Adams (to uſe his own words) repleniſhed his pipe, and the gentleman produced a bottle of excellent beer, being the beſt liquor in his houſe.

The modeſt behaviour of Joſeph, with the gracefulneſs of his perſon, the character which Adams gave of him, and the friendſhip he ſeemed to entertain for him, began to work on the gentleman's affections, and raiſed in him a curioſity to know the ſingularity which Adams had mentioned in his hiſtory. This curioſity Adams was no ſooner informed of, than, with Joſeph's conſent, he agreed to gratify it, and accordingly related all he knew, with as much tenderneſs as was poſſible to the character of Lady Booby: and concluded with the long, faithful, and mutual paſſion between him and Fanny, not concealing the meanneſs of her birth and education. Theſe latter circumſtances entirely cured a jealouſy which had lately riſen in the gentleman's mind, that Fanny was the daughter of ſome perſon of faſhion: and that Joſeph had run away with her, and Adams was concerned in the plot. He was now enamoured of his gueſts, drank their healths with great chearfulneſs, and returned many

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many thanks to Adams, who had ſpent much breath; for he was a circumſtantial teller of a ſtory.

Adams told him it was now in his power to return that favour; for his extraordinary goodneſs, as well as that fund of literature he was maſter of *, which he did not expect to find under ſuch a roof, had raiſed in him more curioſity than he had ever known. Therefore, ſaid he, if it be not too troubleſome, Sir, your hiſtory, if you pleaſe.

The gentleman anſwered, he could not refuſe him what he had ſo much right to inſiſt on; and after ſome of the common apologies, which are the uſual preface to a ſtory, he thus began.

CHAP. III.

In which the gentleman relates the hiſtory of his life.

SIR, I am deſcended of a good family, and was born a gentleman. My education was liberal, and at a public ſchool, in which I proceeded ſo far as to become maſter of the Latin, and to be tolerably verſed in the Greek language. My father died when I was ſixteen, and left me maſter of myſelf. He bequeathed me a moderate fortune, which he intended I ſhould not receive till I attained the age of twenty-five: for he conſtantly aſſerted that was full early enough to give up any man entirely to the guidance of his own diſcretion. However, as this intention was ſo obſcurely worded in his will, that the lawyers adviſed

* The author hath by ſome been repreſented to have made a blunder here: for Adams had indeed ſhewn ſome learning, (ſay they) perhaps all the author had; but the gentleman hath ſhewn none, unleſs his approbation of Mr Adams be ſuch: but ſurely it would be prepoſterous in him to call it ſo. I have, however, notwithſtanding this criticiſm, which I am told came from the mouth of a great orator in a public coffee-houſe, left this blunder as it ſtood in the firſt edition. I will not have the vanity to apply to any thing in this work, the obſervation which M. Dacier makes in her preface to her Ariſtophanes: "Je tiens pour une maxime conſtante, qu'une beauté mediocre plait plus generalement qu'une beauté ſans defaut." Mr Congreve hath made ſuch another blunder in his Love for Love, where Tattle tells Miſs Prue, "She ſhould admire him as much for the beauty he commends in her, as if he himſelf was poſſeſſed of it."

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me to conteſt the point with my truſtees; I own I paid ſo little regard to the inclinations of my dead father, which were ſufficiently certain to me, that I followed their advice, and ſoon ſucceeded: for the truſtees did not conteſt the matter very obſtinately on their ſide. 'Sir,' ſaid Adams, 'may I crave the favour of your 'name?' The gentleman anſwered, 'my name was 'Wilſon,' and then proceeded.

I ſtay'd a very little while at ſchool after his death; for, being a forward youth, I was extremely impatient to be in the world: for which I thought my parts, knowledge, and manhood, thoroughly qualified me. And to this early introduction into life, without a guide, I impute all my future misfortunes; for beſides the obvious miſchiefs which attend this, there is one which hath not been ſo generally obſerved. The firſt impreſſion which mankind receives of you, will be very difficult to eradicate. How unhappy, therefore, muſt it be to fix your character in life, before you can poſſibly know its value, or weigh the conſequences of thoſe actions which are to eſtabliſh your future reputation?

A little under ſeventeen I left my ſchool, and went to London, with more than ſix pounds in my pocket. A great ſum as I then conceived; and which I was afterwards ſurpriſed to find ſo ſoon conſumed.

The character I was ambitious of attaining, was that of a fine gentleman; the firſt requiſites to which I apprehended were to be ſupplied by a tailor, a periwig-maker, and ſome few more tradeſmen, who deal in furniſhing out the human body. Notwithſtanding the lowneſs of my purſe, I found credit with them more eaſily than I expected, and was ſoon equipped to my wiſh. This I own then agreeably ſurpriſed me; but I have ſince learned, that it is a maxim among many tradeſmen at the polite end of the town to deal as largely as they can, reckon as high as they can, and arreſt as ſoon as they can.

The next qualifications, namely, dancing, fencing, riding the great horſe, and muſic, came into my head: but as they required expence and time, I com-

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forted myself, with regard to dancing, that I had learned a little in my youth, and could walk a minuet genteely enough; as to fencing, I thought my good-humour would preserve me from the danger of a quarrel; as to the horse, I hoped it would not be thought of; and for music, I imagined I could easily acquire the reputation of it; for I had heard some of my school fellows pretend to knowledge in operas, without being able to sing or play on the fiddle.

Knowledge of the town seemed another ingredient; this I thought I should arrive at by frequenting public places. Accordingly, I paid constant attendance to them all: by which means I was soon master of the fashionable phrases, learned to cry up the fashionable diversions, and knew the names and faces of the most fashionable men and women.

Nothing now seemed to remain but an intrigue, which I was resolved to have immediately; I mean the reputation of it: and indeed I was so successful, that in a very short time I had half a dozen with the finest women in town.

At these words Adams fetched a deep groan, and then, blessing himself, cried out, 'Good Lord! what 'wicked times are these!'

'Not so wicked as you imagine,' continued the gentleman; for I assure you, they were all vestal virgins for any thing that I knew to the contrary. The reputation of intriguing with them was all I sought, and was what I arrived at: and perhaps I only flattered myself even in that; for very probably the persons to whom I shewed their billets, knew as well as I that they were counterfeits, and that I had written them to myself.

'Write letters to yourself!' said Adams, staring.

O Sir, answered the gentleman, it is the very error of the times. Half our modern plays have one of these characters in them. It is incredible the pains I have taken, and the absurd methods I employed to traduce the character of women of distinction. When another had spoken in raptures of any one, I have answered, 'D——n her, the! we shall have her at 'H——d's very soon.' When he hath replied, 'he

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'thought her virtuous,' I have answered, 'Ay, thou 'wilt always think a woman virtuous, till she is in 'the streets; but you and I, Jack or Tom, (turning 'to another in company) know better.' At which I have drawn a paper out of my pocket, perhaps a tailor's bill, and kissed it, crying, at the same time, 'By gad I was once fond of her.'

'Proceed, if you please, but do not swear any 'more,' said Adams.

Sir, said the gentleman, I ask your pardon. Well, Sir, in this course of life I continued full three years. —'What course of life?' answered Adams: 'I do 'not remember you have mentioned any.'—Your remark is just, said the gentleman, smiling, I should rather have said, in this course of doing nothing. I remember some time afterwards I wrote the journal of one day, which would serve, I believe, as well for any other, during the whole time. I will endeavour to repeat it to you.

In the morning I arose, took my great stick, and walked out in my green frock with my hair in papers, (a groan from Adams), and sauntered about till ten.

Went to the auction; told lady—she had a dirty face; laughed heartily at something Captain — said; I can't remember what; for I did not very well hear it: whispered Lord —; bowed to the Duke of —; and was going to bid for a snuff-box; but did not, for fear I should have had it.

From 2 to 4, dressed myself. A groan.
4 to 6, dined. A groan.
6 to 8, coffee-house.
8 to 9, Drury Lane play-house.
9 to 10, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.
10 to 12, Drawing room.
A great groan.

At all which places nothing happened worth remark. At which Adams said, with some vehemence, 'Sir, this is below the life of an animal, hardly above 'vegetation; and I am surprized what could lead a 'man of your sense into it.' What leads us into

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more follies than you imagine, Doctor, answered the gentleman, vanity: for as contemptible a creature as I was, and I assure you, yourself cannot have more contempt for such a wretch than I now have, I then admired myself, and should have despised a person of your present appearance (you will pardon me) with all your learning, and those excellent qualities which I have remarked in you. Adams bowed, and begged him to proceed. After I had continued two years in this course of life, said the gentleman, an accident happened which obliged me to change the scene. As I was one day at St James's coffeehouse, making very free with the character of a young lady of quality, an officer of the guards, who was present, thought proper to give me the lie. I answered, I might possibly be mistaken; but I intended to tell no more than the truth. To which he made no reply, but by a scornful sneer. After this I observed a strange coldness in all my acquaintance; none of them spoke to me first, and very few returned me even the civility of a bow. The company I used to dine with left me out, and within a week I found myself in as much solitude at St James's, as if I had been in a desart. An honest elderly man, with a great hat and long sword, at last told me, he had a compassion for my youth, and therefore advised me to shew the world I was not such a rascal as they thought me to be. I did not at first understand him: but he explained himself, and ended with telling me, if I would write a challenge to the captain, he would, out of pure charity, go to him with it. 'A very charitable 'person truly!' cried Adams. I desired till the next day, continued the gentleman, to consider on it, and retiring to my lodgings, I weighed the consequences on both sides as fairly as I could. On the one, I saw the risk of this alternative, either losing my own life, or having on my hands the blood of a man with whom I was not in the least angry. I soon determined, that the good which appeared on the other, was not worth this hazard. I therefore resolved to quit the scene, and presently retired to the Temple, where I took chambers. Here I soon got a fresh set of

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of acquaintance, who knew nothing of what had happened to me. Indeed they were not greatly to my approbation; for the beaus of the Temple are only the shadows of the others. They are the affectation of affectation. The vanity of these is still more ridiculous, if possible, than of the others. Here I met with smart fellows, who drank with lords they did not know, and intrigued with women they never saw. Covent-Garden was now the farthest stretch of my ambition, where I shone forth in the balconies at the play-houses, visited whores, made love to orange-wenches, and damned plays. This career was soon put a stop to by my surgeon, who convinced me of the necessity of confining myself to my room for a month. At the end of which, having had leisure to reflect, I resolved to quit all further conversation with beaus and smarts of every kind, and to avoid, if possible, any occasion of returning to this place of confinement. 'I think,' says Adams, 'the advice of a month's 'retirement and reflection was very proper; but I 'should rather have expected it from a divine than a 'surgeon.' The gentleman smiled at Adams's simplicity, and without explaining himself farther on such an odious subject, went on thus: I was no sooner perfectly restored to health, than I found my passion for women, which I was afraid to satisfy as I had done, made me very uneasy; I determined therefore to keep a mistress. Nor was I long before I fixed my choice on a young woman, who had before been kept by two gentlemen, and to whom I was recommended by a celebrated bawd. I took her home to my chambers, and made her a settlement during cohabitation. This perhaps would have been very ill paid; however, she did not suffer me to be perplexed on that account; for before quarter-day, I found her at my chambers in too familiar conversation with a young fellow who was dressed like an officer, but was indeed a city-apprentice. Instead of excusing her inconstancy, she rapped out half a dozen of oaths, and, snapping her fingers at me, swore she scorned to confine herself to the best man in England. Upon this we parted, and the same bawd presently provided her an-

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other keeper. I was not so much concerned at our separation, as I found within a day or two I had reason to be for our meeting; for I was obliged to pay a second visit to my surgeon. I was now forced to do penance for some weeks, during which time I contracted an acquaintance with a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a gentleman, who, after having been forty years in the army, and in all the campaigns under the Duke of Marlborough, died a lieutenant on half-pay; and had left a widow with this only child, in very distressed circumstances; they had only a small pension from the government, with that little the daughter could add to it by her work; for she had great excellence at her needle. This girl was, at my first acquaintance with her, solicited in marriage by a young fellow in good circumstances. He was apprentice to a linen-draper, and had a little fortune sufficient to set up his trade. The mother was greatly pleased with this match, as indeed she had sufficient reason. However, I soon prevented it. I represented him in so low a light to his mistress, and made so good an use of flattery, promises, and presents, that, not to dwell longer on this subject than is necessary, I prevailed with the poor girl, and conveyed her away from her mother! In a word, I debauched her—— (At which words Adams started up, fetched three strides across the room, and then replaced himself in his chair.) You are not more affected with this part of my story than myself: I assure you it will never be sufficiently repented of in my own opinion; but if you already detest it, how much more will your indignation be raised when you hear the fatal consequences of this barbarous, this villainous action! If you please, therefore, I will here desist——' By no means,' cries Adams, 'go on, I beseech you; 'and Heaven grant you may sincerely repent of this 'and many other things you have related.'—— I was now, continued the gentleman, as happy as the possession of a fine young creature, who had a good education, and was endued with many agreeable qualities, could make me. We lived some months with vast fondness together, without any company or conversation

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verſation more than we found in one another; but this could not continue always; and though I ſtill preſerved a great affection for her, I began more and more to want the relief of other company, and conſequently to leave her by degrees, at laſt, whole days to herſelf. She failed not to teſtify ſome uneaſineſs on theſe occaſions, and complained of the melancholy life ſhe led; to remedy which, I introduced her into the acquaintance of ſome other kept miſtreſſes, with whom ſhe uſed to play at cards, and frequent plays and other diverſions. She had not lived long in this intimacy, before I perceived a viſible alteration in her behaviour; all her modeſty and innocence vaniſhed by degrees, till her mind became thoroughly tainted. She affected the company of rakes, gave herſelf all manner of airs, was never eaſy but abroad, or when ſhe had a party at my chambers. She was rapacious of money, extravagant to exceſs, looſe in her converſation; and if I ever demurred to any of her demands, oaths, tears, and fits, were the immediate conſequences. As the firſt raptures of fondneſs were long ſince over, this behaviour ſoon eſtranged my affections from her; I began to reflect with pleaſure that ſhe was not my wife, and to conceive an intention of parting with her; of which having given her a hint, ſhe took care to prevent me the pains of turning her out of doors, and accordingly departed herſelf, having firſt broke open my eſcrutore, and taken with her all ſhe could find, to the amount of about 200 l. In the firſt heat of my reſentment, I reſolved to purſue her with all the vengeance of the law: but as ſhe had the good luck to eſcape me during that ferment, my paſſion afterwards cooled; and having reflected that I had been the firſt aggreſſor, and had done her an injury, for which I could make her no reparation, by robbing her of the innocence of her mind, and hearing at the ſame time that the poor old woman her mother had broke her heart on her daughter's elopement from her, I, concluding myſelf her murderer, ('As you very well might,' cries Adams, with a groan;) was pleaſed, that God Almighty had taken this method of puniſhing me, and reſolved quietly to

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ſubmit to the loſs. Indeed I could wiſh I had never heard more of the poor creature, who became in the end an abandoned profligate; and after being ſome years a common proſtitute, at laſt ended her miſerable life in Newgate.——Here the gentleman fetched a deep ſigh, which Mr Adams echoed very loudly; and both continued ſilent, looking on each other for ſome minutes. At laſt the gentleman proceeded thus: I had been perfectly conſtant to this girl during the whole time I kept her: but ſhe had ſcarce departed before I diſcovered more marks of her infidelity to me than the loſs of my money. In ſhort, I was forced to make a third viſit to my ſurgeon, out of whoſe hands I did not get a haſty diſcharge.

I now foreſwore all future dealings with the ſex, complained loudly that the pleaſure did not compenſate the pain, and railed at the beautiful creatures, in as groſs language as Juvenal himſelf formerly reviled them in. I looked on all the town-harlots with a deteſtation not eaſy to be conceived; their perſons appeared to me as painted palaces, inhabited by diſeaſe and death; nor could their beauty make them more deſirable objects in my eyes, than gilding could make me covet a pill, or golden plates a coffin. But tho' I was no longer the abſolute ſlave, I found ſome reaſons to own myſelf ſtill the ſubject of love. My hatred for women decreaſed daily; and I am not poſitive but time might have betrayed me again to ſome common harlot; had I not been ſecured by a paſſion for the charming Sapphira, which having once entered upon, made a violent progreſs in my heart. Sapphira was wife to a man of faſhion and gallantry, and one who ſeemed, I own, every way worthy of her affections, which however he had not the reputation of having. She was indeed a coquette *achevée*. 'Pray, 'Sir,' ſays Adams, 'what is a coquette? I have met 'with the word in French authors, but never could 'aſſign any idea to it. I believe it is the ſame with '*une ſotte*, angelicè, a fool,' Sir, anſwered the gentleman, perhaps you are not much miſtaken: but as it is a particular kind of folly, I will endeavour to deſcribe it. Were all creatures to be ranked in the order

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der of creation, according to their uſefulneſs, I know few animals that would not take place of a coquette; nor indeed hath this creature much pretence to any thing beyond inſtinct: for though ſometimes we might imagine it was animated by the paſſion of vanity, yet far the greater part of its actions fall beneath even that low motive; for inſtance, ſeveral abſurd geſtures and tricks, infinitely more fooliſh than what can be obſerved in the moſt ridiculous birds and beaſts, and which would perſuade the beholder, that the ſilly wretch was aiming at our contempt. Indeed its characteriſtic is affectation, and this led and governed by whim only: for as beauty, wiſdom, wit, good-nature, politeneſs, and health, are ſometimes affected by this creature; ſo are uglineſs, folly, nonſenſe, ill-nature, ill-breeding and ſickneſs, likewiſe put on by it in their turn. Its life is one conſtant lye, and the only rule by which you can form any judgment of them is that they are never what they ſeem. If it was poſſible for a coquette to love (as it is not, for if ever it attains this paſſion, the coquette ceaſes inſtantly) it would wear the face of indifference, if not of hatred, to the beloved object; you may therefore be aſſured, when they endeavour to perſuade you of their liking, that they are indifferent to you at leaſt. And indeed this was the caſe of my Sapphira, who no ſooner ſaw me in the number of her admirers, than ſhe gave me what is commonly called encouragement; ſhe would often look at me, and, when ſhe perceived me meet her eyes, would inſtantly take them off, diſcovering at the ſame time as much ſurpriſe and emotion as poſſible. Theſe arts failed not of the ſucceſs ſhe intended; and as I grew more particular to her than the reſt of her admirers, ſhe advanced in proportion, more directly to me than to the others. She affected the low voice, whiſper, liſp, ſigh, ſtart, laugh, and many other indications of paſſion, which daily deceive thouſands. When I played at whiſt with her, ſhe would look earneſtly at me, and at the ſame time loſe deal or revoke; then burſt into a ridiculous laugh, and cry, 'La! I can't imagine what I was 'thinking of.' To detain you no longer, after I had

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had gone through a ſufficient courſe of gallantry, as I thought, and was thoroughly convinced I had raiſed a violent paſſion in my miſtreſs; I ſought an opportunity of coming to an eclairciſſement with her. She avoided this as much as poſſible; however, great aſſiduity at length preſented me one. I will not deſcribe all the particulars of this interview: let it ſuffice, that till ſhe could no longer pretend not to ſee my drift, ſhe firſt affected a violent ſurpriſe, and immediately after as violent a paſſion: ſhe wondered what I had ſeen in her conduct, which could induce me to affront her in this manner: and breaking from me the firſt moment ſhe could, told me, I had no other way to eſcape the conſequence of her reſentment, than by never ſeeing, or at leaſt ſpeaking to her more. I was not contented with this anſwer; I ſtill purſued her, but to no purpoſe, and was at length convinced that her huſband had the ſole poſſeſſion of her perſon, and that neither he nor any other had made any impreſſion on her heart. I was taken off from following this *ignis fatuus* by ſome advances which were made me by the wife of a citizen, who, though neither very young nor handſome, was yet too agreeable to be rejected by my amorous conſtitution. I accordingly ſoon ſatisfied her, that ſhe had not caſt away her hints on a barren or cold ſoil: on the contrary, they inſtantly produced her an eager and deſiring lover. Nor did ſhe give me any reaſon to complain; ſhe met the warmth ſhe had raiſed, with equal ardour. I had no longer a coquette to deal with, but one who was wiſer than to proſtitute the noble paſſion of love to the ridiculous luſt of vanity. We preſently underſtood one another; and as the pleaſures we ſought lay in a mutual gratification, we ſoon found and enjoyed them. I thought myſelf at firſt greatly happy in the poſſeſſion of this new miſtreſs, whoſe fondneſs would have quickly ſurfeited a more ſickly appetite; but it had a different effect on mine; ſhe carried my paſſion higher by it than youth or beauty had been able: but my happineſs could not long continue uninterrupted. The apprehenſions we lay under from the jealouſy of her huſband,

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band, gave us great uneaſineſs, 'Poor wretch! I 'pity him,' cried Adams. He did indeed deſerve it, ſaid the gentleman; for he loved his wife with great tenderneſs; and I aſſure you it is a great ſatiſfaction to me that I was not the man who firſt ſeduced her affections from him. These apprehenſions appeared alſo too well-grounded; for in the end he diſcovered us, and procured witneſſes of our careſſes. He then proſecuted me at law, and recovered 3000 l. damages, which much diſtreſſed my fortune to pay; and what was worſe, his wife being divorced, came upon my hands. I led a very uneaſy life with her; for beſides that my paſſion was now much abated, her exceſſive jealouſy was very troubleſome. At length death rid me of an inconvenience, which the conſideration of my having been the author of her miſfortunes would never ſuffer me to take any other method of diſcarding.

I now bade adieu to love, and reſolved to purſue other leſs dangerous and expenſive pleaſures. I fell into the acquaintance of a ſet of jolly companions, who ſlept all day, and drank all night: fellows who might rather be ſaid to conſume time than to live. Their beſt converſation was nothing but noiſe: ſinging, hollowing, wrangling, drinking, toaſting, ſp—wing, ſmoaking, were the chief ingredients of our entertainment. And yet, bad as they were, they were more tolerable than our graver ſcenes, which were either exceſſive tedious narratives of dull common matters of fact, or hot diſputes about trifling matters, which commonly ended in a wager. This way of life the firſt ſerious reflection put a period to; and I became member of a club frequented by young men of great abilities. The bottle was now only called in to the aſſiſtance of our converſation, which rolled on the deepeſt points of philoſophy. Theſe gentlemen were engaged in a ſearch after truth, in the purſuit of which they threw aſide all the prejudices of education, and governed themſelves only by the infallible guide of human reaſon. This great guide, after having ſhewn them the falſehood of that very ancient, but ſimple tenet, that there is ſuch a being

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as a Deity in the univerſe, helped them to eſtabliſh, in his ſtead, a certain rule of right, by adhering to which they all arrived at the utmoſt purity of morals. Reflection made me as much delighted with this ſociety, as it had taught me to deſpiſe and deteſt the former. I began now to eſteem myſelf a being of a higher order than I had ever before conceived, and was the more charmed with this rule of right, as I really found in my own nature nothing repugnant to it. I held in utter contempt all perſons who wanted any other inducement to virtue beſides her intrinſic beauty and excellence; and had ſo high an opinion of my preſent companions, with regard to their morality, that I would have truſted them with whatever was neareſt and deareſt to me. Whilſt I was engaged in this delightful dream, two or three accidents happened ſucceſſively, which at firſt much ſurpriſed me. For, one of our greateſt philoſophers or rule of right-men, withdrew himſelf from us, taking with him the wife of one of his moſt intimate friends. Secondly, another of the ſame ſociety left the club without remembering to take leave of his bail. A third having borrowed a ſum of money of me, for which I received no ſecurity, when I aſked him to repay it, abſolutely denied the loan. Theſe ſeveral practices, ſo inconſiſtent with our golden rule, made me begin to ſuſpect its infallibility; but when I communicated my thoughts to one of the club, he ſaid, There was nothing abſolutely good or evil in itſelf; that actions were denominated good or bad by the circumſtances of the agent. That poſſibly the man who ran away with his neighbour's wife, might be one of very good inclinations, but over-prevailed on by the violence of an unruly paſſion, and, in other particulars, might be a very worthy member of ſociety: that if the beauty of any woman created in him an uneaſineſs, he had a right from nature to relieve himſelf; with many other things, which I then deteſted ſo much, that I took leave of the ſociety that very evening, and never returned to it again. Being now reduced to a ſtate of ſolitude which I did not like, I became a great frequenter of the play-

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play-houſes, which indeed was always my favourite diverſion, and moſt evenings paſſed away two or three hours behind the ſcenes, where I met with ſeveral poets, with whom I made engagements at the taverns. Some of the players were likewiſe of our parties. At theſe meetings we were generally entertained by the poets with reading their performances, and by the players with repeating their parts: upon which occaſions, I obſerved the gentleman who furniſhed our entertainment, was commonly the beſt pleaſed of the company; who, though they were pretty civil to him to his face, ſeldom failed to take the firſt opportunity of his abſence to ridicule him. Now I made ſome remarks, which probably are too obvious to be worth relating. 'Sir,' ſays Adams, 'your remarks, if you pleaſe.' Firſt then, ſays he, I concluded that the general obſervation, that wits are moſt inclined to vanity, is not true. Men are equally vain of riches, ſtrength, ceauty, honours, &c. But theſe appear of themſelves to the eyes of the beholders, whereas the poor wit is obliged to produce his performance, to ſhew you his perfection; and on his readineſs to do this, that vulgar opinion I have before mentioned is grounded: but doth not the perſon who expends vaſt ſums in the furniture of his houſe, or the ornaments of his perſon, who conſumes much time, and employs great pains in dreſſing himſelf, or who thinks himſelf paid for ſelf-denial, labour, or even villainy, by a title or a ribbon, ſacrifice as much to vanity, as the poor wit, who is deſirous to read you his poem or his play? My ſecond remark was, that vanity is the worſt of paſſions, and more apt to contaminate the mind than any other: for as ſelfiſhneſs is much more general than we pleaſe to allow it, ſo it is natural to hate and envy thoſe who ſtand between us and the good we deſire. Now, in luſt and ambition theſe are few; and even in avarice we find many who are no obſtacles to our purſuits; but the vain man ſeeks pre-eminence; and every thing which is excellent and praiſe-worthy in another, renders him the mark of his antipathy. Adams now began to fumble in his pockets, and ſoon cried out, 'O la! I 'have

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'have it not about me.'—Upon this the gentleman aſking him what he was ſearching for; he ſaid, he ſearched after a ſermon, which he thought his maſter-piece, againſt vanity. 'Fy upon it, fy upon it,' cries he, 'why do I ever leave that ſermon out of my pocket? 'I wiſh it was within five miles, I would willingly 'fetch it to read it to you.' The gentleman anſwered, that there was no need, for he was cured of that paſſion. 'And for that very reaſon,' quoth Adams, 'I would 'read it, for I am confident you would admire it. 'Indeed I have never been a greater enemy to any 'paſſion than that ſilly one of vanity.' The gentleman ſmiled, and proceeded——From this ſociety I eaſily paſſed to that of the gameſters, where nothing remarkable happened, but the finiſhing of my fortune, which thoſe gentlemen ſoon helped me to the end of. This opened ſcenes of life hitherto unknown; poverty and diſtreſs, with their horrid train of duns, attorneys, bailiffs, haunted me day and night. My clothes grew ſhabby, my credit bad, my friends and acquaintance of all kinds cold. In this ſituation, the ſtrangeſt thought imaginable came into my head, and what was this, but to write a play? for I had ſufficient leiſure; fear of bailiffs confined me every day to my room; and having always had a little inclination, and ſomething of a genius that way, I ſet myſelf to work, and within a few months produced a piece of five acts, which was accepted of at the theatre. I remembered to have formerly taken tickets of other poets for their benefits, long before the appearance of their performances; and reſolving to follow a precedent which was ſo well ſuited to my preſent circumſtances, I immediately provided myſelf with a large number of little papers. Happy indeed would be the ſtate of poetry, would theſe tickets paſs current at the bakehouſe, the alehouſe, and the chandler's ſhop: but alas! far otherwiſe; no taylor would take them in payment for buckram, canvas, ſtay-tape; nor no bailiff for civility-money. They are indeed no more than a paſſport to beg with, a certificate that the owner wants five ſhillings, which induces well-diſpoſed Chriſtians to charity. I now

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experienced what is worſe than poverty, or rather what is the worſt conſequence of poverty; I mean attendance and dependance on the great. Many a morning have I waited hours in the cold parlours of men of quality, where, after ſeeing the loweſt raſcals in lace and embroidery, the pimps and buffoons in faſhion admitted, I have been ſometimes told, on ſending in my name, that my Lord could not poſſibly ſee me this morning: a ſufficient aſſurance that I ſhould never more get entrance into that houſe. Sometimes I have been at laſt admitted; and the great man hath thought proper to excuſe himſelf, by telling me he was tied up. 'Tied up,' ſays Adams, 'pray, what's that?' Sir, ſays the gentleman, the profit which bookſellers allowed authors for the beſt works, was ſo very ſmall, that certain men of birth and fortune ſome years ago, who were the patrons of wit and learning, thought fit to encourage them farther, by entering into voluntary ſubſcriptions for their encouragement. Thus Prior, Rowe, Pope, and ſome other men of genius, received large ſums for their labours from the public. This ſeemed ſo eaſy a method of getting money, that many of the loweſt ſcribblers of the times ventured to publiſh their works in the ſame way; and many had the aſſurance to take in ſubſcriptions for what was not writ, nor ever intended. Subſcriptions in this manner growing infinite, and a kind of tax on the public; ſome perſons finding it not ſo eaſy a taſk to diſcern good from bad authors, or to know what genius was worthy encouragement, and what was not, to prevent the expence of ſubſcribing to ſo many, invented a method to excuſe themſelves from all ſubſcriptions whatever; and this was to receive a ſmall ſum of money in conſideration of giving a large one if ever they ſubſcribed; which many have done, and many more have pretended to have done, in order to ſilence all ſolicitation. The ſame method was likewiſe taken with playhouſe tickets, which were no leſs a public grievance; and this is what they call being tied up from ſubſcribing. 'I can't ſay but the term is apt 'enough, and ſomewhat typical,' ſaid Adams; 'for

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'a man of large fortune, who ties himself up, as you 'call it, from the encouragement of men of merit, 'ought to be tied up in reality.' Well, Sir, says the gentleman, to return to my story. Sometimes I have received a guinea from a man of quality, given with as ill a grace as alms are generally to the meaneſt beggar, and purchaſed too with as much time ſpent in attendance, as, if it had been ſpent in honeſt induſtry, might have brought me more profit with infinitely more ſatisfaction. After about two months ſpent in this diſagreeable way with the utmoſt mortification, when I was pluming my hopes on the proſpect of a plentiful harveſt from my play, upon applying to the prompter to know when it came into rehearſal, he informed me he had received orders from the managers to return me the play again; for that they could not poſſibly act it that ſeaſon; but if I would take it and reviſe it againſt the next, they would be glad to ſee it again. I ſnatched it from him with great indignation, and retired to my room, where I threw myſelf on the bed in a fit of deſpair—— 'You ſhould rather have thrown yourſelf on your 'knees,' ſays Adams; 'for deſpair is ſinful.' As ſoon, continued the gentleman, as I had indulged the firſt tumult of my paſſion, I began to conſider coolly what courſe I ſhould take, in a ſituation without friends, money, credit, or reputation of any kind. After revolving many things in my mind, I could ſee no other poſſibility of furniſhing myſelf with the miſerable neceſſaries of life than to retire to a garret near the Temple, and commence hackney-writer to the lawyers; for which I was well qualified, being an excellent penman. This purpoſe I reſolved on, and immediately put it in execution. I had an acquaintance with an attorney who had formerly tranſacted affairs for me, and to him I applied: but inſtead of furniſhing me with any buſineſs, he laughed at my undertaking, and told me, He was afraid I ſhould turn his deeds into plays, and he ſhould expect to ſee them on the ſtage. Not to tire you with inſtances of this kind from others, I found that Plato himſelf did not hold poets in greater abhorrence than

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than these men of business do. Whenever I durst venture to a coffeehouse, which was on Sundays only, a whisper ran round the room, which was constantly attended with a sneer—That's Poet Wilson: for I know not whether you have observed it, but there is a malignity in the nature of man, which, when not weeded out, or at least covered by a good education and politeness, delights in making another uneasy or dissatisfied with himself. This abundantly appears in all assemblies, except those which are filled by people of fashion, and especially among the younger people of both sexes, whose births and fortunes place them just without the polite circles; I mean the lower class of the gentry, and the higher of the mercantile world, who are, in reality, the worst bred part of mankind. Well, Sir, whilst I continued in this miserable state, with scarce sufficient business to keep me from starving, the reputation of a poet being my bane, I accidentally became acquainted with a bookseller, who told me, It was a pity a man of my learning and genius should be obliged to such a method of getting his livelihood; that he had a compassion for me, and if I would engage with him, he would undertake to provide handsomely for me. A man in my circumstances, as he very well knew, had no choice. I accordingly accepted his proposal with his conditions, which were none of the most favourable, and fell to translating with all my might. I had no longer reason to lament the want of business; for he furnished me with so much, that in half a-year I almost writ myself blind. I likewise contracted a distemper by my sedentary life, in which no part of my body was exercised but my right arm, which rendered me incapable of writing for a long time. This unluckily happened to delay the publication of a work, and my last performance not having sold well, the bookseller declined any further engagement, and aspersed me to his brethren as a careless, idle fellow. I had, however, by having half-worked and half-starved myself to death, during the time I was in his service, saved a few guineas, with which I bought a lottery-ticket, resolving to throw myself

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into Fortune's lap, and try if she would make me amends for the injuries she had done me at the gaming-table. This purchase being made, left me almost pennyless; when, as if I had not been sufficiently miserable, a bailiff in woman's clothes got admittance to my chamber, whither he was directed by the bookseller. He arrested me at my tailor's suit for thirty-five pounds; a sum for which I could not procure bail, and was therefore conveyed to his house, where I was locked up in an upper chamber. I had now neither health (for I was scarce recovered from my indisposition) liberty, money, or friends; and had abandoned all hopes, and even the desire of life. 'But this could not last long,' said Adams; 'for 'doubtless the tailor released you the moment he was 'truly acquainted with your affairs, and knew that 'your circumstances would not permit you to pay 'him.' Oh, Sir, answered the gentleman, he knew that before he arrested me; nay, he knew that nothing but incapacity could prevent me paying my debts; for I had been his customer many years, had spent vast sums of money with him, and had always paid most punctually in my prosperous days: but when I reminded him of this, with assurances, that, if he would not molest my endeavours, I would pay him all the money I could by my utmost labour and industry procure, reserving only what was sufficient to preserve me alive; he answered, his patience was worn out; that I had put him off from time to time; that he wanted the money; that he had put it into a lawyer's hands; and if I did not pay him immediately, or find security, I must ly in goal, and expect no mercy. 'He may expect mercy,' cries Adams, starting from his chair, 'where he will find none. 'How can such a wretch repeat the Lord's prayer, 'where the word, which is translated, I know not 'for what reason, Trespasses, is in the original 'Debts? and as surely as we do not forgive others 'their debts when they are unable to pay them; so 'surely shall we ourselves be unforgiven, when we 'are in no condition of paying.' He ceased, and the gentleman proceeded. While I was in this deplorable

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plorable ſituation, a former acquaintance, to whom I had communicated my lottery-ticket, found me out, and, making me a viſit, with great delight in his countenance, ſhook me heartily by the hand, and wiſhed me joy of my good fortune: 'For,' ſays he, 'your ticket is come up a prize of 3000 l.' Adams ſnapt his fingers at theſe words in an ecſtaſy of joy; which, however, did not continue long: for the gentleman thus proceeded. Alas! Sir, this was only a trick of fortune to ſink me the deeper: for I had diſpoſed of this lottery-ticket two days before to a relation, who refuſed lending me a ſhilling without it, in order to procure myſelf bread. As ſoon as my friend was acquainted with my unfortunate ſale, he began to revile me, and remind me of the ill conduct and miſcarriages of my life. He ſaid, 'I 'was one whom Fortune could not ſave, if ſhe would; 'that I was now ruined beyond any hopes of retrie-'val, nor muſt expect any pity from my friends; 'that it would be extreme weakneſs to compaſſionate 'the misfortunes of a man who ran headlong to his 'own deſtruction.' He then painted to me, in as lively colours as he was able, the happineſs I ſhould have now enjoyed, had I not fooliſhly diſpoſed of my ticket. I urged the plea of neceſſity: but he made no anſwer to that, and began again to revile me, till I could bear it no longer, and deſired him to finiſh his viſit. I ſoon exchanged the bailiff's houſe for a priſon; where, as I had not money ſufficient to procure me a ſeparate apartment, I was crowded in with a great number of miſerable wretches, in common with whom I was deſtitute of every convenience of life, even that which all the brutes enjoy, wholeſome air. In theſe dreadful circumſtances I applied by letter to ſeveral of my old acquaintance, and ſuch to whom I had formerly lent money without any great proſpect of its being returned, for their aſſiſtance; but in vain. An excuſe inſtead of a denial was the gentleſt anſwer I received.———Whilſt I languiſhed in a condition too horrible to be deſcribed, and which in a land of humanity, and what is much more, Chriſtianity, ſeems a ſtrange puniſhment for a little

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inadvertency and indiſcretion; whilſt I was in this condition, a fellow came into the priſon, and inquiring me out, delivered me the following letter:

"SIR,

"My father, to whom you ſold your ticket in the "laſt lottery, died the ſame day in which it came "up a prize, as you have poſſibly heard, and left "me ſole heireſs of all his fortune. I am ſo much "touched with your preſent circumſtances, and the "uneaſineſs you muſt feel at having being driven to "diſpoſe of what might have made you happy, that "I muſt deſire your acceptance of the incloſed, and "am,

"Your humble ſervant,

"HARRIET HEARTY."

And what do you think was incloſed? 'I don't 'know,' cried Adams; 'not leſs than a guinea, I 'hope.'—Sir, it was a bank-note for 200l. —'200l.' cried Adams, in a rapture!—No leſs, I aſſure you, anſwered the gentleman: a ſum I was not half ſo delighted with, as with the dear name of the generous girl that ſent it me: and who was not only the beſt, but the handſomeſt creature in the univerſe; and for whom I had long had a paſſion, which I never durſt diſcloſe to her. I kiſſed her name a thouſand times, my eyes overflowing with tenderneſs and gratitude, I repeated —But not to detain you with theſe raptures, I immediately acquired my liberty, and having paid all my debts departed, with upwards of fifty pounds in my pocket, to thank my kind deliverer. She happened to be then out of town, a circumſtance which, upon reflection, pleaſed me; for by that means I had an opportunity to appear before her in a more decent dreſs. At her return to town within a day or two, I threw myſelf at her feet with the moſt ardent acknowledgments, which ſhe rejected with an unfeigned greatneſs of mind, and told me, I could not oblige her more than by never mentioning, or, if poſſible, thinking on a circumſtance which muſt bring to my mind an accident that might be grievous to me to think on.

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She proceeded thus: 'What I have done is in my 'own eyes a trifle, and perhaps, infinitely leſs than 'would have become me to do. And if you think of 'engaging in any buſineſs, where a larger ſum may 'be ſerviceable to you, I ſhall not be over rigid, either 'as to the ſecurity or intereſt.' I endeavoured to expreſs all the gratitude in my power to this profuſion of goodneſs, tho' perhaps it was my enemy, and began to afflict my mind with more agonies than all the miſeries I had underwent; it affected me with ſeverer reflections than poverty, diſtreſs, and priſons united, had been able to make me feel: for, Sir. theſe acts and profeſſions of kindneſs, which were ſufficient to have raiſed in a good heart the moſt violent paſſion of friendſhip to one of the ſame, or to age and uglineſs in a different ſex, came to me from a woman, a young and beautiful woman, one whoſe perfections I had long known; and for whom I had long conceived a violent paſſion, though with a deſpair, which made me endeavour rather to curb and conceal, than to nouriſh or acquaint her with it. In ſhort, they came upon me united with beauty, ſoftneſs, and tenderneſs, ſuch bewitching ſmiles—O Mr Adams! in that moment I loſt myſelf, and forgetting our different ſituations, nor conſidering what return I was making to her goodneſs by deſiring her, who had given me ſo much, to beſtow her all, I laid gently hold on her hand, and, conveying it to my lips, I preſs'd it with inconceiveable ardour; then, lifting up my ſwimming eyes, I ſaw her face and neck overſpread with one bluſh; ſhe offered to withdraw her hand, yet not ſo as to deliver it from mine, though I held it with the gentleſt force. We both ſtood trembling, her eyes caſt on the ground, and mine ſtedfaſtly fixed on her. Good GOD, what was then the condition of my ſoul! burning with love, deſire, admiration, gratitude, and every tender paſſion, all bent on one charming object. Paſſion at laſt got the better of both reaſon and reſpect, and ſoftly letting go her hand, I offered madly to claſp her in my arms; when a little recovering herſelf, ſhe ſtarted from me, aſking me, with ſome ſhew of anger, If ſhe had any reaſon to expect this treatment

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treatment from me. I then fell proſtrate before her, and told her, if I had offended, my life was abſolutely in her power, which I would in any manner loſe for her ſake. 'Nay, Madam,' ſaid I, 'you ſhall 'not be ſo ready to puniſh me, as I to ſuffer. I own 'my guilt. I deteſt the reflection that I would have 'ſacrificed your happineſs to mine. Believe me, I 'ſincerely repent my ingratitude; yet, believe me 'too, it was my paſſion, my unbounded paſſion for 'you, which hurried me ſo far; I have loved you 'long and tenderly; and the goodneſs you have ſhewn 'me hath innocently weighed down a wretch undone 'before. Acquit me of all mean and mercenary views; 'and, before I take my leave of you for ever, which 'I am reſolved inſtantly to do, believe me, that fortune could have raiſed me to no height to which I 'could not have gladly lifted you. O curſt be fortune!'—'Do not,' ſays ſhe, interrupting me with the ſweeteſt voice, 'do not curſe fortune, ſince ſhe 'hath made me happy; and if ſhe hath put your 'happineſs in my power, I have told you, you ſhall 'aſk nothing in reaſon which I will refuſe.' 'Madam,' ſaid I, 'you miſtake me if you imagine, as 'you ſeem, my happineſs is in the power of fortune 'now. You have obliged me too much already; if 'I have any wiſh, it is for ſome bleſt accident, by 'which I may contribute with my life to the leaſt 'augmentation of your felicity. As for myſelf, the 'only happineſs I can ever have, will be hearing of 'yours; and if fortune would make that complete, I 'will forgive all her wrongs to me.' 'You may 'indeed,' anſwered ſhe ſmiling, 'for your own happineſs muſt be included in mine. I have long 'known your worth; nay, I muſt confeſs,' ſaid ſhe bluſhing, 'I have long diſcovered that paſſion for me 'you profeſs, notwithſtanding thoſe endeavours, 'which I am convinced were unaffected, to conceal it: 'and if all I can give with reaſon will not ſuffice,—'take reaſon away,—and now I believe you cannot 'aſk me what I will deny.'—She uttered theſe words with a ſweetneſs not to be imagined. I immediately ſtarted; my blood, which lay freezing at my heart, ruſhed

rushed tumultuously through every vein. I stood for a moment silent; then flying to her, I caught her in my arms, no longer resisting,—and softly told her, she must give me then herself.——O, Sir,—Can I describe her look? She remained silent, and almost motionless several minutes. At last recovering herself a little, she insisted on my leaving her, and in such a manner, that I instantly obeyed: you may imagine, however, I soon saw her again.—But I ask pardon, I fear I have detained you too long in relating the particulars of the former interview. 'So far 'otherwise,' said Adams, licking his lips, 'that I 'could willingly hear it over again.' Well, Sir, continued the gentleman, to be as concise as possible, within a week she consented to make me the happiest of mankind. We were married shortly after; and when I came to examine the circumstances of my wife's fortune, (which I do assure you I was not presently at leisure enough to do) I found it amounted to about six thousand pounds, most part of which lay in effects; for her father had been a wine-merchant, and she seemed willing, if I liked it, that I should carry on the same trade. I readily, and too inconsiderately, undertook it: for, not having been bred up to the secrets of the business, and endeavouring to deal with the utmost honesty and uprightness, I soon found our fortune in a declining way, and my trade decreasing by little and little: for my wines, which I never adulterated after their importation, and were sold as neat as they came over, were universally decried by the vintners, to whom I could not allow them quite as cheap as those who gained double the profit by a less price. I soon began to despair of improving our fortune by these means; nor was I at all easy at the visits and familiarity of many who had been my acquaintance in my prosperity, but denied and shunned me in my adversity, and now very forwardly renewed their acquaintance with me. In short, I had sufficiently seen, that the pleasures of the world are chiefly folly, and the business of it mostly knavery; and both, nothing better than vanity: the men of pleasure tearing one another to pieces, from the

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the emulation of ſpending money, and the men of buſineſs, from envy in getting it. My happineſs conſiſted entirely in my wife, whom I loved with an inexpreſſible fondneſs which was perfectly returned; and my proſpects were no other than to provide for our growing family; for ſhe was now big of her ſecond child: I therefore took an opportunity to aſk her opinion of entering into a retired life, which, after hearing my reaſons, and perceiving my affection for it, ſhe readily embraced. We ſoon put our ſmall fortune, now reduced under three thouſand pounds, into money, with part of which we purchaſed this little place, whither we retired ſoon after her delivery, from a world full of buſtle, noiſe, hatred, envy and ingratitude, to eaſe, quiet, and love. We have here lived almoſt twenty years, with little other converſation than our own, moſt of the neighbourhood taking us for very ſtrange people; the Squire of the pariſh repreſenting me as a madman, and the Parſon as a Preſbyterian; becauſe I will not hunt with the one, nor drink with the other. 'Sir,' ſays Adams, 'Fortune hath, I think, paid you all her debts in 'this ſweet retirement.' Sir, replied the gentleman, I am thankful to the great Author of all things for the bleſſings I here enjoy. I have the beſt of wives, and three pretty children, for whom I have the true tenderneſs of a parent; but no bleſſings are pure in this world. Within three years of my arrival here I loſt my eldeſt ſon. (Here he ſighed bitterly.) 'Sir,' ſays Adams, 'we muſt ſubmit to Providence, and 'conſider death is common to all.' We muſt ſubmit, indeed, anſwered the gentleman; and if he had died, I could have borne the loſs with patience; but alas! Sir, he was ſtolen away from my door by ſome wicked travelling people whom they call Gipſies; nor could I ever with the moſt diligent ſearch recover him. Poor child! he had the ſweeteſt look, the exact picture of his mother; at which ſome tears unwittingly dropped from his eyes, as did likewiſe from thoſe of Adams, who always ſympathiſed with his friends on thoſe occaſions. Thus, Sir, ſaid the gentleman, I have finiſhed my ſtory, in which, if I have been too particular,

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cular, I ask your pardon; and now, if you please, I will fetch you another bottle; which proposal the parson thankfully accepted.

CHAP. IV.

A description of Mr Wilson's way of living. The tragical adventure of the dog, and other grave matters.

THE gentleman returned with the bottle; and Adams and he sat some time silent, when the former started up, and cried, 'No, that won't do.' The gentleman enquired into his meaning; he answered, He had been considering that it was possible the late famous King Theodore might have been that very son whom he had lost; but added, that his age could not answer that imagination. However, says he, GOD disposes all things for the best, and very probably he may be some great man, or duke, and may, one day or other, revisit you in that capacity. The gentleman answered, he should know him amongst ten thousand; for he had a mark on his left breast of a strawberry, which his mother had given him by longing for that fruit.

That beautiful young lady, the Morning, now rose from her bed, and with a countenance blooming with fresh youth and sprightliness, like Miss ——— *, with soft dews hanging on her pouting lips, began to take her early walk over the eastern hills; and presently after, that gallant person the Sun stole softly from his wife's chamber to pay his addresses to her; when the gentleman asked his guest if he would walk forth and survey his little garden, which he readily agreed to, and Joseph at the same time awaking from a sleep in which he had been two hours buried, went with them. No parterres, no fountains, no statues, embellished this little garden. Its only ornament was a short walk, shaded on each side by a filbert-hedge, with a small alcove at one end, whither in hot weather the gentleman and his wife used to retire and divert themselves with their children, who played in the walk before them. But though vanity had no votary in this little spot,

* Whoever the reader pleases.

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ſpot, here was variety of fruit, and every thing uſeful for the kitchen, which was abundantly ſufficient to catch the admiration of Adams, who told the gentleman he had certainly a good gardener. Sir, anſwered he, that gardener is now before you; whatever you ſee here, is the work ſolely of my own hands. Whilſt I am providing neceſſaries for my table, I likewiſe procure myſelf an appetite for them. In fair ſeaſons I ſeldom paſs leſs than ſix hours of the twenty-four in this place, where I am not idle; and by theſe means I am able to preſerve my health ever ſince my arrival here without aſſiſtance from phyſic. Hither I generally repair at the dawn, and exerciſe myſelf, whilſt my wife dreſſes her children, and prepares our breakfaſt: after which we are ſeldom aſunder during the reſidue of the day; for when the weather will not permit them to accompany me here, I am uſually within with them; for I am neither aſhamed of converſing with my wife, nor of playing with my children: to ſay the truth, I do not perceive that inferiority of underſtanding, which the levity of rakes, the dulneſs of men of buſineſs, or the auſterity of the learned would perſuade us of in women. As for my woman, I declare I have found none of my own ſex capable of making juſter obſervations on life, or of delivering them more agreeably; nor do I believe any one poſſeſſed of a faithfuller or braver friend. And as ſure as this friendſhip is ſweetened with more delicacy and tenderneſs, ſo it is confirmed by dearer pledges than can attend the cloſeſt male alliance: for what union can be ſo faſt, as our common intereſt in the fruits of our embraces? Perhaps, Sir, you are not yourſelf a father; if you are not, be aſſured you cannot conceive the delight I have in my little ones. Would you not deſpiſe me, if you ſaw me ſtretched on the ground, and my children playing round me? 'I ſhould reverence the 'ſight,' quoth Adams, 'I myſelf am now the father 'of ſix, and have been of eleven, and I can ſay I never 'ſcourged a child of my own, unleſs as his ſchoolma-'ſter, and then have felt every ſtroke on my own po-'ſteriors. And as to what you ſay concerning women,

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'I have often lamented my own wife did not understand Greek.'—The gentleman smiled, and answered, he would not be apprehended to insinuate that his own had an understanding above the care of her family; on the contrary, says he, my Harriet, I assure you, is a notable housewife, and few gentlemen's house-keepers understand cookery and confectionary better; but these are arts which she hath no great occasion for now: however, the wine you commended so much last night at supper, was of her own making, as is indeed all the liquor in my house, except my beer, which falls to my province. ('And I assure you it is as excellent,' quoth Adams, 'as ever I tasted.') We formerly kept a maid servant, but since my girls have been growing up, she is unwilling to indulge them in idleness; for as the fortunes I shall give them will be very small, we intend not to breed them above the rank they are likely to fill hereafter, nor teach them to despise, or ruin a plain husband. Indeed I could wish a man of my own temper, and a retired life, might fall to their lot; for I have experienced that calm serene happiness which is seated in content, is inconsistent with the hurry and bustle of the world. He was proceeding thus, when the little things, being just risen, ran eagerly towards him, and asked him blessing: they were shy to the strangers: but the eldest acquainted her father, that her mother and the young gentlewoman were up, and that breakfast was ready. They all went in, where the gentleman was surprised at the beauty of Fanny, who had now recovered from her fatigue, and was entirely clean dressed; for the rogues who had taken away her purse had left her her bundle. But if he was so much amazed at the beauty of this young creature, his guests were no less charmed at the tenderness which appeared in the behaviour of the husband and wife to each other, and to their children, and at the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of these to their parents. These instances pleased the well disposed mind of Adams equally with the readiness which they expressed to oblige their guests, and their forwardness to offer them the best of every thing in their house; and what delighted him still more, was an instance or

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two of their charity: for whilſt they were at breakfaſt, the good woman was called forth to aſſiſt her ſick neighbour, which ſhe did with ſome cordials made for the public uſe; and the good man went into his garden at the ſame time, to ſupply another with ſomething which he wanted thence; for they had nothing which thoſe who wanted it were not welcome to. Theſe good people were in the utmoſt chearfulneſs, when they heard the report of a gun; and immediately afterwards a little dog, the favourite of the eldeſt daughter, came limping in all bloody, and laid himſelf at his miſtreſs's feet: the poor girl, who was about eleven years old, burſt into tears at the ſight; and preſently one of the neighbours came in and informed them, that the young ſquire, the ſon of the lord of the manor, had ſhot him as he paſſed by, ſwearing at the ſame time he would proſecute the maſter of him for keeping a ſpaniel; for that he had given notice, he would not ſuffer one in the pariſh. The dog, whom his miſtreſs had taken into her lap, died in a few minutes, licking her hand. She expreſſed great agony at his loſs; and the other children began to cry for their ſiſter's misfortune, nor could Fanny herſelf refrain. Whilſt the father and mother attempted to comfort her, Adams graiped his crabſtick, and would have ſallied out after the ſquire, had not Joſeph with-held him. He could not, however, bridle his tongue—He pronounced the word Raſcal with great emphaſis; ſaid he deſerved to be hanged more than a highwayman, and wiſhed he had the ſcourging him. The mother took the child, lamenting and carrying the dead favourite in her arms, out of the room, when the gentleman ſaid, this was the ſecond time this ſquire had endeavoured to kill the little wretch, and had wounded him ſmartly once before; adding, he could have no motive but ill nature: for the little thing, which was not near as big as one's fiſt, had never been twenty yards from the houſe in the ſix years his daughter had had it. He ſaid he had done nothing to deſerve this uſage: but his father had too great a fortune to contend with: that he was as abſolute as any tyrant in the univerſe, and had killed all the dogs, and taken away all the

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guns in the neighbourhood; and not only that, but he trampled down hedges, and rode over corn and gardens, with no more regard than if they were the highway. 'I wish I could catch him in my garden,' said Adams; 'though I would rather forgive him 'riding through my house than such an ill-natured 'act as this.'

The chearfulness of their conversation being interrupted by this accident, in which the guests could be of no service to their kind entertainer, and as the mother was taken up in administering consolation to the poor girl, whose disposition was too good hastily to forget the sudden loss of her little favourite, which had been fondling with her a few minutes before; and as Joseph and Fanny were impatient to get home and begin those previous ceremonies to their happiness which Adams had insisted on, they now offered to take their leave. The gentleman importuned them much to stay dinner: but when he found their eagerness to depart, he summoned his wife, and accordingly having performed all the usual ceremonies of bows and curt'sies, more pleasant to be seen than to be related, they took their leave, the gentleman and his wife heartily wishing them a good journey, and they as heartily thanking them for their kind entertainment. They then departed, Adams declaring, that this was the manner in which the people had lived in the golden age.

CHAP. V.

A disputation on schools, held on the road between Mr Abraham Adams and Joseph; and a discovery not unwelcome to them both.

OUR travellers having well refreshed themselves at the gentleman's house, Joseph and Fanny with sleep, and Mr Abraham Adams with ale and tobacco, renewed their journey with great alacrity; and, pursuing the road in which they were directed, travelled many miles before they met with any adventure worth relating. In this interval, we shall pre-

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ſent our readers with a very curious diſcourſe, as we apprehend it, concerning public ſchools, which paſſed between Mr Joſeph Andrews and Mr Abraham Adams.

They had not gone far, before Adams calling to Joſeph, aſked him if he had attended to the gentleman's ſtory; he anſwered, 'To all the former part.' 'And don't you think,' ſays he, 'he was a very unhappy man in his youth?' 'A very unhappy man indeed,' anſwered the other. 'Joſeph,' cries Adams, ſcrewing up his mouth, 'I have found it; I have diſcovered the cauſe of all the misfortunes which befel him. A public ſchool, Joſeph, was the cauſe of all the calamities which he afterwards ſuffered. Public ſchools are the nurſeries of all vice and immorality. All the wicked fellows whom I remember at the univerſity were bred at them.——Ah, Lord! I can remember as well as if it was but yeſterday, a knot of them; they called them King's ſcholars, I forget why—very wicked fellows! Joſeph, you may thank the Lord you were not bred at a public ſchool, you would never have preſerved your virtue as you have. The firſt care I always take, is of a boy's morals; I had rather he ſhould be a blockhead than an Atheiſt or a Preſbyterian. What is all the learning of the world compared to his immortal ſoul? What ſhall a man take in exchange for his ſoul! but the maſters of great ſchools trouble themſelves about no ſuch things. I have known a lad of eighteen at the univerſity, who hath not been able to ſay his catechiſm; but for my own part, I always ſcourged a lad ſooner for miſſing that than any other leſſon. Believe me, child, all that gentleman's misfortunes aroſe from his being educated at a public ſchool.'

'It doth not become me,' anſwered Joſeph, 'to diſpute any thing, Sir, with you, eſpecially a matter of this kind; for to be ſure you muſt be allowed by all the world to be the beſt teacher of a ſchool in all our county.' 'Yes, that,' ſays Adams, 'I believe, is granted me; that I may without much vanity pretend to——nay, I believe I may go to the next

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'county too—but *gloriari non eſt meum*.'—'However, 'Sir, as you are pleaſed to bid me ſpeak,' ſays Joſeph, 'you know my late maſter, Sir Thomas Booby, 'was bred at a public ſchool, and he was the fineſt 'gentleman in all the neighbourhood. And I have 'often heard him ſay, if he had a hundred boys he 'would breed them all at the ſame place. It was 'his opinion, and I have often heard him deliver it, 'that a boy taken from a public ſchool, and carried 'into the world, will learn more in one year there, 'than one of a private education will in five. He 'uſed to ſay, the ſchool itſelf initiated him a great 'way, (I remember that was his very expreſſion); for 'great ſchools are little ſocieties, where a boy of any 'obſervation may ſee in epitome what he will after-'wards find in the world at large.' '*Hinc illæ lachry-mæ*; for that very reaſon,' quoth Adams, 'I pre-'fer a private ſchool, where boys may be kept in in-'nocence and ignorance: for, according to that fine 'paſſage in the play of Cato, the only Engliſh tra-'gedy I ever read,

'*If knowledge of the world muſt make men villains,*
'*May Juba ever live in ignorance.*

'Who would not rather preſerve the purity of his 'child, than wiſh him to attain the whole circle of 'arts and ſciences; which, by-the-bye, he may learn 'in the claſſes of a private ſchool? For I would not 'be vain, but I eſteem myſelf to be ſecond to none, '*nulli ſecundum*, in teaching theſe things; ſo that a 'lad may have as much learning in a private as in a 'public education.' 'And, with ſubmiſſion,' anſwered Joſeph, 'he may get as much vice, witneſs 'ſeveral country gentlemen, who were educated 'within five miles of their own houſes, and are as 'wicked as if they had known the world from their 'infancy. I remember when I was in the ſtable, if a 'young horſe was vicious in his nature, no correc-'tion would make him otherwiſe; I take it to be 'equally the ſame among men: if a boy be of a miſ-'chievous wicked inclination, no ſchool, though 'ever ſo private, will ever make him good; on the

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'contrary, if he be of a righteous temper, you may 'truſt him to London, or where-ever elſe you pleaſe; 'he will be in no danger of being corrupted. Be- 'ſides, I have often heard my maſter ſay that the 'diſcipline practiſed in public ſchools was much bet- 'ter than that in private.'—'You talk like a jacka- 'napes,' ſays Adams, 'and ſo did your maſter. Diſ- 'cipline indeed! becauſe one man ſcourges twenty 'or thirty boys more in a morning than another, is 'he therefore a better diſciplinarian? I do preſume 'to confer in this point with all who have taught 'from Chiron's time to this day; and if I was maſ- 'ter of ſix boys only, I would preſerve as good diſci- 'pline among them as the maſter of the greateſt 'ſchool in the world. I ſay nothing, young man; 'remember I ſay nothing; but if Sir Thomas him- 'ſelf had been educated nearer home, and under the 'tuition of ſomebody, remember I name nobody, it 'might have been better for him—but his father muſt 'inſtitute him in the knowledge of the world. *Nemo* '*mortalium omnibus horis ſapit.*' Joſeph ſeeing him run on in this manner, aſked pardon many times, aſ- ſuring him he had no intention to offend. 'I believe 'you had not, child,' ſaid he, 'and I am not angry 'with you. But for maintaining good diſcipline in a 'ſchool: for this.'—And then he ran on as before; named all the maſters who are recorded in old books, and preferred himſelf to them all. Indeed, if this good man had an enthuſiaſm, or what the vulgar call a blind-ſide, it was this; he thought a ſchool-maſter the greateſt character in the world, and himſelf the greateſt of all ſchool-maſters, neither of which points he would have given up to Alexander the Great at the head of his army.

Adams continued his ſubject till they came to one of the beautifulleſt ſpots of ground in the univerſe. It was a kind of natural amphitheatre, formed by the winding of a ſmall rivulet, which was planted with thick woods, and the trees roſe gradually above each other by the natural aſcent of the ground they ſtood on; which aſcent as they hid with their boughs, they ſeemed to have been diſpoſed by the deſign of the moſt

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moſt ſkilful planter. The ſoil was ſpread with a verdure which no paint could imitate; and the whole place might have raiſed romantic ideas in elder minds than thoſe of Joſeph and Fanny, without the aſſiſtance of love.

Here they arrived about noon, and Joſeph propoſed to Adams that they ſhould reſt a while in this delightful place, and refreſh themſelves with ſome proviſions which the good-nature of Mrs Wilſon had provided them with. Adams made no objection to the propoſal; ſo down they ſat, and pulling out a cold fowl, and a bottle of wine, they made a repaſt with a chearfulneſs which might have attracted the envy of more ſplendid tables. I ſhould not omit, that they found among their proviſions a little paper containing a piece of gold, which Adams imagining had been put there by miſtake, would have returned back to reſtore it; but he was at laſt convinced by Joſeph, that Mr Wilſon had taken this handſome way of furniſhing them with a ſupply for their journey, on his having related the diſtreſs they had been in, when they were relieved by the generoſity of the pedlar. Adams ſaid, he was glad to ſee ſuch an inſtance of goodneſs, not ſo much for the conveniency which it brought them, as for the ſake of the donor, whoſe reward would be great in Heaven. He likewiſe comforted himſelf with a reflection, that he ſhould certainly have an opportunity of returning it him; for the gentleman was within a week to make a journey into Somerſetſhire, to paſs through Adams's pariſh, and had faithfully promiſed to call on him: a circumſtance which we thought too immaterial to mention before; but which thoſe who have as great affection for that gentleman as ourſelves, will rejoice at, as it may give them hopes of ſeeing him again. Then Joſeph made a ſpeech on charity, which the reader, if he is ſo diſpoſed, may ſee in the next chapter; for we ſcorn to betray him into any ſuch reading, without firſt giving him warning

CHAP.

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CHAP. VI.

Moral reflections by Joseph Andrews, with the hunting-adventures, and Parson Adams's miraculous escape.

I HAVE often wondered, Sir, said Joseph, to observe so few instances of charity among mankind; for though the goodness of a man's heart did not incline him to relieve the distresses of his fellow-creatures, methinks the desire of honour should move him to it. What inspires a man to build fine houses, to purchase fine furniture, pictures, clothes, and other things at a great expence, but an ambition to be respected more than other people? Now, would not one great act of charity, one instance of redeeming a poor family from all the miseries of poverty, restoring an unfortunate tradesman by a sum of money, to the means of procuring a livelihood by his industry, discharging an undone debtor from his debts or a goal, or any such like examples of goodness, create a man more honour and respect than he could acquire by the finest house, furniture, pictures, or clothes, that were ever beheld? For not only the object himself, who was thus relieved, but all who heard the name of such a person must, I imagine, reverence him infinitely more than the possessor of all those other things; which when we so admire, we rather praise the builder, the workman, the painter, the lace-maker, the tailor, and the rest, by whose ingenuity they are produced, than the person who by his money makes them his own. For my own part, when I have waited behind my lady in a room hung with fine pictures, while I have been looking at them I have never once thought of their owner, nor hath any one else, as I have observed; for when it has been asked whose picture that was, it was never once answered, the master's of the house; but Ammyconni, Paul Varnish, Hannibal Scratchi, or Hogarthi, which I suppose were the names of the painters: but if it was asked who redeemed such a one out of prison? who lent such a ruined tradesman money to set up? who cloathed that family of poor small children? it

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it is very plain what must be the answer. And besides, these great folks are mistaken, if they imagine they get any honour at all by these means; for I do not remember I ever was with my lady at any house where she commended the house or furniture, but I have heard her at her return home make sport and jeer at whatever she had before commended: and I have been told by other gentlemen in livery, that it is the same in their families; but I defy the wisest man in the world to turn a true good action into ridicule. I defy him to do it. He who should endeavour it would be laughed at himself, instead of making others laugh. Nobody scarce doth any good, yet they all agree in praising those who do. Indeed, it is strange that all men should consent in commending goodness, and no man endeavour to deserve that commendation; whilst, on the contrary, all rail at wickedness, and all are as eager to be what they abuse. This I know not the reason of; but it is as plain as day-light to those who converse in the world, as I have done these three years. 'Are all the great 'folks wicked then?' says Fanny. To be sure there are some exceptions, answered Joseph. Some gentlemen of our cloth report charitable actions done by their lords and masters; and I have heard 'Squire Pope, the great poet, at my lady's table, tell stories of a man that lived at a place called Ross, and another at the Bath, one Al—Al— I forget his name, but it is in the book of verses. This gentleman hath built up a stately house too, which the 'Squire likes very well; but his charity is seen farther than his house, though it stands on a hill, ay, and brings him more honour too. It was his charity that put him in the book, where the 'Squire says he puts all those who deserve it; and, to be sure, as he lives among all the great people, if there were any such, he would know them.—This was all of Mr Joseph Andrews's speech which I could get him to recollect, which I have delivered as near as was possible in his own words, with a very small embellishment. But I believe the reader hath not been a little surprised at the long silence of parson Adams, especially as so many occasions offered them-

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themſelves to exert his curioſity and obſervation. The truth is, he was faſt aſleep, and had ſo been from the beginning of the preceding narrative. And indeed, if the reader conſiders that ſo many hours had paſſed ſince he had cloſed his eyes, he will not wonder at his repoſe, though even Henley himſelf, or as great an orator (if any ſuch be) had been in his roſtrum or tub before him.

Joſeph, who, whilſt he was ſpeaking, had continued in one attitude, with his head reclining on one ſide, and his eyes caſt on the ground, no ſooner perceived, on looking up, the poſition of Adams, who was ſtretched on his back, and ſnored louder than the uſual braying of the animal with long ears, than he turned towards Fanny, and, taking her by the hand, began a dalliance, which, though conſiſtent with the pureſt innocence and decency, neither he would have attempted, nor ſhe permitted before any witneſs. Whilſt they amuſed themſelves in this harmleſs and delightful manner, they heard a pack of hounds approaching in full cry towards them, and preſently afterwards ſaw a hare pop forth from the wood, and, croſſing the water, land within a few yards of them in the meadows. The hare was no ſooner on ſhore, than it ſeated itſelf on its hinder legs, and liſtened to the ſound of the purſuers. Fanny was wonderfully pleaſed with the little wretch, and eagerly longed to have it in her arms, that ſhe might preſerve it from the dangers which ſeemed to threaten it: but the rational part of the creation do not always aptly diſtinguiſh their friends from their foes; what wonder then if this ſilly creature, the moment it beheld her, fled from the friend who would have protected it, and, traverſing the meadows again, paſſed the little rivulet on the oppoſite ſide? It was, however, ſo ſpent and weak, that it fell down twice or thrice in its way. This affected the tender heart of Fanny, who exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, againſt the barbarity of worrying a poor innocent defenceleſs animal out of its life, and putting it to the extremeſt torture for diverſion. She had not much time to make reflections of this kind; for on a ſudden the hounds ruſhed through

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through the wood, which resounded with their throats and the throats of their retinue who attended on them on horseback. The dogs now past the rivulet, and pursued the footsteps of the hare; five horsemen attempted to leap over, three of whom succeeded, and two were in the attempt thrown from their saddles into the water; their companions, and their own horses too, proceeded after their sport, and left their friends and riders to invoke the assistance of fortune, or employ the more active means of strength and agility for their deliverance. Joseph, however, was not so unconcerned on this occasion; he left Fanny for a moment to herself, and ran to the gentlemen, who were immediately on their legs, shaking their ears, and easily with the help of his hand attained the bank (for the rivulet was not at all deep): and without staying to thank their kind assister, ran dripping across the meadows, calling to their brother sportsmen to stop their horses: but they heard them not.

The hounds were now very little behind their poor reeling, staggering prey, which, fainting almost at every step, crawled through the wood, and had almost got round to the place where Fanny stood, when it was overtaken by its enemies; and being driven out of the covert, was caught, and instantly tore to pieces before Fanny's face, who was unable to assist it with any aid more powerful than pity; nor could she prevail on Joseph, who had been himself a sportsman in his youth, to attempt any thing contrary to the laws of hunting, in favour of the hare, which he said was killed fairly.

The hare was caught within a yard or two of Adams, who lay asleep at some distance from the lovers; and the hounds in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it so close to him, that some of them (by mistake perhaps for the hare's skin) laid hold of the skirts of his cassock; others at the same time applying their teeth to his wig, which he had with a handkerchief fastened to his head, began to pull him about; and had not the motion of his body had more effect on him than seemed to be wrought by the noise, they must certainly have tasted his

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his flesh, which delicious flavour might have been fatal to him: but being roused by these tuggings, he instantly awaked, and with a jirk delivering his head from his wig, he with most admirable dexterity recovered his legs, which now seemed the only members he could entrust his safety to. Having therefore escaped likewise from at least a third part of his cassock, which he willingly left as his *exuviæ* or spoils to the enemy, he fled with the utmost speed he could summon to his assistance. Nor let this be any detraction from the bravery of his character; let the number of the enemies, and the surprise in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any modern so outrageously brave, that he cannot admit of flight in any circumstance whatever, I say (but I whisper that softly, and I solemnly declare, without any intention of giving offence to any brave man in the nation) I say, or rather I whisper, that he is an ignorant fellow, and hath never read Homer nor Virgil, nor knows he any thing of Hector or Turnus; nay, he is unacquainted with the history of some great men living, who, though as brave as lions, ay, as tygers, have run away, the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the surprise of their friends, and the entertainment of their enemies. But if persons of such heroic disposition are a little offended at the behaviour of Adams, we assure them they shall be as much pleased at what we shall immediately relate of Joseph Andrews. The master of the pack was just arrived, or, as the sportsmen call it, come in, when Adams set out, as we have before mentioned. This gentleman was generally said to be a great lover of humour; but, not to mince the matter, especially as we are upon this subject, he was a great hunter of men. Indeed he had hitherto followed the sport only with dogs of his own species; for he kept two or three couple of barking curs for that use only. However, as he thought he had now found a man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himself with other sport, and accordingly crying out, 'Sole away,' encouraged the hounds to pursue Mr Adams, swearing it was the largest Jack-hare he ever saw; at the same time hal-

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looing and hooping as if a conquered foe was flying before him; in which he was imitated by these two or three couple of human, or rather two-legged curs on horseback which we have mentioned before.

Now thou whoever thou art, whether a muse, or by what other name soever thou chusest to be called, who presidest over biography, and hast inspired all the writers of lives in these our times; thou who didst infuse such wonderful humour into the pen of immortal Gulliver; who hast carefully guided the judgment, whilst thou hast exalted the nervous manly style of thy Mallet: thou who hadst no hand in that dedication and preface, or the translations which thou wouldst willingly have struck out of the life of Cicero; Lastly, thou who, without the assistance of the least spice of literature, and even against his inclination, hast, in some pages of his book, forced Colley Cibber to write English; do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to. Do thou introduce on the plain, the young, the gay, the brave Joseph Andrews, whilst men shall view him with admiration and envy; tender virgins with love and anxious concern for his safety.

No sooner did Joseph Andrews perceive the distress of his friend, when first the quick-scenting dogs attacked him, than he grasped his cudgel in his right hand, a cudgel which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent had given it for a present in that day, when he broke three heads on the stage. It was a cudgel of mighty strength and wonderful art, made by one of Mr Deard's best workmen, whom no other artificer can equal; and who hath made all those sticks which the beaus have lately walked with about the Park in a morning: but this was far his master-piece; on its head was engraved a nose and chin, which might have been mistaken for a pair of nut-crakers. The learned have imagined it designed to represent the Gorgon: but it was in fact copied from the face of a certain long English baronet of infinite wit, humour, and gravity. He did intend to have engraved here many histories: As the first night of captain B——'s

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play, where you would have seen critics in embroidery transplanted from the boxes to the pit, whose ancient inhabitants were exalted to the galleries, where they played on catcalls. He did intend to have painted an auction-room, where Mr Cock would have appeared aloft in his pulpit, trumpeting forth the praises of a China bason; and with astonishment wondering that "Nobody bids more for that fine, "that superb"—He did intend to have engraved many other things, but was forced to leave all out for want of room.

No sooner had Joseph grasped his cudgel in his hands, than lightning darted from his eyes: and the heroic youth, swift of foot, ran with the utmost speed to his friend's assistance. He overtook him just as Rockwood had laid hold of the skirt of his cassock, which being torn, hung to the ground. Reader, we would make a simile on this occasion, but for two reasons: the first is, it would interrupt the description, which should be rapid in this part; but that doth not weigh much, many precedents occurring for such an interruption: the second, and much the greater reason is, that we could find no simile adequate to our purpose: for indeed, what instance could we bring to set before our reader's eyes at once the idea of friendship, courage, youth, beauty, strength, and swiftness; all which blazed in the person of Joseph Andrews. Let those therefore that describe lions and tigers, or heroes fiercer than both, raise their poems or plays with the simile of Joseph Andrews, who is himself above the reach of any simile.

Now Rockwood had laid fast hold on the Parson's skirts, and stopt his flight; which Joseph no sooner perceived, than he levelled his cudgel at his head, and laid him sprawling. Jowler and Ringwood then fell on his great-coat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the ground, had not Joseph, collecting all his force, given Jowler such a rap on the back, that, quitting his hold, he ran howling over the plain. A harder fate remained for thee, O Ringwood, Ringwood the best hound, that ever pursued a hare, who never threw his tongue but where the scent

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was undoubtedly true; good at trailing; and ſure in a highway, no blabber, no over-runner, reſpected by the whole pack, who, whenever he opened, knew the game was at hand. He fell by the ſtroke of Joſeph. Thunder, and Plunder, and Wonder, and Blunder, were the next victims of his wrath, and meaſured their lengths on the ground. Then Fairmaid, a bitch which Mr John Temple had bred up in his houſe, and fed at his own table, and lately ſent the ſquire fifty miles for a preſent, ran fiercely at Joſeph, and bit him by the leg; no dog was ever fiercer than ſhe, being deſcended from an Amazonian breed, and had worried bulls in her own country, but now waged an unequal fight; and had ſhared the fate of thoſe we have mentioned before, had not Diana (the reader may believe or not as he pleaſes) in that inſtant interpoſed, and in the ſhape of the huntſman ſnatched her favourite up in her arms.

The parſon now faced about, and with his crab-ſtick felled many to the earth, and ſcattered others, till he was attacked by Cæſar, and pulled to the ground. Then Joſeph flew to his reſcue, and with ſuch might fell on the victor, that, O eternal blot to his name! Cæſar ran yelping away.

The battle now raged with the moſt dreadful violence, when, lo! the huntſman, a man of years and dignity, lifted his voice, and called his hounds from the fight; telling them, in a language they underſtood, that it was in vain to contend longer; for that fate had decreed the victory to their enemies.

Thus far the muſe hath with her uſual dignity related this prodigious battle, a battle we apprehend never equalled by any poet, romance or life-writer whatever, and having brought it to a concluſion ſhe ceaſed; we ſhall therefore proceed in our ordinary ſtyle with the continuation of this hiſtory. The ſquire and his companions, whom the figure of Adams, and the gallantry of Joſeph, had firſt thrown into a violent fit of laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the engagement with more delight than any chace, ſhooting-match, race, cock-fighting, bull or bear-baiting had ever given them, began now to apprehend the

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danger of their hounds, many of which lay sprawling in the fields. The squire therefore, having first called his friends about him, as guards, for safety of his person, rode manfully up to the combatants, and summoning all the terror he was master of into his countenance, demanded with an authoritative voice of Joseph, What he meant by assaulting his dogs in that manner? Joseph answered with great intrepidity, That they had first fallen on his friend; and if they had belonged to the greatest man in the kingdom, he would have treated them in the same way; for whilst his veins contained a single drop of blood, he would not stand idle by, and see that gentleman, (pointing to Adams) abused either by man or beast; and having so said, both he and Adams brandished their wooden weapons, and put themselves into such a posture that the squire and his company thought proper to preponderate, before they offered to revenge the cause of their fourfooted allies.

At this instant, Fanny, whom the apprehension of Joseph's danger had alarmed so much that, forgetting her own, she had made the utmost expedition, came up. The squire and all the horsemen were so surprised with her beauty, that they immediately fixed both their eyes and thoughts solely on her, every one declaring he had never seen so charming a creature. Neither mirth nor anger engaged them a moment longer; but all sat in silent amaze. The huntsman only was free from her attraction, who was busy in cutting the ears of the dogs, and endeavouring to recover them to life; in which he succeeded so well, that only two of no great note remained slaughtered on the field of action. Upon this the huntsman declared, 'Twas well it was no worse; for his part, he 'could not blame the gentleman, and wondered his 'master would encourage the dogs to hunt Christians; that it was the surest way to spoil them, to 'make them follow vermin instead of sticking to a 'hare.'

The squire being informed of the little mischief that had been done, and perhaps having more mischief of another kind in his head, accosted Mr Adams

dams with a more favourable aſpect than before; he told him he was ſorry for what had happened; that he had endeavoured all he could to prevent it the moment he was acquainted with his cloth, and greatly commended the courage of his ſervant; for ſo he imagined Joſeph to be. He then invited Mr Adams to dinner, and deſired the young woman might come with him. Adams refuſed a long while: but the invitation was repeated with ſo much earneſtneſs and courteſy, that at length he was forced to accept it. His wig and hat, and other ſpoils of the field, being gathered together by Joſeph, (for otherwiſe probably they would have been forgotten) he put himſelf into the beſt order he could; and then the horſe and foot moved forward in the ſame pace towards the ſquire's houſe, which ſtood at a very little diſtance.

Whilſt they were on the road, the lovely Fanny attracted the eyes of all; they endeavoured to outvie one another in encomiums on her beauty; which the reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not any thing new or uncommon in them; ſo muſt he likewiſe my not ſetting down the many curious jeſts which were made on Adams; ſome of them declaring that parſon-hunting was the beſt ſport in the world; others commending his ſtanding at bay, which they ſaid, he had done as well as any badger; with ſuch-like merriment, which, though it would ill become the dignity of this hiſtory, afforded much laughter and diverſion to the ſquire and his facetious companions.

CHAP. VII.

A ſcene of roaſting very nicely adapted to the preſent taſte and times.

THEY arrived at the ſquire's houſe juſt as his dinner was ready. A little diſpute aroſe on the account of Fanny, whom the ſquire, who was a bachelor, was deſirous to place at his own table; but ſhe would not conſent, nor would Mr Adams permit her to be parted from Joſeph; ſo that ſhe was at length with him conſigned over to the kitchen, where the

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ſervants were ordered to make him drunk; a favour which was likewiſe intended for Adams: which deſign being executed, the ſquire thought he ſhould eaſily accompliſh what he had, when he firſt ſaw her, intended to perpetrate with Fanny.

It may not be improper, before we proceed farther, to open a little the character of this gentleman, and that of his friends. The maſter of this houſe then was a man of a very conſiderable fortune; a bachelor, as we have ſaid, and about forty years of age: he had been educated (if we may uſe the expreſſion) in the country, and at his own home, under the care of his mother and a tutor, who had orders never to correct him, nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it ſeems was very little, and that only in his childhood; for from the age of fifteen he addicted himſelf entirely to hunting and other rural amuſements, for which his mother took care to equip him with horſes, hounds, and all other neceſſaries: and his tutor, endeavouring to ingratiate himſelf with his young pupil, who would he knew be able handſomely to provide for him, became his companion, not only at theſe exerciſes, but likewiſe over a bottle, which the young ſquire had a very early reliſh for. At the age of twenty, his mother began to think ſhe had not fulfilled the duty of a parent; ſhe therefore reſolved to perſuade her ſon, if poſſible, to that which ſhe imagined would well ſupply all that he might have learned at a public ſchool or univerſity. This is what they commonly call travelling; which, with the help of the tutor who was fixed on to attend him, ſhe eaſily ſucceeded in. He made in three years the tour of Europe, as they term it, and returned home well furniſhed with French cloaths, phraſes and ſervants, with a hearty contempt for his own country; eſpecially what had any ſavour of the plain ſpirit and honeſty of our anceſtors. His mother, greatly applauded herſelf at his return; and now being maſter of his own fortune, he ſoon procured himſelf a ſeat in parliament, and was, in the common opinion, one of the fineſt gentlemen of his age: but what diſtinguiſhed him chiefly, was a ſtrange delight which he took

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took in every thing which is ridiculous, odious, and absurd in his own species; so that he never chose a companion without one or more of these ingredients, and those who were marked by Nature in the most eminent degree with them, were most his favourites: if he ever found a man who either had not, or endeavoured to conceal these imperfections, he took great pleasure in inventing methods of forcing him into absurdities which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and exposing those that were; for which purpose he was always provided with a set of fellows whom we have before called Curs; and who did indeed no great honour to the canine kind: their business was to hunt out and display every thing that had any savour of the above-mentioned qualities, and especially in the gravest and best characters: but if they failed in their search, they were to turn even virtue and wisdom themselves into ridicule for the diversion of their master and feeder. The gentlemen of curlike disposition, who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack-doctor, a scraping fiddler, and a lame German dancing-master.

As soon as dinner was served, while Mr Adams was saying grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him; so that when he endeavoured to seat himself, he fell down on the ground; and thus completed joke the first, to the great entertainment of the whole company. The second joke was performed by the poet, who sat next him on the other side, and took an opportunity, while poor Adams was respectfully drinking to the master of the house, to overturn a plate of soup into his breeches: which, with the many apologies he made. and the parson's gentle answers, caused much mirth in the company. Joke the third was served up by one of the waiting-men, who had been ordered to convey a quantity of gin into Mr Adams's ale, which he declaring to be the best liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the malt, contributed again to their laughter. Mr Adams, from whom we had most of this relation, could not recollect all the jests of this kind practised on him, which the inoffensive

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offenſive diſpoſition of his own heart made him ſlow in diſcovering; and indeed, had it not been for the information which we received from a ſervant of the family, this part of our hiſtory, which we take to be none of the leaſt curious, muſt have been deplorably imperfect; though we muſt own it probable, that ſome more jokes were (as they call it) cracked during their dinner; but we have by no means been able to come at the knowledge of them. When dinner was removed, the poet began to repeat ſome verſes, which he ſaid were made extempore. The following is a copy of them procured with the greateſt difficulty.

An extempore POEM *on Parſon Adams.*

Did ever mortal ſuch a parſon view;
His caſſock old, his wig not over new?
Well might the hounds have him for fox miſtaken,
*In ſmell more like to that than ruſty bacon *.*
But would it not make any mortal ſtare,
To ſee this parſon taken for a hare?
Could Phœbus err thus groſsly, even he
For a good player might have taken thee.

At which words the bard whip'd off the player's wig, and received the approbation of the company, rather perhaps for the dexterity of his hand than his head. The player, inſtead of retorting the jeſt on the poet, began to diſplay his talents on the ſame ſubject. He repeated many ſcraps of wit out of plays, reflecting on the whole body of the clergy, which were received with great acclamations by all preſent. It was now the dancing-maſter's turn to exhibit his talents; he therefore, addreſſing himſelf to Adams in broken Engliſh, told him, 'He was a man ver well made 'for de dance, and he ſuppoſe by his walk, dat he 'had learn of ſome great maſter. He ſaid it was ver 'pretty quality in clergyman to dance;' and concluded with deſiring him to dance a minuet, telling him, His caſſock would ſerve for petticoats; and that

* All hounds that will hunt fox or other vermin, will hunt a piece of ruſty bacon trailed on the ground.

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he would himself be his partner. At which words, without waiting for an answer, he pulled out his gloves, and the fiddler was preparing his fiddle. The company all offered the dancing-master wagers that the Parson outdanced him, which he refused, saying, He believed so too; for he had never seen any man in his life who looked de dance so well as de gentleman: He then stepped forwards to take Adams by the hand, which the latter hastily withdrew, and at the same time clenching his fist, advised him not to carry the jest too far, for he would not endure being put upon. The dancing master no sooner saw the fist than he prudently retired out of its reach, and stood aloof mimicking Adams, whose eyes were fixed on him, not guessing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had attempted once. In the mean while, the captain perceiving an opportunity, pinned a cracker or devil to the cassock, and then lighted it with their little smoaking candle. Adams being a stranger to this sport, and believing he had been blown up in reality, started from his chair, and jumped about the room, to the infinite joy of the beholders, who declared he was the best dancer in the universe. As soon as the devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his confusion, he returned to the table, standing up in the posture of one who intended to make a speech. They all cried out, Hear him, hear him; and he then spoke in the following manner: 'Sir, I am sorry to see one to whom Providence hath been so bountiful in bestowing his favours, make so ill and ungrateful a return for them; 'for though you have not insulted me yourself, it is 'visible you have delighted in those that did it, nor 'have once discouraged the many rudenesses which 'have been shewn towards me; indeed towards 'yourself, if you rightly understood them; for I 'am your guest, and by the laws of hospitality entitled to your protection. One gentleman hath 'thought proper to produce some poetry upon me, 'of which I shall only say, that I had rather be the 'subject than the composer. He hath been pleased to 'treat me with disrespect as a parson. I apprehend

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'my order is not the object of scorn, nor that I can 'become so, unless by being a disgrace to it, which I 'hope poverty will never be called. Another gentle-'man indeed hath repeated some sentences, where the 'order itself is mentioned with contempt. He says 'they are taken from plays. I am sure such plays 'are a scandal to the government which permits 'them, and cursed will be the nation where they are 'represented. How others have treated me, I need 'not observe; they themselves, when they reflect, 'must allow the behaviour to be as improper to my 'years as to my cloth. You found me, Sir, travel-'ling with two of my parishioners, (I omit your 'hounds falling on me; for I have quite forgiven it, 'whether it proceeded from the wantonness or ne-'gligence of the huntsman) my appearance might 'very well persuade you that your invitation was an 'act of charity, tho' in reality we were well provided; 'yes, Sir, if we had had an hundred miles to travel, 'we had sufficient to bear our expences in a noble 'manner.' (At which words he produced the half-guinea which was found in the basket.) 'I do not 'shew you this out of ostentation of riches, but to 'convince you I speak truth. Your seating me at 'your table was an honour which I did not ambi-'tiously affect. When I was here, I endeavoured to 'behave towards you with the utmost respect; if I 'have failed, it was not with design; nor could I, 'certainly, so far be guilty as to deserve the insults 'I have suffered. If they were meant therefore either 'to my order or my poverty (and you see I am not 'very poor) the shame doth not ly at my door, and 'I heartily pray that the sin may be averted from 'yours.' He thus finished, and received a general clap from the whole company. Then the gentle-man of the house told him, 'he was sorry for what 'had happened; that he could not accuse him of 'any share in it: that the verses were, as himself 'had well observed, so bad, that he might easily an-'swer them; and for the serpent, it was undoubtedly 'a very great affront done him by the dancing-ma-'ster, for which if he well threshed him, as he de-

'served,

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'ſerved, he ſhould be very much pleaſed to ſee it.' (In which probably he ſpoke truth.) Adams anſwered, 'Whoever had done it, it was not his profeſſion to puniſh him that way; but for the perſon 'whom he had accuſed, I am a witneſs,' ſays he, 'of 'his innocence; for I had my eye on him all the while. 'Whoever he was, God forgive him, and beſtow 'on him a little more ſenſe as well as humanity.' The captain anſwered with a ſurly look and accent, 'That he hoped he did not mean to reflect on him; 'd—n him, he had as much imanity as another, and 'if any man ſaid he had not, he would convince him 'of his miſtake by cutting his throat.' Adams ſmiling, ſaid, 'He believed he had ſpoke right by acci-'dent.' To which the captain returned, 'What 'do you mean by my ſpeaking right? if you was 'not a parſon, I would not take theſe words; but 'your gown protects you. If any man who wears a 'ſword had ſaid ſo much, I had pulled him by the 'noſe before this.' Adams replied, 'if he attempted 'any rudeneſs to his perſon, he would not find any 'protection for himſelf in his gown;' and clenching his fiſt, declared, 'he had threſhed many a ſtouter 'man.' The gentleman did all he could to encourage this warlike diſpoſition in Adams, and was in hopes to have produced a battle: but he was diſappointed; for the captain made no other anſwer than, 'It is very well you are a parſon;' and ſo drinking off a bumper to old mother church, ended the diſpute.'

Then the doctor, who had hitherto been ſilent, and who was the graveſt, but moſt miſchievous dog of all, in a very pompous ſpeech highly applauded what Adams had ſaid; and as much diſcommended the behaviour to him. He proceeded to encomiums on the church and poverty; and laſtly recommended forgiveneſs of what had paſſed to Adams, who immediately anſwered, 'That every thing was forgiven;' and in the warmth of his goodneſs he filled a bumper of ſtrong beer, (a liquor he preferred to wine) and drank a health to the whole company, ſhaking the captain and the poet heartily by the hand, and addreſſing himſelf with great reſpect to the doctor;

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who indeed had not laughed outwardly at any thing that paſſed, as he had a perfect command of his muſcles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the leaſt ſymptoms in his countenance. The doctor now began a ſecond formal ſpeech, in which he declaimed againſt all levity of converſation, and what is uſually called mirth. He ſaid, 'There were a-'muſements fitted for perſons of all ages and de-'grees, from the rattle to the diſcuſſing a point of 'philoſophy, and that men diſcovered themſelves 'in nothing more than in the choice of their amuſe-'ments; for,' ſays he, 'as it muſt greatly raiſe our 'expectation of the future conduct in life of boys, 'whom in their tender years we perceive inſtead of 'taw or balls, or other childiſh play-things, to chuſe, 'at their leiſure hours, to exerciſe their genius in 'contentions of wit, learning, and ſuch like; ſo 'muſt it inſpire one with equal contempt of a man, 'if we ſhould diſcover him playing at taw or other 'childiſh play.' Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and ſaid, 'He had often wondered at 'ſome paſſages in ancient authors, where Scipio, 'Lælius, and other great men, were repreſented to 'have paſſed many hours in amuſements of the moſt 'trifling kind.' The doctor replied, 'He had by 'him an old Greek manuſcript, where a favourite 'diverſion of Socrates was recorded.' 'Ay,' ſays the Parſon eagerly, 'I ſhould be moſt infinitely obliged 'to you for the favour of peruſing it.' The doctor promiſed to ſend it him, and farther ſaid, 'that he 'believed he could deſcribe it.' 'I think,' ſays he, 'as near as I can remember, it was this. There 'was a throne erected, on one ſide of which ſat a 'king, and on the other a queen, with their guards 'and attendants ranged on both ſides; to them was 'introduced an ambaſſador, which part Socrates al-'ways uſed to perform himſelf; and when he was led 'up to the footſteps of the throne, he addreſſed him-'ſelf to the monarchs in ſome grave ſpeech, full of 'virtue, and goodneſs, and morality, and ſuch like. 'After which he was ſeated between the king and 'queen, and royally entertained. This I think was

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'the chief part.—Perhaps, I may have forgot some 'particulars; for it is long since I read it.' Adams said, 'It was indeed a diversion worthy the relaxation 'of so great a man; and thought something resem-'bling it should be instituted among our great men, 'instead of cards and other idle pastime, in which, 'he was informed, they trifled away too much of their 'lives.' He added, 'The Christian religion was a 'nobler subject for these speeches than any Socrates 'could have invented.' The gentleman of the house approved what Mr Adams said, and declared, 'he 'was resolved to perform the ceremony this very even-'ing.' To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech, 'unless,' said he, (turning to Adams, with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man) 'you have a 'sermon about you, Doctor.'—'Sir,' says Adams, 'I never travel without one, for fear of what may 'happen.' He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of the ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected; which was performed before they had drank two bottles; and perhaps the reader will hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants. Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more that this: there was a great tub of water provided, on each side of which there were two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket; on these stools were placed the king and queen, namely, the master of the house, and the captain. And now the ambassador was introduced, between the poet and the doctor, who, having read his sermon, to the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place, and seated between their majesties. They immediately rose up, when the blanket, wanting its support at either end, gave way, and soused Adams over head and ears in the water; the captain made his escape, but unluckily the gentleman himself not being as nimble as he ought, Adams caught hold of him before he descended from his throne, and pulled him in with him, to the

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entire ſecret ſatisfaction of all the company. Adams, after ducking the ſquire twice or thrice, leapt out of the tub, and looked ſharp for the doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the ſame place of honour; but he had wiſely withdrawn: he then ſearched for his crabſtick, and having found that, as well as his fellow travellers, he declared he would not ſtay a moment longer in ſuch a houſe. He then departed, without taking leave of his hoſt, whom he had exacted a more ſevere revenge on than he intended: for as he did not uſe ſufficient care to dry himſelf in time, he caught a cold by the accident, which threw him into a fever, that had like to have coſt him his life.

CHAP. VIII.

Which ſome readers will think too ſhort, and others too long.

ADAMS, and Joſeph, who was no leſs enraged than his friend at the treatment he met with, went out with their ſticks in their hands, and carried off Fanny, notwithſtanding the oppoſition of the ſervants, who did all, without proceeding to violence, in their power to detain them. They walked as faſt as they could, not ſo much from any apprehenſion of being purſued, as that Mr Adams might by exerciſe prevent any harm from the water. The gentleman, who had given ſuch orders to his ſervants concerning Fanny, that he did not in the leaſt fear her getting away, no ſooner heard that ſhe was gone, than he began to rave, and immediately diſpatched ſeveral with orders, either to bring her back, or never return. The poet, the player, and all but the dancing-maſter and doctor, went on this errand.

The night was very dark, in which our friends began their journey; however, they made ſuch expedition that they ſoon arrived at an inn, which was at ſeven miles diſtance. Here they unanimouſly conſented to paſs the evening; Mr Adams being now as dry as he was before he had ſet out on his embaſſy.

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This inn, which indeed we might call an alehouſe, had not the words The New Inn, been writ on the ſign, afforded them no better proviſion than bread and cheeſe, and ale; on which, however, they made a very comfortable meal; for hunger is better than a French cook.

They had no ſooner ſupped, than Adams, returning thanks to the Almighty for his food, declared he had ate his homely commons with much greater ſatisfaction than his ſplendid dinner, and expreſſed great contempt for the folly of mankind, who ſacrificed their hopes of heaven to the acquiſition of vaſt wealth; ſince ſo much comfort was to be found in the humbleſt ſtate and the loweſt proviſion. 'Very true, Sir,' ſays a grave man, who ſat ſmoaking his pipe by the fire, and who was a traveller as well as himſelf. 'I have 'often been as much ſurpriſed as you are, when I 'conſider the value which mankind in general ſet on 'riches; ſince every day's experience ſhews us how 'little is in their power; for what indeed truly deſi-'rable can they beſtow on us? Can they give beauty 'to the deformed, ſtrength to the weak, or health 'to the infirm? Surely if they could, we ſhould not 'ſee ſo many ill-favoured faces haunting the aſſem-'blies of the great, nor would ſuch numbers of feeble 'wretches languiſh in their coaches and palaces. No, 'not the wealth of a kingdom can purchaſe any 'paint to dreſs pale uglineſs in the bloom of that 'young maiden, nor any drugs to equip diſeaſe with 'the vigour of that young man. Do not riches 'bring us ſolicitude inſtead of reſt, envy inſtead of 'affection, and danger inſtead of ſafety? Can they 'prolong their own poſſeſſion, or lengthen his days 'who enjoys them? So far otherwiſe, that the ſloth, 'the luxury, the care which attend them, ſhorten the 'lives of millions, and bring them with pain and mi-'ſery to an untimely grave. Where then is their va-'lue, if they can neither embelliſh, or ſtrengthen our 'forms, ſweeten or prolong our lives? Again—Can 'they adorn the mind more than the body? Do they 'not rather ſwell the heart with vanity, puff up the 'cheeks with pride, ſhut our ears to every call of

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'virtue, and our bowels to every motive of compaſ-
'ſion!' 'Give me your hand, brother,' ſaid Adams,
in a rapture; 'for I ſuppoſe you are a clergyman.'
'No truly,' anſwered the other, (indeed he was a
prieſt of the church of Rome; but thoſe who under-
ſtand our laws, will not wonder he was not over-ready
to own it.) 'Whatever you are,' cries Adams, 'you
'have ſpoken my ſentiments: I believe I have preach-
'ed every ſyllable of your ſpeech twenty times over:
'for it hath always appeared to me eaſier for a cable-
'rope (which by the way is the true rendering of that
'word we have tranſlated Camel) to go through the
'eye of a needle, than for a rich man to get into the
'kingdom of heaven.' 'That, Sir,' ſaid the other,
'will be eaſily granted you by divines, and is de-
'plorably true: but as the proſpect of our good at
'a diſtance doth not ſo forcibly affect us, it might be
'of ſome ſervice to mankind to be made thoroughly
'ſenſible, which I think they might be with very
'little ſerious attention, that even the bleſſings of
'this world are not to be purchaſed with riches. A
'doctrine, in my opinion, not only metaphyſically,
'but, if I may ſo ſay, mathematically demonſtrable;
'and which I have been always ſo perfectly convin-
'ced of, that I have a contempt for nothing ſo much
'as for gold.' Adams now began a long diſcourſe;
but as moſt which he ſaid, occurs among many au-
thors who have treated this ſubject, I ſhall omit in-
ſerting it. During its continuance Joſeph and Fanny
retired to reſt, and the hoſt likewiſe left the room.
When the Engliſh parſon had concluded, the Romiſh
reſumed the diſcourſe, which he continued with great
bitterneſs and invectives; and at laſt ended, with de-
ſiring Adams to lend him eighteen-pence to pay his
reckoning; promiſing, if he never paid him, he
might be aſſured of his prayers. The good man an-
ſwered, that eighteen-pence would be too little to
carry him any very long journey; that he had half
a guinea in his pocket, which he would divide with
him. He then fell to ſearching his pockets, but
could find no money; for indeed the company with
whom he dined, had paſſed one jeſt upon him which

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we did not then enumerate, and had picked his pocket of all that treasure which he had so ostentatiously produced.

'Bless me,' cried Adams, 'I have certainly lost 'it; I can never have spent it. Sir, as I am a Chris'tian, I had a whole half-guinea in my pocket this 'morning, and have not now a single halfpenny of 'it left. Sure the devil must have taken it from 'me.' 'Sir,' answered the priest, smiling, 'you 'need make no excuses; if you are not willing to 'lend me the money, I am contented.' Sir,' cried Adams, 'if I had the greatest sum in the world; ay, 'if I had ten pounds about me, I would bestow it all 'to rescue any Christian from distress. I am more 'vexed at my loss on your account than my own. 'Was ever any thing so unlucky? because I have no 'money in my pocket, I shall be suspected to be no 'Christian.' 'I am more unlucky,' quoth the other, 'if you are as generous as you say: for really a 'crown would have made me happy, and conveyed 'me in plenty to the place I am going, which is not 'above twenty miles off, and where I can arrive by 'to-morrow night. I assure you I am not accustom'ed to travel pennyless. I am but just arrived in 'England; and we were forced by a storm in our 'passage to throw all we had over-board. I don't 'suspect but this fellow will take my word for the 'trifle I owe him: but I hate to appear so mean as 'to confess myself without a shilling to such people: 'for these, and indeed too many others, know little 'difference in their estimation between a beggar and 'a thief.' However, he thought he should deal better with the host that evening than the next morning; he therefore resolved to set out immediately, notwithstanding the darkness; and accordingly, as soon as the host returned, he communicated to him the situation of his affairs; upon which the host scratching his head, answered, 'Why, I do not know, ma'ster, if it be so, and you have no money, I must 'trust, I think, though I had rather always have ready 'money if I could; but, marry, you look like so 'honest a gentleman, that I don't fear your paying

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'me, if it was twenty times as much.' The priest made no reply, but taking leave of him and Adams as fast as he could, not without confusion, and perhaps with some distrust of Adams's sincerity, departed.

He was no sooner gone than the host fell a-shaking his head, and declared, if he had suspected the fellow had no money, he would not have drawn him a single drop of drink; saying, he despaired of ever seeing his face again; for that he looked like a confounded rogue. 'Rabbit the fellow,' cries he, 'I thought by 'his talking so much about riches, that he had a hun-'dred pounds at least in his pocket.' Adams chid him for his suspicions, which he said were not becoming a Christian; and then, without reflecting on his loss, or considering how he himself should depart in the morning, he retired to a very homely bed, as his companions had before; however, health, and fatigue give them a sweeter repose than is often in the power of velvet and down to bestow.

CHAP. IX.

Containing as surprising and bloody adventures as can be found in this, or perhaps any other authentic history.

IT was almost morning, when Joseph Andrews, whose eyes the thoughts of his dear Fanny had opened, as he lay fondly meditating on that lovely creature, heard a violent knocking at the door over which he lay. He presently jumped out of bed, and opening the window, was asked, if there was no travellers in the house? and presently, by another voice, If two men and a young woman had not taken up there their lodging that night? Though he knew not the voices, he began to entertain a suspicion of the truth; for indeed he had received some information from one of the servants of the squire's house, of his design; and answered in the negative. One of the servants, who knew the host well, called out to him by his name, just as he had opened another window, and asked him the same question; to which he answered in the affirmative. 'O ho!' said another; 'have we 'found

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'found you?' and ordered the hoſt to come down and open his door. Fanny, who was as wakeful as Joſeph, no ſooner heard all this, than ſhe leaped from her bed, and haſtily putting on her gown and petticoats, ran as faſt as poſſible to Joſeph's room, who then was almoſt dreſſed: he immediately let her in, and embracing her with the moſt paſſionate tenderneſs, bid her fear nothing, for that he would die in her defence. 'Is that 'a reaſon why I ſhould not fear,' ſays ſhe, 'when I 'ſhould loſe what is dearer to me than the whole 'world?' Joſeph then kiſſing her hand, ſaid he could almoſt thank the occaſion which had extorted from her a tenderneſs ſhe would never indulge him with before. He then ran and waked his bedfellow Adams, who was yet faſt aſleep, notwithſtanding many calls from Joſeph; but was no ſooner made ſenſible of the danger, than he leaped from his bed, without conſidering the preſence of Fanny, who haſtily turned her face from him, and enjoyed a double benefit from the dark, which as it would have prevented any offence to an innocence leſs pure, or a modeſty leſs delicate, ſo it concealed even thoſe bluſhes which were raiſed in her.

Adams had ſoon put on all his cloaths but his breeches, which in the hurry he forgot; however, they were pretty well ſupplied by the length of his other garments: and now the houſe door being opened, the captain, the poet, the player, and three ſervants came in. The captain told the hoſt, that two fellows who were in his houſe, had run away with a young woman; and deſired to know in which room ſhe lay. The hoſt, who preſently believed the ſtory, directed them, and inſtantly the captain and poet, joſtling one another, ran up. The poet, who was the nimbleſt, entering the chamber firſt, ſearched the bed and every other part, but to no purpoſe; the bird was flown, as the impatient reader, who might otherwiſe have been in pain for her, was before advertiſed. They then enquired where the men lay, and were approaching the chamber, when Joſeph roared out in a loud voice, that he would ſhoot the firſt man who offered to attack the door. The captain enquired what fire-

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arms they had? to which the hoſt anſwered, he believed they had none; nay, he was almoſt convinced of it; for he had heard one aſk the other in the evening, what they ſhould have done if they had been overtaken when they had no arms? to which the other anſwered, they would have defended themſelves with their ſticks as long as they were able, and God would aſſiſt a juſt cauſe. This ſatisfied the captain, but not the poet, who prudently retreated down ſtairs, ſaying, it was his buſineſs to record great actions, and not to do them. The captain was no ſooner well ſatisfied that there were no fire-arms, than bidding defiance to gun-powder, and ſwearing he loved the ſmell of it, he ordered the ſervants to follow him, and marching boldly up, immediately attempted to force the door, which the ſervants ſoon helped him to accompliſh. When it was opened, they diſcovered the enemy drawn up three deep; Adams in the front, and Fanny in the rear. The captain told Adams, that if they would go all back to the houſe again, they ſhould be civilly treated: but unleſs they conſented, he had orders to carry the young lady with him, whom there was great reaſon to believe they had ſtolen from her parents; for notwithſtanding her diſguiſe, her air, which ſhe could not conceal, ſufficiently diſcovered her birth to be infinitely ſuperior to theirs. Fanny, burſting into tears, ſolemnly aſſured him he was miſtaken: that ſhe was a poor helpleſs foundling, and had no relation in the world which ſhe knew of: and throwing herſelf on her knees, begged that he would not attempt to take her from her friends, who, ſhe was convinced, would die before they would loſe her; which Adams confirmed with words not far from amounting to an oath. The captain ſwore he had no leiſure to talk, and bidding them thank themſelves for what happened, he ordered the ſervants to fall on, at the ſame time endeavouring to paſs by Adams, in order to lay hold on Fanny: but the parſon interrupting him, received a blow from one of them, which, without conſidering whence it came, he returned to the captain, and gave him ſo dextrous a knock in that part of the ſtomach, which is vulgarly called the pit, that he ſtaggered ſome paces

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paces backwards. The captain, who was not accuſtomed to this kind of play, and who wiſely apprehended the conſequence of ſuch another blow, two of them ſeeming to him equal to a thruſt through the body, drew forth his hanger, as Adams approached him, and was levelling a blow at his head, which would probably have ſilenced the preacher for ever, had not Joſeph in that inſtant lifted up a certain huge ſtone-pot of the chamber with one hand, which ſix beaus could not have lifted with both, and diſcharged it, together with the contents, full in the captain's face. The uplifted hanger dropped from his hand, and he fell proſtrate on the floor with a lumpiſh noiſe, and his halfpence rattled in his pocket; the red liquor which his veins contained, and the white liquor which the pot contained, ran in one ſtream down his face and his cloaths. Nor had Adams quite eſcaped, ſome of the water having in its paſſage ſhed its honours on his head, and began to trickle down the wrinkles or rather furrows of his cheeks, when one of the ſervants ſnatching a mop out of a pail of water which had already done its duty in waſhing the houſe, puſhed it in the parſon's face; yet could he not bear him down: for the parſon wreſting the mop from the fellow with the one hand, with the other brought the enemy as low as the earth, having given him a ſtroke over that part of the face, where, in ſome men of pleaſure, the natural and artificial noſes are conjoined.

Hitherto Fortune ſeemed to incline the victory on the traveller's ſide, when, according to her cuſtom, ſhe began to ſhew the fickleneſs of her diſpoſition: for now the hoſt entering the field, or rather chamber of battle, flew directly at Joſeph, and darting his head into his ſtomach (for he was a ſtout fellow, and an expert boxer) almoſt ſtaggered him; but Joſeph ſtepping one leg back, did with his left hand ſo chuck him under the chin that he reeled. The youth was purſuing his blow with his right hand, when he received from one of the ſervants ſuch a ſtroke with a cudgel on his temples, that it inſtantly deprived him of ſenſe, and he meaſured his length on the ground.

Fanny rent the air with her cries, and Adams was coming

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coming to the assistance of Joseph: but the two serving men and the host now fell on him, and soon subdued him, though he fought like a madman, and looked so black with the impressions he had received from the mop, that Don Quixote would certainly have taken him for an inchanted Moor. But now follows the most tragical part; for the captain was risen again; and seeing Joseph on the floor, and Adams secured, he instantly laid hold on Fanny, and with the assistance of the poet and player, who hearing the battle was over were now come up, dragged her, crying and tearing her hair, from the sight of her Joseph, and with a perfect deafness to all her intreaties, carried her down stairs by violence, and fastened her on the player's horse; and the captain mounting his own, and leading that on which this poor miserable wretch was, departed without any more consideration of her cries than a butcher hath of those of a lamb; for indeed his thoughts were entertained only with the degree of favour which he promised himself from the squire on the success of this adventure.

The servants who were ordered to secure Adams and Joseph as safe as possible, that the squire might receive no interruption to his design on poor Fanny, immediately by the poet's advice, tied Adams to one of the bed-posts, as they did Joseph on the other side, as soon as they could bring him to himself; and then leaving them together, back to back, and desiring the host not to set them at liberty, nor to go near them till he had further orders, they departed towards their master; but happened to take a different road from that which the captain had fallen into.

CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

A discourse between the poet and player: of no other use in this history, but to divert the reader.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in this tragedy, we shall leave Mr Joseph and Mr Adams to themselves, and imitate the wise conductors of the stage: who, in the midst of a grave action, entertain you with some excellent piece of satire or humour called *a dance*. Which piece, indeed, is therefore danced, and not spoke, as it is delivered to the audience by persons whose thinking faculty is by most people held to ly in their heels; and to whom, as well as heroes, who think with their hands, Nature hath only given heads for the sake of conformity, and as they are of use in dancing, to hang their hats on.

The poet, addressing the player, proceeded thus: 'As I was saying,' (for they had been at this discourse all the time of the engagement above stairs), 'the reason you have no good new plays is evident; 'it is from your discouragement of authors. Gentlemen will not write, Sir, they will not write without the expectation of fame or profit, or perhaps 'both. Plays are like trees, which will not grow 'without nourishment; but, like mushrooms, they 'shoot up spontaneously, as it were, in a rich soil. 'The muses, like vines, may be pruned, but not with 'a hatchet. The town, like a peevish child, knows 'not what it desires, and is always best pleased with 'a rattle. A farce-writer hath indeed some chance 'for success; but they have lost all taste for the sublime. Though I believe one reason of their depravity is the badness of the actors. If a man 'writes like an angel, Sir, those fellows know not 'how to give a sentiment utterance.' 'Not so fast,' says the player, 'the modern actors are as good at 'least as their authors, nay, they come nearer their 'illustrious predecessors, and I expect a Booth on the 'stage again, sooner than a Shakespeare or an Otway; 'and, indeed, I may turn your observations against 'you, and with truth say, that the reason no authors

'are

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'are encouraged, is, becauſe we have no good new 'plays.' 'I have not affirmed the contrary,' ſaid the poet; 'but I am ſurpriſed you grow ſo warm; you 'cannot imagine yourſelf intereſted in this diſpute; 'I hope you have a better opinion of my taſte, than 'to apprehend I ſquinted at yourſelf. No, Sir, if we 'had ſix ſuch actors as you, we ſhould ſoon rival the 'Bettertons and Sandfords of former times; for, 'without a compliment to you, I think it impoſſible 'for any one to have excelled you in moſt of your 'parts: nay, it is a ſolemn truth, and I have heard 'many, and all great judges, expreſs as much; and 'you will pardon me if I tell you, I think every time 'I have ſeen you lately, you have conſtantly ac-'quired ſome new excellence, like a ſnow-ball. You 'have deceived me in my eſtimation of perfection, and 'have outdone what I thought inimitable.' 'You 'are as little intereſted,' anſwered the player, 'in 'what I have ſaid of other poets: for d—n me, if 'there are not many ſtrokes, ay, whole ſcenes in 'your laſt tragedy, which at leaſt equal Shakeſpeare. 'There is a delicacy of ſentiment, a dignity of ex-'preſſion in it, which I will own many of our gentle-'men did not do adequate juſtice to. To confeſs 'the truth, they are bad enough, and I pity an au-'thor who is preſent at the murder of his works.'— 'Nay, it is but ſeldom that it can happen,' returned the poet; 'the works of moſt modern authors, like 'dead-born children, cannot be murdered. It is 'ſuch wretched, half-begotten, half-writ, lifeleſs, ſpi-'ritleſs, low, groveling ſtuff, that I almoſt pity the 'actor who is obliged to get it by heart, which muſt 'be almoſt as difficult to remember as words in a lan-'guage you do not underſtand.' 'I am ſure,' ſaid the player, 'if the ſentences have little meaning when 'they are writ, when they are ſpoken they have leſs. 'I know ſcarce one who ever lays an emphaſis right, 'and much leſs adapts his action to his character. 'I have ſeen a tender lover in the attitude of fight-'ing with his miſtreſs, and a brave hero ſuing to his 'enemy with his ſword in his hand!—I don't care to 'abuſe my profeſſion; but rot me, if in my heart I

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'am not inclined to the poet's ſide.' 'It is rather 'generous in you than juſt,' ſaid the poet; 'and 'though I hate to ſpeak ill of any perſon's production; 'nay, I never do it, nor will—but yet, to do juſtice to 'the actors, what could Booth or Betterton have 'made of ſuch horrible ſtuff as Fenton's Mariamne, 'Froud's Philotas, or Mallet's Eurydice, or thoſe low, 'dirty, laſt dying ſpeeches, which a fellow in the 'city or Wapping, your Dillo, or Lillo, what was 'his name, called tragedies?'——'Very well,' ſays the player, 'and pray what do you think of ſuch fel-'lows as Quin and Delane, or that face-making pup-'py young Cibber, that ill-looked dog Macklin, or 'that ſaucy ſlut Mrs Clive? What work would they 'make with your Shakeſpeares, Otways, and Lees? 'How would thoſe harmonious lines of the laſt come 'from their tongues?

'——*No more: for I diſdain*
'*All pomp when thou art by—far be the noiſe*
'*Of kings and crowns from us, whoſe gentle ſouls*
'*Our kinder fates have ſteer'd another way.*
'*Free as the foreſt birds we'll pair together,*
'*Without rememb'ring who our fathers were:*
'*Fly to the arbours, grots, and flow'ry meads,*
'*There in ſoft murmurs interchange our ſouls,*
'*Together drink the cryſtal of the ſtream,*
'*Or taſte the yellow fruit which Autumn yields.*
'*And when the golden evening calls us home,*
'*Wing to our downy neſts, and ſleep till morn.*

'Or how would this diſdain of Otway,

'*Who'd be that fooliſh ſordid thing, call'd man?*"

'Hold, hold, hold,' ſaid the poet, 'do repeat that 'tender ſpeech in the third act of my play which you 'made ſuch a figure in.'—'I would willingly,' ſaid the player, 'but I have forgot it.'—'Ay, you was 'not quite perfect enough in it when you played it,' cries the poet, 'or you would have had ſuch an ap-'plauſe as was never given on the ſtage; an applauſe 'I was extremely concerned for your loſing.'—'Sure,' ſays the player, 'if I remember, that was hiſſed more

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'than any paſſage in the whole play.' 'Ay, your ſpeaking it was hiſs'd,' ſaid the poet. 'My ſpeaking it!' ſaid the player.——'I mean your not ſpeaking it,' ſaid the poet. 'You was out, and then they hiſſed.'—'They hiſſed, and then I was out, if I remember,' anſwered the player; 'and I muſt ſay this for myſelf, that the whole audience allowed I did your part juſtice: ſo don't lay the damnation of your play to my account.' 'I don't know what you mean by damnation,' replied the poet. 'Why, you know it was acted but one night,' cried the player. 'No,' ſaid the poet, 'you and the whole town were my enemies; the pit were all my enemies: fellows that would cut my throat, if the fear of hanging did not reſtrain them. All tailors, Sir, all tailors.'——'Why ſhould the tailors be ſo angry with you?' cries the player. 'I ſuppoſe you don't employ ſo many in making your clothes.' 'I admit your jeſt,' anſwered the poet; 'but you remember the affair as well as myſelf; you know there was a party in the pit and upper gallery would not ſuffer it to be given out again; though much, ay infinitely the majority, all the boxes in particular, were deſirous of it; nay, moſt of the ladies ſwore they never would come to the houſe till it was acted again.—— Indeed I muſt own their policy was good, in not letting it be given out a ſecond time; for the raſcals knew, if it had gone a ſecond night, it would have run fifty: for if ever there was diſtreſs in a tragedy— I am not fond of my own performance; but if I ſhould tell you what the beſt judges ſaid of it.—— Nor was it entirely owing to my enemies neither, that it did not ſucceed on the ſtage as well as it hath ſince among the polite readers; for you can't ſay it had juſtice done it by the performers.'—'I think,' anſwered the player, 'the performers did the diſtreſs of it juſtice: for I am ſure we were in diſtreſs enough, who were pelted with oranges all the laſt act; we all imagined it would have been the laſt act of our lives.'

The poet, whoſe fury was now raiſed, had juſt attempted to anſwer, when they were interrupted, and an

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an end put to their discourse by an accident; which, if the reader is impatient to know, he must skip over the next chapter, which is a sort of counterpart to this, and contains some of the best and gravest matter in the whole book, being a discourse between Parson Abraham Adams and Mr Joseph Andrews.

CHAP. XI.

Containing the exhortations of Parson Adams, to his friend in affliction; calculated for the instruction and improvement of the reader.

JOSEPH no sooner came perfectly to himself, than perceiving his mistress gone, he bewailed her loss with groans, which would have pierced any heart but those which are possessed by some people, and are made of a certain composition, not unlike flint in its hardness, and other properties; for you may strike fire from them, which will dart through the eyes, but they can never distil one drop of water the same way. His own, poor youth, was of a softer composition; and, at those words, 'O my poor Fanny! O my love! shall I never, never see thee more?' his eyes overflowed with tears, which would have become any thing but a hero. In a word, his despair was more easy to be conceived than related.——

Mr Adams, after many groans, sitting with his back to Joseph, began thus in a sorrowful tone: 'You 'cannot imagine, my good child, that I entirely 'blame these first agonies of your grief; for when 'misfortunes attack us by surprize, it must require 'infinitely more learning than you are master of to 'resist them: but it is the business of a man and 'a Christian, to summon reason as quickly as he can 'to his aid; and she will presently teach him pa'tience and submission. Be comforted, therefore, 'child, I say be comforted. It is true you have lost 'the prettiest, kindest, loveliest, sweetest young wo'man, one with whom you might have expected to 'have lived in happiness, virtue and innocence; by 'whom you might have promised yourself many 'little darlings, who would have been the delight of

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'your youth and the comfort of your age. You 'have not only loſt her, but have reaſon to fear the 'utmoſt violence which luſt and power can inflict 'upon her. Now indeed you may eaſily raiſe ideas 'of horror, which might drive you to deſpair.'—'O 'I ſhall run mad,' cries Joſeph. 'O that I could but 'command my hands to tear my eyes out, and my 'fleſh off.'—'If you would uſe them to ſuch pur-'poſes, I am glad you can't,' anſwered Adams. 'I 'have ſtated your misfortune as ſtrong as I poſſibly 'can; but, on the other ſide, you are to conſider 'you are a Chriſtian; that no accident happens to us 'without the divine permiſſion, and that it is the duty 'of a man and a Chriſtian to ſubmit. We did not 'make ourſelves; but the ſame power which made 'us, rules over us, and we are abſolutely at his diſ-'poſal; he may do with us what he pleaſes, nor 'have we any right to complain. A ſecond reaſon 'againſt our complaint is our ignorance; for as we 'know not future events, ſo neither can we tell to 'what purpoſe any accident tends; and that which at 'firſt threatens us with evil, may in the end produce 'our good. I ſhould indeed have ſaid our ignorance 'is twofold, (but I have not at preſent time to divide 'properly;) for as we know not to what purpoſe any 'event is ultimately directed, ſo neither can we af-'firm from what cauſe it originally ſprung. You are 'a man, and conſequently a ſinner; and this may 'be a puniſhment to you for your ſins; indeed in 'this ſenſe it may be eſteemed as a good, yea, as the 'greateſt good, which ſatisfies the anger of Heaven, 'and averts that wrath which cannot continue with-'out our deſtruction. Thirdly, our impotency of 'relieving ourſelves, demonſtrates the folly and ab-'ſurdity of our complaints; for whom do we reſiſt? 'or againſt whom do we complain, but a power, 'from whoſe ſhafts no armour can guard us, no 'ſpeed can fly? a power which leaves us no hope 'but in ſubmiſſion.'—'O Sir,' cried Joſeph, 'all 'this is very true, and very fine; I could hear 'you all day, if I was not ſo grieved at heart as now 'I am.'—'Would you take phyſic,' ſays Adams,

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'when you are well, and refuse it when you are sick? 'Is not comfort to be administered to the afflicted, 'and not to those who rejoice, or those who are at 'ease?'—'O you have not spoken one word of com- 'fort to me yet,' returned Joseph. 'No!' cries Adams, 'What am I then doing? what can I say to 'comfort you?'—'O tell me,' cries Joseph, 'that 'Fanny will escape back to my arms; that they shall 'again inclose that lovely creature, with all her sweet- 'ness, all her untainted innocence about her.'—— 'Why, perhaps you may,' cries Adams; 'but I can't 'promise you what's to come. You must with per- 'fect resignation wait the event; if she be restored to 'you again, it is your duty to be thankful, and so 'it is if she be not: Joseph, if you are wise, and 'truly know your own interest, you will peaceably 'and quietly submit to all the dispensations of Provi- 'dence, being thoroughly assured, that all the mis- 'fortunes, how great soever, which happen to the 'righteous, happen to them for their own good.—— 'Nay, it is not your interest only, but your duty to 'abstain from immoderate grief; which, if you in- 'dulge, you are not worthy the name of a Chri- 'stian.'——He spoke these last words with an accent a little severer than usual; upon which Joseph beg- ged him not to be angry, saying, he mistook him, if he thought he denied it was his duty; for he had known that long ago. 'What signifies knowing 'your duty, if you do not perform it?' answered Adams. 'Your knowledge encreases your guilt— 'O Joseph, I never thought you had this stubborn- 'ness in your mind.' Joseph replied, 'he fancied 'he misunderstood him, which I assure you,' says he, 'you do, if you imagine I endeavour to grieve; 'upon my soul I don't.' Adams rebuked him for swearing, and then proceeded to enlarge on the folly of grief, telling him, all the wise men and philoso- phers, even among the heathens, had written against it, quoting several passages from Seneca, and the Consolation, which though it was not Cicero's, was, he said, as good almost as any of his works; and concluded all by hinting, that immoderate grief in

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this case might incense that power which alone could restore him his Fanny. This reason, or indeed rather the idea which it raised of the restoration of his mistress, had more effect than all which the parson had said before, and for a moment abated his agonies; but when his fears sufficiently set before his eyes the danger that poor creature was in, his grief returned again with repeated violence, nor could Adams in the least assuage it; though it may be doubted in his behalf, whether Socrates himself could have prevailed any better.

They remained sometime in silence; and groans and sighs issued from them both; at length Joseph burst out in the following soliloquy:

Yes, I will bear my sorrows like a man,
But I must also feel them as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me——

Adams asked him, what stuff that was he repeated?—To which he answered, they were some lines he had gotten by heart out of a play—'Ay, there is 'nothing but heathenism to be learned from plays,' replied he:——'I never heard of any plays fit for a 'Christian to read, but Cato and the Conscious Lo'vers; and I must own, in the latter, there are some 'things almost solemn enough for a sermon.' But we shall now leave them a little, and enquire after the subject of their conversation.

CHAP. XII.

More adventures, which we hope will as much please as surprise the reader.

NEITHER the facetious dialogue which passed between the poet and the player, nor the grave and truly solemn discourse of Mr Adams, will, we conceive, make the reader sufficient amends for the anxiety which he must have felt on the account of poor Fanny, whom we left in so deplorable a condition. We shall therefore now proceed to the relation of

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of what happened to that beautiful and innocent virgin, after she fell into the wicked hands of the captain.

The man of war having conveyed his charming prize out of the inn a little before day, made the utmost expedition in his power towards the Squire's house, where this delicate creature was to be offered up a sacrifice to the lust of a ravisher. He was not only deaf to all her bewailings and entreaties on the road, but accosted her ears with impurities, which, having been never before accustomed to them, she happily for herself very little understood. At last he changed his note, and attempted to soothe and mollify her, by setting forth the splendor and luxury which would be her fortune with a man who would have the inclination, and power too, to give her whatever her utmost wishes could desire; and told her he doubted not but she would soon look kinder on him, as the instrument of her happiness, and despise that pitiful fellow, whom her ignorance only could make her fond of. She answered, She knew not whom he meant; she never was fond of any pitiful fellow. 'Are you affronted, Madam,' says he, 'at my call-'ing him so? but what better can be said of one in 'a livery, notwithstanding your fondness for him?' She returned, That she did not understand him; that the man had been her fellow-servant, and she believed was as honest a creature as any alive; but as for fondness for men—'I warrant ye,' cries the captain, 'we shall find means to persuade you to be 'fond; and I advise you to yield to gentle ones; for 'you may be assured that it is not in your power, by 'any struggles whatever, to preserve your virgini-'ty two hours longer. It will be your interest to 'consent; for the Squire will be much kinder to 'you, if he enjoys you willingly than by force.'—— At which words she began to call aloud for assistance, (for it was now open day), but finding none, she lifted her eyes up to heaven, and supplicated the Divine assistance to preserve her innocence. The captain told her, If she persisted in her vociferation, he would find a means of stopping her mouth. And now the poor

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poor wretch, perceiving no hopes of succour, abandoned herself to despair, and sighing out the name of Joseph! Joseph! a river of tears ran down her lovely cheeks, and wet the handkerchief which covered her bosom. A horseman now appeared in the road, upon which the captain threatened her violently if she complained: however, the moment they approached each other, she begged him with the utmost earnestness to relieve a distressed creature who was in the hands of a ravisher. The fellow stopped at those words but the captain assured him it was his wife, and that he was carrying her home from her adulterer: which so satisfied the fellow, who was an old one, (and perhaps a married one too), that he wished him a good journey, and rode on. He was no sooner past, than the captain abused her violently for breaking his commands, and threatened to gagg her, when two more horsemen, armed with pistols, came into the road just before them. She again solicited their assistance, and the captain told the same story as before. Upon which one said to the other—'That's a 'charming wench, Jack! I wish I had been in the 'fellow's place, whoever he is.' But the other, in stead of answering him, cried out eagerly, 'Zounds, 'I know her!' and then, turning to her, said, 'Sure 'you are not Fanny Goodwill!'—'Indeed, indeed 'I am,' she cried——'O John, I know you now—'Heaven hath sent you to my assistance, to deliver 'me from this wicked man, who is carrying me 'away for his vile purposes—O, for God's sake, re-'scue me from him!' A fierce dialogue immediately ensued between the captain and these two men, who being both armed with pistols, and the chariot which they attended being now arrived, the captain saw both force and stratagem were vain, and endeavoured to make his escape; in which, however, he could not succeed. The gentleman who rode in the chariot, ordered it to stop, and, with an air of authority, examined into the merits of the cause; of which, being advertised by Fanny, whose credit was confirmed by the fellow who knew her, he ordered the captain, who was all bloody from his encounter

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at the inn, to be conveyed as a prisoner behind the chariot, and very gallantly took Fanny into it; for, to say the truth, this gentleman (who was no other than the celebrated Mr Peter Pounce, and who preceded the Lady Booby only a few miles, by setting out earlier in the morning), was a very gallant person, and loved a pretty girl better than any thing, besides his own money, or the money of other people.

The chariot now proceeded towards the inn, which, as Fanny was informed, lay in their way, and where it arrived at that very time when the poet and player were disputing below stairs, and Adams and Joseph were discoursing back to back above; just at that period to which we brought them both in the two preceding chapters, the chariot stopt at the door, and in an instant Fanny leaping from it, ran up to her Joseph.—O reader, conceive if thou canst, the joy which fired the breasts of these lovers on this meeting; and if thy own heart doth not sympathetically assist thee in this conception, I pity thee sincerely from my own: for let the hard hearted villain know this, that there is a pleasure in a tender sensation beyond any which he is capable of tasting.

Peter being informed by Fanny of the presence of Adams, stopt to see him, and receive his homage; for, as Peter was an hypocrite, a sort of people whom Mr Adams never saw through, the one paid that respect to his seeming goodness which the other believed to be paid to his riches; hence Mr Adams was so much his favourite, that he once lent him four pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence, to prevent his going to goal, on no greater security than a bond and judgment, which probably he would have made no use of, tho' the money had not been (as it was) paid exactly at the time.

It is not perhaps easy to describe the figure of Adams; he had risen in such a hurry, that he had on neither breeches, garters, nor stockings; nor had he taken from his head a red spotted handkerchief, which by night bound his wig, turned inside out, around his head. He had on his torn cassock, and his great

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great coat. But as the remainder of his caſſock hung down below his great coat; ſo did a ſmall ſtripe of white, or rather whitiſh linen, appear below that; to which we may add the ſeveral colours which appeared on his face, where a long piſs-burnt beard ſerved to retain the liquor of the ſtone-pot, and that of a blacker hue which diſtilled from the mop.—This figure, which Fanny had delivered from his captivity, was no ſooner ſpied by Peter, than it diſordered the compoſed gravity of his muſcles; however he adviſed him immediately to make himſelf clean, nor would accept his homage in that pickle.

The poet and player no ſooner ſaw the captain in captivity, than they began to conſider of their own ſafety, of which flight preſented itſelf as the only means; they therefore both of them mounted the poet's horſe, and made the moſt expeditious retreat in their power.

The hoſt, who well knew Mr Pounce, and Lady Booby's livery, was not a little ſurpriſed at this change of the ſcene, nor was his confuſion much helped by his wife, who was now juſt ariſen, and having heard from him the account of what had paſſed, comforted him with a decent number of fools and blockheads; aſked him why he did not conſult her; and told him, he would never leave following the nonſenſical dictates of his own numſcull, till ſhe and her family were ruined.

Joſeph being informed of the captain's arrival, and ſeeing his Fanny now in ſafety, quitted her a moment, and running down ſtairs, went directly to him, and ſtripping off his coat, challenged him to fight; but the captain refuſed, ſaying, he did not underſtand boxing. He then graſped a cudgel in one hand, and catching the captain by the collar with the other, gave him a moſt ſevere drubbing; and ended with telling him he had now had ſome revenge for what his dear Fanny had ſuffered.

When Mr Pounce had a little regaled himſelf with ſome proviſion which he had in his chariot, and Mr Adams had put on the beſt appearance his clothes would allow him, Pounce ordered the captain into his

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his presence; for he said he was guilty of felony, and the next justice of peace should commit him; but the servants (whose appetite for revenge is soon satisfied) being sufficiently contented with the drubbing which Joseph had inflicted on him, and which was indeed of no very moderate kind, had suffered him to go off, which he did, threatening a severe revenge against Joseph, which I have never heard he thought proper to take.

The mistress of the house made her voluntary appearance before Mr Pounce, and with a thousand curtsies told him, She hoped his Honour would pardon her husband, who was a very nonsense man, for the sake of his poor family; that indeed if he could be ruined alone, she would be very willing of it; for because, as why, his Worship very well knew he deserved it: but as she had three poor small children, who were not capable to get their own living; and if her husband was sent to goal, they must all come to the parish; for she was a poor weak woman, continually a-breeding, and had no time to work for them. She therefore hoped his Honour would take it into his Worship's consideration, and forgive her husband this time; for she was sure he never intended any harm to man, woman, or child; and if it was not for that block-head of his own, the man in some things was well enough; for she had had three children by him in less than three years, and was almost ready to cry out the fourth time. She would have proceeded in this manner much longer, had not Peter stopped her tongue, by telling her he had nothing to say to her husband, nor her neither. So, as Adams and the rest had assured her of forgiveness, she cried and curtsied out of the room.

Mr Pounce was desirous that Fanny should continue her journey with him in the chariot; but she absolutely refused, saying, she would ride behind Joseph, on a horse which one of Lady Booby's servants had equipped him with. But, alas! when the horse appeared, it was found to be no other than that identical beast which Mr Adams had left behind him at the inn, and which these honest fellows, who knew him,

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him, had redeemed. Indeed, whatever horſe they had provided for Joſeph, they would have prevailed with him to mount none, no, not even to ride before his beloved Fanny, till the Parſon was ſupplied; much leſs would he deprive his friend of the beaſt which belonged to him, and which he knew the moment he ſaw, though Adams did not: however, when he was reminded of the affair, and told that they had brought the horſe with them which he left behind, he anſwered—'Bleſs me! and ſo I did.'

Adams was very deſirous that Joſeph and Fanny ſhould mount this horſe, and declared he could very eaſily walk home. 'If I walked alone,' ſays he, 'I 'would wager a ſhilling, that the pedeſtrian out-'ſtripped the equeſtrian travellers: but as I intend 'to take the company of a pipe, peradventure I may 'be an hour later.' One of the ſervants whiſpered Joſeph to take him at his word, and ſuffer the old put to walk if he would: this propoſal was anſwered with an angry look and a peremptory refuſal by Joſeph, who, catching Fanny up in his arms, averred he would rather carry her home in that manner, than take away Mr Adams's horſe, and permit him to walk on foot.

Perhaps, reader, thou haſt ſeen a conteſt between two gentlemen, or two ladies, quickly decided, though they have both aſſerted they would not eat ſuch a nice morſel, and each inſiſted on the other's accepting it; but, in reality, both were very deſirous to ſwallow it themſelves. Do not therefore conclude hence, that this diſpute would have come to a ſpeedy deciſion: for here both parties were heartily in earneſt, and it is very probable, they would have remained in the inn-yard to this day, had not the good Peter Pounce put a ſtop to it; for finding he had no longer hopes of ſatisfying his old appetite with Fanny, and being deſirous of having ſome one to whom he might communicate his grandeur, he told the Parſon he would convey him home in his chariot. This favour was by Adams, with many bows and acknowledgments, accepted, though he afterwards ſaid, He aſcended the

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chariot rather that he might not offend, than from any desire of riding in it, for that in his heart he preferred the pedestrian even to the vehicular expedition. All matters being now settled, the chariot, in which rode Adams and Pounce, moved forwards; and Joseph having borrowed a pillion from the host, Fanny had just seated herself thereon, and had laid hold of the girdle which her lover wore for that purpose, when the wise beast, who concluded that one at a time was sufficient, that two to one were odds, *&c.* discovered much uneasiness at his double load, and began to consider his hinder as his fore legs, moving the direct contrary way to that which is called forwards. Nor could Joseph, with all his horsemanship, persuade him to advance: but without having any regard to the lovely part of the lovely girl which was on his back, he used such agitations, that had not one of the men come in immediately to her assistance, she had, in plain English, tumbled backwards on the ground. This inconvenience was presently remedied by an exchange of horses; and then Fanny being again placed on her pillion, on a better-natured, and somewhat better fed beast, the parson's horse, finding he had no longer odds to contend with, agreed to march; and the whole procession set forwards for Booby-Hall, where they arrived in a few hours, without any thing remarkable happening on the road, unless it was a curious dialogue between the parson and the steward; which, to use the language of a late apologist, a pattern to all biographers, "waits "for the reader in the next chapter."

CHAP. XIII.

A curious dialogue which passed between Mr Abraham Adams and Mr Peter Pounce, better worth reading than all the works of Colley Cibber and many others.

THE chariot had not proceeded far, before Mr Adams observed it was a very fine day. 'Ay, 'and a very fine country too,' answered Pounce. 'I 'should think so more,' returned Adams, 'if I had 'not lately travelled over the Downs, which I take to

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'exceed this and all other prospects in the universe.' 'A fig for prospects,' answered Pounce, 'one acre here 'is worth ten there; and, for my own part, I have 'no delight in the prospect of any land but my own.' 'Sir, said Adams, 'you can indulge yourself with 'many fine prospects of that kind.' 'I thank God 'I have a little,' replied the other, 'with which I 'am content, and envy no man: I have a little, Mr 'Adams, with which I do as much good as I can.' Adams answered, That riches without charity were nothing worth; for that they were a blessing only to him who made them a blessing to others. 'You and 'I,' said Peter, 'have different notions of charity. I 'own, as it is generally used, I do not like the word, 'nor do I think it becomes one of us gentlemen; it 'is a mean parson-like quality; though I would not 'infer many parsons have it neither.' 'Sir,' said Adams, 'my definition of charity is a generous dis-'position to relieve the distressed.' 'There is some-'thing in that definition,' answered Peter, 'which I 'like well enough; it is, as you say, a disposition— 'and does not so much consist in the act as in the 'disposition to do it; but alas! Mr Adams, who are 'meant by the distressed? Believe me, the distresses 'of mankind are mostly imaginary, and it would be 'rather folly than goodness to relieve them.' 'Sure, 'Sir,' replied Adams, 'hunger and thirst, cold and 'nakedness, and other distresses which attend the 'poor, can never be said to be imaginary evils.' 'How can any man complain of hunger,' said Peter, 'in a country where such excellent sallads are to be 'gathered in almost every field? or of thirst, where 'every river and stream produces such delicious po-'tations? And as for cold and nakedness, they are 'evils introduced by luxury and custom. A man na-'turally wants cloaths no more than a horse or any 'other animal; and there are whole nations who go 'without them: but these are things perhaps which 'you who do not know the world.'—'You will par-'me me, Sir,' returned Adams; 'I have read of 'the Gymnosophists.' 'A plague of your Jehosophats,' cried Peter; 'the greatest fault in our constitution 'is

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'is the provision made for the poor, except that perhaps made for some others. Sir, I have not an estate which doth not contribute almost as much again to the poor as to the land-tax; and I do assure you, I expect to come myself to the parish in the end.' To which Adams giving a dissenting smile, Peter thus proceeded: 'I fancy, Mr Adams, you are one of those who imagine I am a lump of money; for there are many who, I fancy, believe that not only my pockets, but my whole clothes, are lined with bank-bills; but I assure you, you are all mistaken: I am not the man the world esteems me. If I can hold my head above water, it is all I can. I have injured myself by purchasing. I have been too liberal of my money. Indeed I fear my heir will find my affairs in a worse situation than they are reputed to be. Ah! he will have reason to wish I had loved money more, and land less. Pray, my good neighbour, where should I have that quantity of riches the world is so liberal to bestow on me? Where could I possibly, without I had stole it, acquire such a treasure?' 'Why truly,' says Adams, 'I have been always of your opinion; I have wondered as well as yourself with what confidence they could report such things of you, which have to me appeared as mere impossibilities; for you know, Sir, and I have often heard you say it, that your wealth is of your own acquisition, and can it be credible that in your short time you should have amassed such a heap of treasure as these people will have you worth? Indeed, had you inherited an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, which had descended in your family for many generations, they might have had a colour for their assertions.' 'Why, what do they say I am worth?' cries Peter, with a malicious sneer. 'Sir,' answered Adams, 'I have heard some aver you are not worth less than twenty thousand pounds,' at which Peter frowned. 'Nay, Sir,' said Adams, 'you ask me only the opinion of others: for my own part, I have always denied it, nor did I ever believe you could possibly be worth half that sum.' 'However, Mr Adams,' said he,

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squeezing him by the hand, 'I would not sell them 'all I am worth for double that sum; and as to 'what you believe, or they believe, I care not a fig, 'no, not a fart. I am not poor, because you think 'me so, nor because you attempt to undervalue me 'in the country. I know the envy of mankind very 'well; but I thank Heaven I am above them. It 'is true, my wealth is of my own acquisition. I 'have not an estate, like Sir Thomas Booby, that has 'descended in my family through many generations; 'but I know heirs of such estates who are forced to 'travel about the country like some people in torn 'cassocks, and might be glad to accept of a pitiful 'curacy for what I know. Yes, Sir, as shabby fellows 'as yourself, whom no man of my figure, without 'that vice of good nature about him, would suffer 'to ride in a chariot with him.' Sir,' said Adams, 'I value not your chariot a rush; and if I had 'known you had intended to affront me, I would 'have walked to the world's end on foot ere I would 'have accepted a place in it. However, Sir, I will 'soon rid you of that inconvenience;' and so saying, he opened the chariot-door, without calling to the coachman, and leapt out into the highway, forgetting to take his hat along with him; which, however, Mr Pounce threw after him with great violence. Joseph and Fanny stopped to bear him company the rest of the way, which was not above a mile.

BOOK

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BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

The arrival of Lady Booby and the reſt at Booby-Hall.

THE coach and ſix in which Lady Booby rode, overtook the other travellers as they entered the pariſh. She no ſooner ſaw Joſeph, than her cheeks glowed with red, and immediately after became as totally pale. She had, in her ſurpriſe, almoſt ſtopped her coach; but recollected herſelf timely enough to prevent it. She entered the pariſh amidſt the ringing of bells, and the acclamations of the poor, who were rejoiced to ſee their patroneſs returned after ſo long an abſence, during which time all her rents had been drafted to London, without a ſhilling being ſpent among them, which tended not a little to their utter impoveriſhing; for if the court would be ſeverely miſſed in ſuch a city as London, how much more muſt the abſence of a perſon of great fortune be felt in a little country village, for whoſe inhabitants ſuch a family finds a conſtant employment and ſupply; and with the offals of whoſe table, the infirm, aged, and infant poor, are abundantly fed, with a generoſity which hath ſcarce a viſible effect on their benefactor's pockets?

But if their intereſt inſpired ſo public a joy into every countenance, how much more forcibly did the affection which they bore parſon Adams operate upon all who beheld his return? They flocked about him, like dutiful children round an indulgent parent, and vied with each other in demonſtrations of duty and love. The parſon, on his ſide, ſhook every one by the hand, enquired heartily after the healths of all that were abſent, of their children and relations, and expreſſed a ſatisfaction in his face, which nothing but benevolence made happy by its objects could infuſe.

Nor did Joſeph and Fanny want a hearty welcome from all who ſaw them. In ſhort, no three perſons

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could be more kindly received, as indeed none ever more deserved to be universally beloved.

Adams carried his fellow-travellers home to his house, where he insisted on their partaking whatever his wife, whom, with his children, he found in health and joy, could provide; where we shall leave them enjoying perfect happiness over a homely meal, to view scenes of greater splendor, but infinitely less bliss.

Our more intelligent readers will doubtless suspect, by this second appearance of Lady Booby on the stage, that all was not ended by the dismission of Joseph; and, to be honest with them, they are in the right; the arrow had pierced deeper than she imagined; nor was the wound so easily to be cured. The removal of the object soon cooled her rage, but it had a different effect on her love: that departed with his person; but this remained lurking in her mind with his image. Restless, interrupted slumbers, and confused horrible dreams were her portion the first night. In the morning, Fancy painted her a more delicious scene; but to delude, not delight her; for before she could reach the promised happiness, it vanished, and left her to curse, not bless the vision.

She started from her sleep, her imagination being all on fire with the phantom, when her eyes accidentally glancing towards the spot where yesterday the real Joseph had stood, that little circumstance raised his idea in the livelicst colour in her memory. Each look, each word, each gesture, rushed back on her mind with charms which all his coldness could not abate. Nay, she imputed that to his youth, his folly, his awe, his religion, to every thing, but what would instantly have produced contempt, want of passion for the sex; or, that which would have roused her hatred, want of liking to her.

Reflection then hurried her farther, and told her, she must see this beautiful youth no more; nay, suggested to her, that she herself had dismissed him for no other fault than probably that of too violent an awe and respect for herself; and which she ought rather to have esteemed a merit, the effects of which were

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were beſides ſo eaſily and ſurely to have been removed; ſhe then blamed, ſhe curſed the haſty raſhneſs of her temper; her fury was vented all on herſelf, and Joſeph appeared innocent in her eyes. Her paſſion at length grew ſo violent, that it forced her on ſeeking relief, and now ſhe thought of recalling him: but pride forbad that; pride, which ſoon drove all ſofter paſſions from her ſoul, and repreſented to her the meanneſs of him ſhe was fond of. That thought ſoon began to obſcure his beauties; contempt ſucceeded next, and then diſdain, which preſently introduced her hatred of the creature who had given her ſo much uneaſineſs. Theſe enemies of Joſeph had no ſooner taken poſſeſſion of her mind, than they inſinuated to her a thouſand things in his disfavour; every thing but diſlike of her perſon; a thought, which, as it would have been intolerable to bear, ſhe checked the moment it endeavoured to riſe. Revenge came now to her aſſiſtance; and ſhe conſidered her diſmiſſion of him ſtript, and without a character, with the utmoſt pleaſure. She rioted in the ſeveral kinds of miſery, which her imagination ſuggeſted to her might be his fate; and with a ſmile compoſed of anger, mirth, and ſcorn, viewed him in the rags in which her fancy had dreſſed him.

Mrs Slipſlop being ſummoned, attended her miſtreſs, who had now, in her own opinion, totally ſubdued this paſſion. Whilſt ſhe was dreſſing, ſhe aſked if that fellow had been turned away according to her orders. Slipſlop anſwered, ſhe had told her Ladyſhip ſo, (as indeed ſhe had.) '—And how did he behave?' replied the Lady. 'Truly, Madam,' cries Slipſlop, 'in 'ſuch a manner that infected every body who ſaw 'him. The poor lad had but little wages to receive; 'for he conſtantly allowed his father and mother half 'his income; ſo that, when your Ladyſhip's livery was 'ſtript off, he had not wherewithal to buy a coat, 'and muſt have gone naked, if one of the footmen 'had not incommodated him with one; and whilſt he 'was ſtanding in his ſhirt, (and, to ſay truth, he was 'an amorous figure) being told your Ladſhip would 'not give him a character, he ſighed, and ſaid, he 'had

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'had done nothing willingly to offend, that for his 'part he ſhould always give your Ladyſhip a good cha-'racter wherever he went; and he prayed God to 'bleſs you; for you was the beſt of ladies, though 'his enemies had ſet you againſt him: I wiſh you had 'not turned him away; for I believe you have not a 'faithfuller ſervant in the houſe,——'How came you, 'then,' replied the Lady, 'to adviſe me to turn him 'away?' 'I, Madam!' ſaid Slipſlop, 'I am ſure you 'will do me the juſtice to ſay, I did all in my power 'to prevent it; but I ſaw your Ladyſhip was angry; 'and it is not the buſineſs of us upper ſervants to 'hinterfeare on thoſe occaſions.'—'And was it not you, 'audacious wretch,' cried the Lady, 'who made me 'angry? was it not your tittle-tattle, in which I 'believe you belied the poor fellow, which incenſed 'me againſt him? He may thank you for all that 'hath happened; and ſo may I for the loſs of a good 'ſervant, and one who probably had more merit than 'all of you. Poor fellow! I am charmed with his 'goodneſs to his parents. Why did not you tell me 'of that, but ſuffer me to diſmiſs ſo good a creature 'without a character? I ſee the reaſon of your whole 'behaviour now as well as your complaint; you was 'jealous of the wenches.' 'I jealous!' ſaid Slip-ſlop; 'I aſſure you I look upon myſelf as his betters; 'I am not meat for a footman I hope.' Theſe words threw the lady into a violent paſſion, and ſhe ſent Slip-ſlop from her preſence, who departed, toſſing her noſe, and crying, 'Marry come up! there are ſome peo-'ple more jealous than I, I believe.' Her Lady af-fected not to hear the words, though in reality ſhe did, and underſtood them too. Now enſued a ſecond conflict, ſo like the former, that it might ſavour of repetition to relate it minutely. It may ſuffice to ſay that Lady Booby found good reaſon to doubt whether ſhe had ſo abſolutely conquered her paſſion, as ſhe had flattered herſelf; and, in order to accompliſh it quite, took a reſolution more common than wiſe, to retire immediately into the country. The reader hath long ago ſeen the arrival of Mrs Slipſlop, whom no pert-neſs could make her miſtreſs reſolve to part with: lately

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lately, that of Mr Pounce, her forerunners; and, laſtly, that of the Lady herſelf.

The morning after her arrival, being Sunday, ſhe went to church, to the great ſurpriſe of every body, who wondered to ſee her Ladyſhip (being no very conſtant church-woman) there, ſo ſuddenly upon her journey. Joſeph was likewiſe there; and I have heard it was remarked, that ſhe fixed her eyes on him much more than on the parſon; but this I believe to be only a malicious rumour. When the prayers were ended, Mr Adams ſtood up, and with a loud voice pronounced, 'I publiſh the banns of marriage between 'Joſeph Andrews and Frances Goodwill, both of this 'pariſh,' &c. Whether this had any effect on Lady Booby or no, who was then in her pew, which the congregation could not ſee into, I could never diſcover: but certain it is, that in about a quarter of an hour ſhe ſtood up, and directed her eyes to that part of the church where the women ſat, and perſiſted in looking that way during the remainder of the ſermon, in ſo ſcrutinizing a manner, and with ſo angry a countenance, that moſt of the women were afraid ſhe was offended at them.

The moment ſhe returned home, ſhe ſent for Slipſlop into her chamber, and told her, She wondered what that impudent fellow Joſeph did in that pariſh. Upon which Slipſlop gave her an account of her meeting Adams with him on the road, and likewiſe the adventure with Fanny. At the relation of which, the Lady often changed her countenance; and when ſhe had heard all, ſhe ordered Mr Adams into her preſence, to whom ſhe behaved as the reader will ſee in the next chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

A dialogue between Mr Abraham Adams and the Lady Booby.

MR Adams was not far off; for he was drinking her Ladyſhip's health below, in a cup of her ale. He no ſooner came before her, than ſhe began in the following manner: 'I wonder, Sir, after the 'many great obligations you have had to this family,' (with all which the reader hath, in the courſe of this hiſtory been minutely acquainted), that you will 'ungratefully ſhow any reſpect to a fellow who hath 'been turned out of it for his miſdeeds. Nor doth 'it, I can tell you, Sir, become a man of your cha-'racter, to run about the country with an idle fel-'low and wench. Indeed, as for the girl, I know 'no harm of her. Slipſlop tells me ſhe was former-'ly bred up in my houſe, and behaved as ſhe ought, 'till ſhe hankered after this fellow, and he ſpoiled 'her. Nay, ſhe may ſtill, perhaps, do very well, if 'he will let her alone. You are therefore doing a 'monſtrous thing, in endeavouring to procure a match 'between theſe two people, which will be to the ruin 'of them both.'—'Madam,' ſays Adams, 'if your 'Ladyſhip will but hear me ſpeak, I proteſt I never 'heard any harm of Mr Joſeph Andrews; if I had, 'I ſhould have corrected him for it: for I never 'have, nor will encourage the faults of thoſe under 'my care. As for the young woman, I aſſure your 'Ladyſhip, I have as good an opinion of her as your 'Ladyſhip yourſelf, or any other can have. She is 'the ſweeteſt-tempered, honeſteſt, worthieſt, young 'creature; indeed, as to her beauty, I do not com-'mend her on that account, though all men allow ſhe 'is the handſomeſt woman, gentle, or ſemple, that 'ever appeared in the pariſh.' 'You are very im-'pertinent,' ſays ſhe, 'to talk ſuch fulſome ſtuff to 'me. It is mighty becoming truly in a clergyman to 'trouble himſelf about handſome women, and you 'are a delicate judge of beauty, no doubt. A man 'who hath lived all his life in ſuch a pariſh as this,

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'is a rare judge of beauty. Ridiculous! Beauty indeed!—a country wench a beauty!—I shall be sick whenever I hear beauty mentioned again—And so this wench is to stock the parish with beauties, I hope.—But, Sir, our poor is numerous enough already; I will have no more vagabonds settled here.' 'Madam,' said Adams, 'your Ladyship is offended with me, I protest, without any reason. This couple were desirous to consummate long ago, and I dissuaded them from it; nay, I may venture to say, I believe I was the sole cause of their delaying it.' 'Well,' says she, 'and you did very wisely and honestly too, notwithstanding she is the greatest beauty in the parish.'—'And now, Madam,' continued he, 'I only perform my office to Mr Joseph.'—— 'Pray, don't mister such fellows to me,' cries the Lady. 'He,' said the parson, 'with the consent of Fanny, before my face, put in the banns.'—'Yes,' answered the Lady, 'I suppose the slut is forward enough; Slipslop tells me how her head runs upon fellows; that is one of her beauties, I suppose. But if they have put in the banns, I desire you will publish them no more without my orders.' 'Madam,' cries Adams, 'if any one puts in sufficient caution, and assigns a proper reason against them, I am willing to surcease.'——'I tell you a reason,' says she, 'he is a vagabond, and he shall not settle here and bring a nest of beggars into the parish; it will make us but little amends that they will be beauties.' 'Madam,' answered Adams, 'with the utmost submission to your Ladyship, I have been informed by Lawyer Scout, that any person who serves a year gains settlement in the parish where he serves.' 'Lawyer Scout,' replied the Lady, 'is an impudent coxcomb; I will have no Lawyer Scout interfere with me. I repeat to you again, I will have no more incumbrances brought on us: so I desire you will proceed no farther.' 'Madam,' returned Adams, 'I would obey your Ladyship in every thing that is lawful; but surely the parties being poor is no reason against their marrying. God forbid there should be any such law. The poor have

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'little ſhare enough of this world already; it would be barbarous indeed to deny them the common privileges and innocent enjoyments which nature indulges to the animal creation.' 'Since you underſtand yourſelf no better,' cries the Lady, 'nor the reſpect due from ſuch as you to a woman of my diſtinction, than to affront my ears by ſuch looſe diſcourſe, I ſhall mention but one ſhort word; it is my orders to you, that you publiſh theſe banns no more; and if you dare, I will recommend it to your maſter, the doctor, to diſcard you from his ſervice. I will, Sir, notwithſtanding your poor family; and then you and the greateſt beauty in the pariſh may go and beg together.' 'Madam,' anſwered Adams, 'I know not what your Ladyſhip means by the terms maſter and ſervice. I am in the ſervice of a maſter who will never diſcard me for doing my duty: and if the doctor (for indeed I have never been able to pay for a licence) thinks proper to turn me from my cure, GOD will provide me, I hope, another. At leaſt, my family, as well as myſelf, have hands; and he will proſper, I doubt not, our endeavours to get our bread honeſtly with them. Whilſt my conſcience is pure, I ſhall never fear what man can do unto me.'—'I condemn my humility,' ſaid the Lady, 'for demeaning myſelf to converſe with you ſo long. I ſhall take other meaſures: for I ſee you are a confederate with them. But the ſooner you leave me the better; and I ſhall give orders that my doors may no longer be open to you. I will ſuffer no parſons who run about the country with beauties, to be entertained here.'——'Madam,' ſaid Adams, 'I ſhall enter into no perſons doors againſt their will; but I am aſſured, when you have enquired farther into this matter, you will applaud, not blame my proceeding; and ſo I humbly take my leave:' which he did with many bows, or at leaſt many attempts at a bow.

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CHAP. III.

What passed between the Lady and Lawyer Scout.

IN the afternoon the lady sent for Mr Scout, whom she attacked most violently for intermeddling with her servants: which he denied, and indeed with truth; for he had only asserted accidentally, and perhaps rightly, that a year's service gained a settlement; and so far he owned he might have formerly informed the parson, and believed it was law. 'I am resolved,' said the lady, 'to have no discarded servants of mine 'settled here; and so, if this be your law, I shall 'send to another lawyer.' Scout said, 'If she sent to 'a hundred lawyers, not one or all of them could al-'ter the law. The utmost that was in the power of 'a lawyer, was to prevent the law's taking effect; 'and that he himself could do for her Ladyship as 'well as any other: and I believe,' says he, 'Ma-'dam, your Ladyship not being conversant in these 'matters, hath mistaken a difference: for I asserted 'only, that a man who served a year was settled. 'Now there is a material difference between being 'settled in law and settled in fact; and as I affirmed 'generally he was settled, and law is preferable to 'fact, my settlement must be understood in law, and 'not in fact. And suppose, Madam, we admit he 'was settled in law, what use will they make of it? 'how doth that relate to fact? He is not settled in 'fact; and if he be not settled in fact, he is not an 'inhabitant; and if he is not an inhabitant, he is not 'of this parish; and then undoubtedly he ought not 'to be published here; for Mr Adams hath told me 'your Ladyship's pleasure, and the reason, which is a 'very good one, to prevent burdening us with the 'poor; we have too many already; and I think we 'ought to have an act to hang or transport half of 'them. If we can prove in evidence, that he is not 'settled in fact, it is another matter. What I said to 'Mr Adams, was on a supposition that he was set-'tled in fact; and indeed if that was the case, I 'should doubt'—'Don't tell me your facts and your

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'ifs,' said the Lady, 'I don't understand your gibberish: you take too much upon you, and are very impertinent in pretending to direct in this parish, and you shall be taught better, I assure you, you shall. But as to the wench, I am resolved she shall not settle here; I will not suffer such beauties as these to produce children for us to keep.'—'Beauties indeed! your Ladyship is pleased to be merry,'—answered Scout.—'Mr Adams described her so to me,' said the Lady.—'Pray what sort of dowdy is it, Mr Scout?'—'The ugliest creature almost I ever beheld, a poor dirty drab, your Ladyship never saw such a wretch.'—'Well, but dear Mr Scout, let her be what she will,—these ugly women will bring children you know; so that we must prevent the marriage.'—'True, Madam,' replied Scout, 'for the subsequent marriage co-operating with the law, will carry law into fact; when a man is married, he is settled in fact; and then he is not removeable. I will see Mr Adams, and I make no doubt of prevailing with him. His only objection is doubtless, that he shall lose his fee; but that being once made easy, as it shall be, I am confident no farther objection will remain. No, no, it is impossible: but your Ladyship can't discommend his unwillingness to depart from his fee. Every man ought to have proper value for his fee. As to the matter in question, if your Ladyship pleases to employ me in it, I will venture to promise you success. The laws of this land are not so vulgar, to permit a mean fellow to contend with one of your Ladyship's fortune. We have one sure card, which is, to carry him before Justice Frolic, who, upon hearing your Ladyship's name, will commit him without any farther questions. As for the dirty slut, we shall have nothing to do with her; for if we get rid of the fellow, the ugly jade will'——'Take what measures you please, good Mr Scout,' answered the Lady, 'but I wish you could rid the parish of both; for Slipslop tells me such stories of this wench, that I abhor the thoughts of her; and though you say she is such an ugly slut, yet you know, dear Mr Scout,

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'Scout, these forward creatures who run after men, 'will always find some as forward as themselves: so 'that, to prevent the increase of beggars, we must 'get rid of her.'—'Your Ladyship is very much in 'the right,' answered Scout, 'but I am afraid the law 'is a little deficient in giving us any such power of 'prevention; however, the Justice will stretch it as 'far as he is able, to oblige your Ladyship. To say 'truth, it is a great blessing in the country that he is 'in the commission; for he hath taken several poor off 'our hands that the law would never lay hold on. I 'know some justices who make as much of commit-'ting a man to Bridewell, as his Lordship at size 'would of hanging him; but it would do a man good 'to see his worship, our Justice, commit a fellow to 'Bridewell; he takes so much pleasure in it: and 'when once ye ha' um there, we seldom hear any 'more o' um. He's either starved or ate up by ver-'min in a month's time.'——Here the arrival of a visitor put an end to the conversation, and Mr Scout having undertaken the cause, and promised it success, departed.

This Scout was one of those fellows who, without any knowledge of the law, or being bred to it, take upon them, in defiance of an act of parliament, to act as lawyers in the country, and are called so. They are the pests of society, and a scandal to a profession to which indeed they do not belong; and which owes, to such kind of rascallions the ill-will which weak persons bear towards it. With this fellow, to whom a little before she would not have condescended to have spoken, did a certain passion for Joseph, and the jealousy and disdain of poor innocent Fanny, betray the Lady Booby into a familiar discourse, in which she inadvertently confirmed many hints, with which Slipslop, whose gallant he was, had pre-acquainted him; and whence he had taken an opportunity to assert those severe falsehoods of little Fanny, which possibly the reader might not have been well able to account for, if we had not thought proper to give him this information.

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CHAP. IV.

A short chapter, but very full of matter; particularly the arrival of Mr Booby and his lady.

ALL that night, and the next day, the Lady Booby passed with the utmost anxiety; her mind was distracted, and her soul tossed up and down by many turbulent and opposite passions. She loved, hated, pitied, scorned, admired, despised the same person by fits, which changed in a very short interval. On Tuesday morning, which happened to be a holiday, she went to the church, where to her surprize, Mr Adams published the banns again, with as audible a voice as before. It was lucky for her, that as there was no sermon, she had an immediate opportunity of returning home to vent her rage, which she could not have concealed from the congregation five minutes: indeed it was not then very numerous, the assembly consisting of no more than Adams, his clerk, his wife, the Lady, and one of her servants. At her return she met Slipslop, who accosted her in these words:—'O Mearn, what doth your Ladyship think? 'To be sure Lawyer Scout hath carried Joseph and 'Fanny both before the Justice. All the parish are in 'tears, and say they will certainly be hanged: for no 'body knows what it is for.'—'I suppose they de'serve it,' says the Lady. 'What dost thou mention 'such wretches to me?' 'O dear Madam,' answered Slipslop, 'is it not a pity such a graceless young man 'should die a virulent death? I hope the judge will 'take commensuration of his youth. As for Fanny, 'I don't think it signifies much what becomes of 'her; and if poor Joseph hath done any thing, I 'could venture to swear she traduced him in it: few 'men ever come to fragrant punishment, but by those 'nasty creatures, who are a scandal to our sect.' The Lady was no more pleased at this news, after a moment's reflection, than Slipslop herself: for though she wished Fanny far enough, she did not desire the removal of Joseph, especially with her. She was puzzled

zled how to act, or what to say on this occasion, when a coach and six drove into the court, and a servant acquainted her with the arrival of her nephew Booby and his Lady. She ordered them to be conducted into a drawing room, whither she presently repaired, having composed her countenance as well as she could; and being a little satisfied that the wedding would, by these means, be at least interrupted, and that she should have an opportunity to execute any resolution she might take, for which she saw herself provided with an excellent instrument in Scout.

The Lady Booby apprehended her servant had made a mistake, when he mentioned Mr Booby's lady; for she had never heard of his marriage: but how great was her surprise, when, at her entering the room, her nephew presented his wife to her, saying, 'Madam, 'this is that charming Pamela, of whom I am con-'vinced you have heard so much!' The Lady received her with more civility than he expected; indeed with the utmost: for she was perfectly polite, nor had any vice inconsistent with good-breeding. They passed some little time in ordinary discourse, when a servant came and whispered Mr Booby, who presently told the ladies, he must desert them a little on some business of consequence; and as their discourse during his absence would afford little improvement or entertainment to the reader, we will leave them for a while to attend Mr Booby.

CHAP. V.

Containing justice-business: curious precedents of depositions, and other matters necessary to be perused by all justices of the peace and their clerks.

THE young squire and his Lady were no sooner alighted from their coach, than the servants began to enquire after Mr Joseph, from whom, they said, their Lady had not heard a word, to her great surprise, since he had left Lady Booby's. Upon this they were instantly informed of what had lately happened, with which they hastily acquainted their master, who took an immediate resolution to go him-

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ſelf, and endeavour to reſtore his Pamela her brother, before ſhe even knew ſhe had loſt him.

The Juſtice, before whom the criminals were carried, and who lived within a ſhort mile of the Lady's houſe, was luckily Mr Booby's acquaintance, by his having an eſtate in his neighbourhood. Ordering therefore his horſes to his coach, he ſet out for the judgment-ſeat, and arrived when the juſtice had almoſt finiſhed his buſineſs. He was conducted into a hall, where he was acquainted that his Worſhip would wait on him in a moment; for he had only a man and a woman to commit to Bridewell firſt. As he was now convinced he had not a minute to loſe, he inſiſted on the ſervants introducing him directly into the room where the Juſtice was then executing his office, as he called it. Being brought thither, and the firſt compliments being paſſed between the Squire and his Worſhip, the former aſked the latter what crime thoſe two young people had been guilty of. 'No great crime,' anſwered the Juſtice. 'I have only ordered them to 'Bridewell for a month.' 'But what is their crime?' repeated the Squire. 'Larceny, an't pleaſe your 'Honour,' ſays Scout. 'Ay,' ſays the Juſtice, 'a 'kind of felonious larcenous thing. I believe I muſt 'order them a little correction too, a little ſtripping 'and whipping.' (Poor Fanny, who had hitherto ſupported all with the thoughts of Joſeph's company, trembled at that ſound; but indeed without reaſon, for none but the devil himſelf would have executed ſuch a ſentence on her.) 'Still,' ſaid the Squire, 'I 'am ignorant of the crime, the fact I mean.' 'Why, 'there it is in peaper,' anſwered the Juſtice, ſhewing him a depoſition, which, in the abſence of his clerk, he had writ himſelf, of which we have with great difficulty procured an authentic copy: and here it follows *verbatim et literatim*.

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The depusition of James Scout layer, and Thomas Trotter, yeoman, taken before me one of his Majesty's justasses of the piece for Zumersetshire.

'THESE deponants saith, and first Thomas Trotter for himself saith, that on the of this instant October being Sabbath-day, between the hours of 2 and 4 in the afternoon, he zeed Joseph Audrews and Francis Goodwill walk akross a certane felde belunging to Layer Scout, and out of the path which ledes thru the said felde, and there he zede Joseph Andrews with a nife cut one hasel-twig, of the value, as he believes, of 3 half-pence, or thereabouts; and he saith, that the said Francis Goodwill was likewise walking on the gras out of the said path in the said felde, and did receive and karry in her hand the said twig, and so was comforting, eading and abating to the said Joseph therein. And the said James Scout for himself says, that he verily believes the said twig to be his own proper twig,' *&c.*

'Jesu!' said the Squire, 'would you commit two persons to Bridewell for a twig?' 'Yes,' said the lawyer, 'and with great lenity too; for if we had called it a young tree, they would have been both hanged.'—'Harkee,' says the Justice, taking aside the Squire, 'I should not have been so severe on this occasion, but Lady Booby desires to get them out of the parish; so Lawyer Scout will give the constable orders to let them run away, if they please; but it seems they intend to marry together, and the Lady hath no other means, as they are legally settled there, to prevent their bringing an incumbrance on her own parish.' 'Well,' said the Squire, 'I will take care my aunt shall be satisfied in this point; and likewise I promise you, Joseph here shall never be any incumbrance on her. I shall be obliged to you therefore, if, instead of Bridewell, you will commit them to my custody.'—'O to be sure, Sir, if you desire it,' answered the Justice; and without more ado, Joseph and Fanny were delivered over to Squire Booby,

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Booby, whom Joseph very well knew; but little guessed how nearly he was related to him. The Justice burnt his mittimus: the constable was sent about his business; the lawyer made no complaint for want of justice; and the prisoners, with exulting hearts, gave a thousand thanks to his honour Mr Booby, who did not intend their obligations to him should cease here; for ordering his man to produce a cloak-bag which he had caused to be brought from Lady Booby's on purpose, he desired the Justice that he might have Joseph with him into a room; where ordering his servant to take out a suit of his own clothes, with linen and other necessaries, he left Joseph to dress himself, who not knowing the cause of all this civility, excused his accepting such a favour, as long as decently he could. Whilst Joseph was dressing, the Squire repaired to the Justice, whom he found talking with Fanny; for during the examination, she had slopped her hat over her eyes, which were also bathed in tears, and had by that means concealed from his Worship what might perhaps have rendered the arrival of Mr Booby unnecessary, at least for herself. The Justice no sooner saw her countenance cleared up, and her bright eyes shining thro' her tears, than he secretly cursed himself for having ever thought of Bridewell for her. He would willingly have sent his own wife thither, to have had Fanny in her place. And conceiving almost at the same instant desires and schemes to accomplish them, he employed the minutes while the Squire was absent with Joseph, in assuring her how sorry he was for having treated her so roughly before he knew her merit; and told her, that since Lady Booby was unwilling that she should settle in her parish, she was heartily welcome to his, where he promised her his protection, adding, that he would take Joseph and her into his own family, if she liked; which assurance he confirmed with a squeeze by the hand. She thanked him very kindly, and said, 'She would acquaint Joseph with the offer, which he would certainly be glad to accept; 'for that Lady Booby was angry with them both; 'though she did not know either had done any thing

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to offend her: but imputed it to Madam Slipslop, who had always been her enemy.

The squire now returned, and prevented any farther continuance of this conversation; and the Justice, out of a pretended respect to his guest, but in reality from an apprehension of a rival, (for he knew nothing of his marriage), ordered Fanny into the kitchen, whither she gladly retired; nor did the Squire, who declined the trouble of explaining the whole matter, oppose it.

It would be unnecessary, if I was able, which indeed I am not, to relate the conversation between those two gentlemen, which rolled, as I have been informed, entirely on the subject of horse-racing. Joseph was soon dressed in the plainest dress he could find, which was a blue coat and breeches, with a gold edging, and a red waistcoat with the same: and as this suit, which was rather too large for the Squire, exactly fitted him; so he became it so well, and looked so genteel, that no person would have doubted its being as well adapted to his quality as his shape: nor have suspected, as one might, when my Lord ——, or Sir ——, or Mr —— appear in lace or embroidery, that the tailor's man wore those cloaths home on his back, which he should have carried under his arm.

The Squire now took leave of the Justice, and calling for Fanny, made her and Joseph, against their wills, get into the coach with him, which he then ordered to drive to Lady Booby's.—It had moved a few yards only, when the Squire asked Joseph, if he knew who that man was crossing the field; for, added he, I never saw any one take such strides before. Joseph answered eagerly, 'O Sir, it is parson Adams.'—'O 'la, indeed, and so it is,' said Fanny; 'poor man, he 'is coming to do what he could for us. Well, he is the 'worthiest best-natured creature.' 'Ay,' said Joseph, 'God bless him; for there is not such another in the 'universe.' 'The best creature living sure,' cries Fanny. 'Is he?' says the Squire, 'then I am resol-'ved to have the best creature living in my coach;' and so saying, he ordered it to stop, whilst Joseph, at his request, hollowed to the parson, who well knowing

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ing his voice, made all the haſte imaginable, and ſoon came up with them. He was deſired by the maſter, who could ſcarce refrain from laughter at his figure, to mount into the coach, which he with many thanks refuſed, ſaying, He could walk by its ſide, and he'd warrant he'd keep up with it: but he was at length over-prevailed on. The Squire now acquainted Joſeph with his marriage; but he might have ſpared himſelf that labour; for his ſervant, whilſt Joſeph was dreſſing, had performed that office before. He continued to expreſs the vaſt happineſs he enjoyed in his ſiſter, and the value he had for all who belonged to her. Joſeph made many bows, and expreſſed as many acknowledgments; and parſon Adams, who now firſt perceived Joſeph's new apparel, burſt into tears with joy, and fell to rubbing his hands and ſnapping his fingers, as if he had been mad.

They were now arrived at the Lady Booby's, and the Squire, deſiring them to wait a moment in the court, walked in to his aunt, and calling her out from his wife, acquainted her with Joſeph's arrival; ſaying, 'Madam, as I have married a virtuous and worthy woman, I am reſolved to own her relations, and ſhew them all a proper reſpect: I ſhall think myſelf therefore infinitely obliged to all mine, who will do the ſame. It is true, her brother hath been your ſervant, but he is now become my brother; and I have one happineſs, that neither his character, his behaviour, or appearance, give me any reaſon to be aſhamed of calling him ſo. In ſhort, he is now below dreſſed like a gentleman, in which light I intend he ſhall hereafter be ſeen: and you will oblige me beyond expreſſion, if you will admit him to be of our party: for I know it will give great pleaſure to my wife, though ſhe will not mention it.'

This was a ſtroke of fortune beyond the Lady Booby's hopes or expectation; ſhe anſwered him eagerly, 'Nephew, you know how eaſily I am prevailed on to do any thing which Joſeph Andrews deſires——— Phoo, I mean which you deſire me; and as he is now your relation, I cannot refuſe to entertain him as ſuch.' The Squire told her, he knew his obligation

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to her for her compliance; and going three steps, returned, and told her, he had one more favour, which he believed she would easily grant, as she had accorded him the former. 'There is a young woman'—— 'Nephew,' says she, 'don't let my good-nature make 'you desire, as is too commonly the case, to impose 'on me: nor think, because I have with so much condescension, agreed to suffer your brother-in-law to 'come to my table, that I will submit to the company 'of all my servants, and all the dirty trollops in the 'country.' 'Madam,' answered the Squire, 'I believe you never saw this young creature. I never 'beheld such sweetness and innocence, joined with 'such beauty, and withal so genteel.' 'Upon my 'soul, I won't admit her,' replied the Lady in a passion; 'the whole world shan't prevail on me. I resent even 'the desire as an affront, and'——The Squire, who knew her inflexibility, interrupted her, by asking pardon, and promising not to mention it more. He then returned to Joseph, and she to Pamela. He took Joseph aside, and told him he would carry him to his sister; but could not prevail as yet for Fanny. Joseph begged that he might see his sister alone, and then be with his Fanny; but the Squire, knowing the pleasure his wife would have in her brother's company, would not admit it, telling Joseph there would be nothing in so short an absence from Fanny, whilst he was assured of her safety; adding, he hoped he could not easily quit a sister whom he had not seen so long, and who so tenderly loved him. Joseph immediately complied; for, indeed, no brother could love a sister more; and recommending Fanny, who rejoiced that she was not to go before Lady Booby, to the care of Mr Adams, he attended the Squire up stairs, whilst Fanny repaired with the parson to his own house, where she herself secure of a kind reception.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

Of which you are desired to read no more than you like.

THE meeting between Joseph and Pamela was not without tears of joy on both sides; and their embraces were full of tenderness and affection. They were however regarded with much more pleasure by the nephew than by the aunt, to whose flame they were fuel only; and being assisted by the addition of dress, which was indeed not wanted to set off the lively colours in which Nature had drawn health, strength, comeliness, and youth. In the afternoon, Joseph, at their request, entertained them with an account of his adventures; nor could Lady Booby conceal her dissatisfaction at those parts in which Fanny was concerned, especially when Mr Booby launched forth into such rapturous praises of her beauty. She said, applying to her niece, That she wondered her nephew, who had pretended to marry for love, should think such a subject proper to amuse his wife with; adding, that for her part, she should be jealous of a husband who spoke so warmly in praise of another woman. Pamela answered, Indeed she thought she had cause: but it was an instance of Mr Booby's aptness to see more beauty in women than they were mistresses of. At which words both the women fixed their eyes on two looking-glasses; and Lady Booby replied, That men were, in the general, very ill judges of beauty: and then, whilst both contemplated only their own faces, they paid a cross compliment to each other's charms. When the hour of rest approached, which the lady of the house deferred as long as decently she could, she informed Joseph (whom for the future we shall call Mr Joseph, he having as good a title to that appellation as many others, I mean that incontested one of good clothes) that she had ordered a bed to be provided for him. He declined this favour to his utmost; for his heart had long been with his Fanny; but she insisted on his accepting it, alledging, that the parish had no proper accommodation for such a person as he was now to esteem himself. The Squire

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and his lady both joining with her, Mr Joseph was at last forced to give over his design of visiting Fanny that evening, who, on her side, as impatiently expected him till midnight, when, in complaisance to Mr Adams's family, who had sat up two hours out of respect to her, she retired to bed, but not to sleep; the thought of her love kept her waking, and his not returning according to his promise filled her with uneasiness; of which, however, she could not assign any other cause than merely that of being absent from him.

Mr Joseph rose early in the morning, and visited her in whom his soul delighted. She no sooner heard his voice in the parson's parlour, than she leapt from her bed, and dressing herself in a few minutes, went down to him. They passed two hours with inexpressible happiness together, and then having appointed Monday, by Mr Adams's permission, for their marriage, Mr Joseph returned, according to his promise, to breakfast at the Lady Booby's, with whose behaviour since the evening we shall now acquaint the reader.

She was no sooner retired to her chamber than she asked Slipslop what she thought of this wonderful creature her nephew had married. 'Madam!' said Slipslop, not yet sufficiently understanding what answer she was to make. 'I ask you,' answered the Lady, 'what you 'think of the dowdy, my niece I think I am to call 'her?' Slipslop, wanting no further hint, began to pull her to pieces, and so miserably defaced her, that it would have been impossible for any one to have known the person. The Lady gave her all the assistance she could, and ended with saying,—'I think, Slipslop, 'you have done her justice; but yet, bad as she is, 'she is an angel compared to this Fanny.' Slipslop then fell on Fanny, whom she hacked and hewed in the like barbarous manner, concluding with an observation that there was always something in those low-life creatures which must eternally distinguish them from their betters. 'Really,' said the Lady, 'I think there is one 'exception to your rule: I am certain you may guess 'who I mean.' 'Not I, upon my word, Madam,' said

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Slipslop.——'I mean a young fellow; sure you are 'the dullest wretch,' said the Lady.——'O la! I 'am indeed.——Yes truly, Madam, he is an acces-'sion,' answered Slipslop.——'Ay, is he not, Slip-'slop?' returned the Lady. 'Is he not so genteel 'that a prince might without a blush acknowledge 'him for his son? His behaviour is such that would 'not shame the best education. He borrows from his 'station a condescension in every thing to his superi-'ors, yet unattended by that mean servility which is 'called good behaviour in such persons. Every thing 'he doth, hath no mark of the base motive of fear, 'but visibly shews some respect and gratitude, and 'carries with it the persuasion of love—And then 'for his virtues; such piety to his parents, such ten-'der affection to his sister, such integrity in his friend-'ship, such bravery, such goodness, that if he had 'been born a gentleman, his wife would have posses-'sed the most invaluable blessing.'——'To be sure, 'Ma'am,' said Slipslop.—'But as he is,' answered the Lady, 'if he had a thousand more good qualities, 'it must render a woman of fashion contemptible 'even to be suspected of thinking of him; yes, I should 'despise myself for such a thought.' 'To be sure, 'Ma'am,' said Slipslop.—'And why to be sure?' replied the Lady; 'thou art always one's echo. Is he 'not more worthy of affection, than a dirty country 'clown, though born of a family as old as the flood, 'or an idle worthless rake, or little puisne beau of 'quality? And yet these we must condemn ourselves 'to, in order to avoid the censure of the world; to 'shun the contempt of others, we must ally ourselves 'to those we despise; we must prefer birth, title, and 'fortune, to real merit. It is a tyranny of custom, a ty-'ranny we must comply with: for we people of fashion 'are the slaves of custom.' 'Marry come up!' said Slip-slop, who now well knew which party to take, 'if I was 'a woman of your Ladyship's fortune and quality, I 'would be a slave to nobody.' 'Me,' said the Lady, 'I am speaking if a young woman of fashion, who 'had seen nothing of the world, should happen to 'like such a fellow.—Me, indeed! I hope thou dost

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'not imagine'——'No, Ma'am, to be sure,' cries Slipslop ——'No!' what no?' cries the Lady. 'Thou 'art always ready to answer, before thou hast heard 'one. So far I must allow, he is a charming fellow. 'Me, indeed! No, Slipslop, all thoughrs of men are 'over with me,—I have lost a husband who—but if I 'should reflect, I should run mad.—My future ease 'must depend upon forgetfulness. Slipslop, let me hear 'some of thy nonsense to turn my thoughts another 'way. What dost thou think of Mr Andrews?' 'Why, 'I think,' says Slipslop, 'he is the handsomest, most 'propereſt man I ever saw; and if I was a lady of the 'greatest degree it would be well for some folks. Your 'Ladyship may talk of custom if you please, but I am 'confidous there is no more comparison between young 'Mr Andrews, and most of the young gentlemen who 'come to your Ladyship's house in London; a parcel 'of whipper-snapper sparks: I would sooner marry 'our old parson Adams: never tell me what people 'say, whilst I am happy in the arms of him I love. 'Some folks rail against other folks, because other 'folks have what some folks would be glad of.'—— 'And so,' answered the Lady, 'if you was a woman 'of condition, you would really marry Mr Andrews?' —'Yes, I assure your Ladyship,' replied Slipslop, 'if 'he would have me.' 'Fool, idiot,' cries the Lady, 'if he would have a woman of fashion! 'is that a que-'stion?' 'No truly, Madam,' said Slipslop, 'I believe 'it would be none if Fanny were out of the way; and 'I am confidous if I was in your Ladyship's place 'and liked Mr Joseph Andrews, she should not stay 'in the parish a moment. I am sure Lawyer Scout 'would send her packing if your Ladyship would but 'say the word.' This last speech of Slipslop raised a tempest in the mind of her mistress. She feared Scout had betrayed her, or rather that she had betrayed herself. After some silence, and a double change of her complexion, first to pale, and then to red, she spoke thus: 'I am astonished at the liberty you give your 'tongue. Would you insinuate, that I employed Scout 'against this wench, on the account of the fellow?' 'La, Ma'am,' said Slipslop, frighted out of her wits,

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'I assassinate such a thing!' 'I think you dare not,' answered the Lady. 'I believe my conduct may defy 'malice itself to assert so cursed a slander. If I had ever 'discovered any wantonness, any lightness in my be-'haviour; if I had followed the example of some whom 'thou hast, I believe, seen, in allowing myself indecent 'liberties, even with a husband; but the dear man 'who is gone,' (here she began to sob) 'was he alive 'again,' (then she produced tears) 'could not upbraid 'me with any one act of tenderness or passion. No, 'Slipslop, all the time I cohabited with him, he ne-'ver obtained even a kiss from me, without my ex-'pressing reluctance in the granting it. I am sure 'he himself never suspected how much I loved him. '—Since his death, thou knowest, though it is almost 'six weeks (it wants but a day) ago, I have not ad-'mitted one visitor, till this fool my nephew arrived. 'I have confined myself quite to one party of friends '——And can such a conduct as this fear to be ar-'raigned? To be accused not only of a passion which 'I have always despised, but of fixing it on such an 'object; a creature so much beneath my notice.——' '———Upon my word, Madam,' says Slipslop, 'I do not understand your Ladyship, nor know I 'any thing of the matter.'——'I believe indeed thou 'dost not understand me.—Those are delicacies which 'exist only in superior minds; thy coarse ideas can-'not comprehend them. Thou art a low creature, 'of the Andrews breed, a reptile of a lower order, 'a weed that grows in the common garden of the 'creation.'—'I assure your Ladyship,' says Slipslop, whose passions were almost of as high an order as her Lady's, 'I have no more to do with Common-Garden 'than other folks. Really, your Ladyship talks of 'servants as if they were not born of the Christian 'species. Servants have flesh and blood as well as 'quality; and Mr Andrews himself is a proof that 'they have as good, if not better. And for my own 'part, I can't perceive my Dears * are coarser than 'other people's; I am sure, if Mr Andrews was a 'dear of mine, I should not be ashamed of him in

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'company with gentlemen; for whoever hath seen 'him in his new cloaths, must confess he looks as 'much like a gentleman as any body. Coarse, quo- 'tha! I can't bear to hear the poor young fellow 'run down neither; for I will say this, I never heard 'him say an ill word of any body in his life. I am 'sure his coarseness doth not ly in his heart; for he 'is the best-natured man in the world; and as for 'his skin, it is no coarser than other people's, I am 'sure. His bosom, when a boy, was as white as dri- 'ven snow: and where it is not covered with hairs, 'is so still. Ifakins! if I was Mrs Andrews, with a 'hundred a-year, I should not envy the best she who 'wears a head. A woman that could not be happy 'with such a man, ought never to be so: for if he 'can't make a woman happy, I never yet beheld the 'man who could. I say again, I wish I was a great 'lady for his sake; I believe when I had made a gen- 'tleman of him, he'd behave so, that nobody should 'deprecate what I had done; and I fancy few would 'venture to tell him he was no gentleman to his face, 'nor to mine neither.' At which words, taking up the candles, she asked her mistress, who had been some time in her bed, if she had any farther commands; who mildly answered she had none; and telling her she was a comical creature, bid her good-night.

CHAP. VII.

Philosophical reflections, the like not to be found in any light French romance. Mr Booby's grave advice to Joseph, and Fanny's encounter with a beau.

HABIT, my good reader, hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarce any thing too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable. In like manner it fares with the practicers of deceit, who, from having long deceived

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ved their acquaintance, gain at last a power of deceiving themselves, and acquire that very opinion (however false) of their own abilities, excellence, and virtues, into which they have for years perhaps endeavoured to betray their neighbours. Now, reader, to apply this observation to my present purpose; thou must know, that as the passion generally called love, exercises most of the talents of the female or fair world; so in this they now and then discover a small inclination to deceit; for which thou wilt not be angry with the beautiful creatures, when thou hast considered, that at the age of seven, or something earlier, Miss is instructed by her mother, that master is a very monstrous kind of animal, who will, if she suffers him to come too near her, infallibly eat her up, and grind her to pieces. That so far from kissing or toying with him of her own accord, she must not admit him to toy or kiss with her. And lastly, that she must never have any affection towards him; for, if she should, all her friends in petticoats would esteem her a traitress, point at her, and hunt her out of their society. These impressions being first received, are farther and deeper inculcated by their school-mistresses and companions; so that by the age of ten they have contracted such a dread and abhorrence of the above-named monster, that, whenever they see him, they fly from him as the innocent hare doth from the greyhound. Hence, to the age of fourteen or fifteen, they entertain a mighty antipathy to master, they resolve, and frequently profess, that they will never have any commerce with him, and entertain fond hopes of passing their lives out of his reach, of the possibility of which they have so visible an example in their good maiden aunt. But when they arrive at this period, and have now passed their second climacteric, when their wisdom, grown riper, begins to see a little farther, and from almost daily falling in master's way, to apprehend the great difficulty of keeping out of it; and when they observe him look often at them, and sometimes very eagerly and earnestly too, (for the monster seldom takes any notice of them till at this age)

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they then begin to think of their danger; and as they perceive they cannot eaſily avoid him, the wiſer part bethink themſelves of providing by other means for their ſecurity. They endeavour by all the methods they can invent to render themſelves ſo amiable in his eyes, that he might have no inclination to hurt them; in which they generally ſucceed ſo well, that his eyes, by frequent languiſhing, ſoon leſſen their idea of his fierceneſs, and ſo far abate their fears, that they venture to parly with him; and when they perceive him ſo different from what he hath been deſcribed, all gentleneſs, ſoftneſs, kindneſs, tenderneſs, fondneſs, their dreadful apprehenſions vaniſh in a moment; and now, (it being uſual with the human mind to ſkip from one extreme to its oppoſite, as eaſily, and almoſt as ſuddenly, as a bird from one bough to another;) love inſtantly ſucceeds to fear. But as it happens to perſons who have in their infancy been thoroughly frightened with certain no-perſons called ghoſts, that they retain their dread of thoſe beings, after they are convinced that there are no ſuch things; ſo theſe young ladies, tho' they no longer apprehend devouring, cannot ſo entirely ſhake off all that hath been inſtilled into them; they ſtill entertain the idea of that cenſure which was ſo ſtrongly imprinted on their tender minds, to which the declarations of abhorrence they every day hear from their companions greatly contributed. To avoid this cenſure therefore, is now their only care; for which purpoſe they ſtill pretend the ſame averſion to the monſter; and the more they love him, the more ardently they counterfeit the antipathy. By the continual and conſtant practice of which deceit on others, they at length impoſe on themſelves, and really believe they hate what they love. Thus indeed it happened to lady Booby, who loved Joſeph long before ſhe knew it; and now loved him much more than ſhe ſuſpected. She had indeed, from the time of his ſiſter's arrival in the quality of her niece, and from the inſtant ſhe viewed him in the dreſs and character of a gentleman, begun to conceive ſecretly a deſign

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design which love had concealed from herself, till a dream betrayed it to her.

She had no sooner risen than she sent for her nephew; when he came to her, after many compliments on his choice, she told him, 'He might perceive in her condescension to admit her own servant to her table, that she looked on the family of Andrews as his relations, and indeed hers; and as he had married into such a family, it became him to endeavour by all methods to raise it as much as possible. At length she advised him to use all his art to dissuade Joseph from his intended match, which would still enlarge his relation to meanness and poverty; concluding, that by a commission in the army, or some other genteel employment, he might soon put young Mr Andrews on the foot of a gentleman; and that being once done, his accomplishments might quickly gain him an alliance, which would not be to their discredit.

Her nephew heartily embraced this proposal; and finding Mr Joseph with his wife, at his return to her chamber, he immediately began thus: 'My love to 'my dear Pamela, brother, will extend to all her re'lations; nor shall I shew them less respect than if I 'had married into the family of a duke. I hope I 'have given you some early testimonies of this, and 'shall continue to give you daily more. You will 'excuse me therefore, brother, if my concern for your 'interest makes me mention what may be, perhaps, 'disagreeable to you to hear: but I must insist upon 'it, that if you have any value for my alliance or my 'friendship, you will decline any thoughts of engag'ing farther with a girl, who is, as you are a relation 'of mine, so much beneath you. I know there may 'be at first some difficulty in your compliance, but 'that will daily diminish; and you will in the end sin'cerely thank me for my advice. I own, indeed, the 'girl is handsome: but beauty alone is a poor ingre'dient, and will make but an uncomfortable mar'riage.' 'Sir,' said Joseph, 'I assure you her beauty 'is her least perfection; nor do I know a virtue 'which that young creature is not possessed of.' 'As

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'to her virtues,' answered Mr Booby, 'you can 'be yet but a slender judge of them: but if she had 'never so many, you will find her equal in these 'among her superiors in birth and fortune, which 'now you are to esteem on a footing with yourself; 'at least I will take care they shall shortly be so, un- 'less you prevent me by degrading yourself with 'such a match; a match I have hardly patience to 'think of; and which would break the hearts of 'your parents, who now rejoice in the expectation of 'seeing you make a figure in the world.' 'I know 'not,' replied Joseph, 'that my parents have any 'power over my inclinations; nor am I obliged to 'sacrifice my happiness to their whim or ambition: 'besides, I shall be very sorry to see, that the unex- 'pected advancement of my sister should so suddenly 'inspire them with this wicked pride, and make them 'despise their equals. I am resolved on no account 'to quit my dear Fanny,-no, tho' I could raise her as 'high above her present station as you have raised my 'sister.' 'Your sister, as well as myself,' said Booby, 'are greatly obliged to you for the comparison: but, 'Sir, she is not worthy to be compared in beauty to 'my Pamela; nor hath she half her merit. And be- 'sides, Sir, as you civilly throw my marriage with 'your sister in my teeth, I must teach you the wide 'difference between us: my fortune enabled me to 'please myself; and it would have been as over- 'grown a folly in me to have omitted it, as in you to 'do it.' 'My fortune enables me to please myself 'likewise,' said Joseph; 'for all my pleasure is cen- 'tred in Fanny; and whilst I have health, I shall be 'able to support her with my labour in that station 'to which she was born, and with which she is con- 'tent.' 'Brother,' said Pamela, 'Mr Booby ad- 'vises you as a friend; and, no doubt, my papa and 'mamma will be of his opinion, and will have great 'reason to be angry with you for destroying what 'his goodness hath done, and throwing down our 'family again, after he hath raised it. It would be- 'come you better, brother, to pray for the assistance 'of grace against such a passion than to indulge it.'— 'Sure,

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'Sure, ſiſter, you are not in earneſt; I am ſure ſhe 'is your equal at leaſt.'——'She was my equal,' anſwered Pamela, 'but I am no longer Pamela Andrews, I am now this gentleman's lady, and as ſuch 'am above her—I hope I ſhall never behave with an 'unbecoming pride; but at the ſame time, I ſhall 'always endeavour to know myſelf, and queſtion not 'the aſſiſtance of grace to that purpoſe.' They were now ſummoned to breakfaſt, and thus ended their diſcourſe for the preſent, very little to the ſatisfaction of any of the parties.

Fanny was now walking in an avenue at ſome diſtance from the houſe, where Joſeph had promiſed to take the firſt opportunity of coming to her. She had not a ſhilling in the world, and had ſubſiſted ever ſince her return, entirely on the charity of Parſon Adams. A young gentleman, attended by many ſervants, came up to her, and aſked her if that was not the Lady Booby's houſe before him? This indeed he well knew, but had framed the queſtion for no other reaſon than to make her look up, and diſcover if her face was equal to the delicacy of her ſhape. He no ſooner ſaw it, than he was ſtruck with amazement. He ſtopt his horſe, and ſwore ſhe was the moſt beautiful creature he ever beheld: then inſtantly alighting, and delivering his horſe to his ſervant, he rapt out half a dozen oaths that he would kiſs her; to which ſhe at firſt ſubmitted, begging he would not be rude: but he was not ſatisfied with the civility of a ſalute, nor even with the rudeſt attack he could make on her lips, but caught her in his arms, and endeavoured to kiſs her breaſts, which with all her ſtrength ſhe reſiſted, and, as our ſpark was not of the Herculean race, with ſome difficulty prevented. The young gentleman being ſoon out of breath in the ſtruggle, quitted her, and, remounting his horſe, called one of his ſervants to him, whom he ordered to ſtay behind with her, and make her any offers whatever, to prevail on her to return home with him in the evening; and to aſſure her he would take her into keeping. He then rode on with his other ſervants, and arrived at the

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the lady's houſe, to whom he was a diſtant relation, and was come to pay a viſit.

The truſty fellow, who was employed in an office he had long been accuſtomed to, diſcharged his part with all the fidelity and dexterity imaginable; but to no purpoſe. She was entirely deaf to his offers, and rejected them with the utmoſt diſdain. At laſt the pimp, who had perhaps more warm blood about him than his maſter, began to ſolicit for himſelf; he told her, though he was a ſervant, he was a man of ſome fortune, which he would make her miſtreſs of——— and this without any inſult to her virtue, for that he would marry her. She anſwered, if his maſter himſelf, or the greateſt lord in the land, would marry her, ſhe would refuſe him. At length being weary with perſuaſions, and on fire with charms which would have almoſt kindled a flame in the boſom of an ancient philoſopher, or modern divine, he faſtened his horſe to the ground, and attacked her with much more force than the gentleman had exerted. Poor Fanny would not have been able to reſiſt his rudeneſs a long time; but the deity, who preſides over chaſte love, ſent her Joſeph to her aſſiſtance. He no ſooner came within ſight, and perceived her ſtruggling with a man, than like a cannon ball, or like lightning, or any thing that is ſwifter, if any thing be, he ran towards her, and coming up juſt as the raviſher had torn her handkerchief from her breaſt, before his lips had touched that ſeat of innocence and bliſs, he dealt him ſo lufty a blow on that part of his neck which a rope would have become with the utmoſt propriety, that the fellow ſtaggered backwards, and perceiving he had to do with ſomething rougher than the little, tender, trembling hand of Fanny, he quitted her, and turning about ſaw his rival, with fire flaſhing from his eyes, again ready to aſſail him; and indeed before he could well defend himſelf, or return the firſt blow, received a ſecond, which, had it fallen on that part of the ſtomach to which it was directed, would have been probably the laſt he would have had any occaſion for; but the raviſher lifting up his hand, drove the blow upwards to his mouth, whence it diſlodged three of his teeth; and now not conceiving any

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any extraordinary affection for the beauty of Joseph's person, nor being extremely pleased with this method of salutation, he collected all his force, and aimed a blow at Joseph's breast, which he artfully parry'd with one fist, so that it lost its force entirely in air: and stepping one foot backward, he darted his fist so fiercely at his enemy, that had he not caught it in his hand (for he was a boxer of no inferior fame) it must have tumbled him on the ground. And now the ravisher meditated another blow, which he aimed at that part of the breast where the heart is lodged; Joseph did not catch it as before, yet so prevented its aim, that it fell directly on his nose, but with abated force. Joseph then moving both fist and foot forwards at the same time, threw his head so dexterously into the stomach of the ravisher, that he fell a lifeless lump on the field, where he lay many minutes breathless and motionless.

When Fanny saw her Joseph receive a blow in his face, and blood running in a stream from him, she began to tear her hair, and invoke all human and divine power to his assistance. She was not, however, long under this affliction, before Joseph having conquered his enemy, ran to her, and assured her he was not hurt; she then instantly fell on her knees, and thanked God that he had made Joseph the means of her rescue, and at the same time preserved him from being injured in attempting it. She offered with her handkerchief to wipe his blood from his face; but he seeing his rival attempting to recover his legs, turned to him, and asked him if he had enough; to which the other answered, he had; for he believed he had fought with the devil, instead of a man; and loosening his horse, said he should not have attempted the wench if he had known she had been so well provided for.

Fanny now begged Joseph to return with her to Parson Adams, and to promise that he would leave her no more; these were propositions so agreeable to Joseph, that, had he heard them, he would have given an immediate assent; but indeed his eyes were now his only sense; for you may remember, reader,

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that the raviſher had tore her handkerchief from Fanny's neck, by which he had diſcovered ſuch a ſight, that Joſeph hath declared all the ſtatues he ever beheld, were ſo much inferior to it in beauty, that it was more capable of converting a man into a ſtatue, than of being imitated by the greateſt maſter of that art. This modeſt creature, whom no warmth in ſummer could ever induce to expoſe her charms to the wanton ſun, a modeſty to which perhaps they owed their inconceivable whiteneſs, had ſtood many minutes bare-necked in the preſence of Joſeph, before her apprehenſion of his danger, and the horror of ſeeing his blood, would ſuffer her once to reflect on what concerned herſelf; till at laſt, when the cauſe of her concern had vaniſhed, an admiration at his ſilence, together with obſerving the fixed poſition of his eyes, produced an idea in the lovely maid, which brought more blood into her face than had flowed from Joſeph's noſtrils. The ſnowy hue of her boſom was likewiſe exchanged to vermilion at the inſtant when ſhe clapped her handkerchief round her neck. Joſeph ſaw the uneaſineſs that ſhe ſuffered, and immediately removed his eyes from an object, in ſurveying which he had felt the greateſt delight which the organs of ſight were capable of conveying to his ſoul. So great was his fear of offending her, and ſo truly did his paſſion for her deſerve the noble name of love.

Fanny being recovered from her confuſion, which was almoſt equalled by what Joſeph had felt from obſerving it, again mentioned her requeſt; this was inſtantly and gladly complied with, and together they croſſed two or three fields, which brought them to the habitation of Mr Adams.

CHAP. VIII.

A diſcourſe which happened between Mr Adams, Mrs Adams, Joſeph, and Fanny, with ſome behaviour of Mr Adams, which would be called by ſome few readers very low, abſurd, and unnatural.

THE parſon and his wife had juſt ended a long diſpute when the lovers came to the door. Indeed this young couple had been the ſubject of

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the diſpute; for Mrs Adams was one of thoſe prudent people who never do any thing to injure their families, or perhaps one of thoſe good mothers who would even ſtretch their conſcience to ſerve their children. She had long entertained hopes of ſeeing her eldeſt daughter ſucceed Mrs Slipſlop, and of making her ſecond ſon an exciſeman by Lady Booby's intereſt. Theſe were expectations ſhe could not endure the thoughts of quitting, and was therefore very uneaſy to ſee her huſband ſo reſolute to oppoſe the Lady's intentions in Fanny's affair. She told him, 'it behoved every man to take the firſt care of his 'family; that he had a wife and ſix children, the 'maintaining and providing for whom would be buſi-'neſs enough for him without intermeddling in other 'folks affairs: that he had always preached up ſub-'miſſion to ſuperiors, and would do ill to give an 'example of the contrary behaviour in his own con-'duct; that if Lady Booby did wrong ſhe muſt an-'ſwer for it herſelf, and the ſin would not ly at their 'door; that Fanny had been a ſervant, and bred 'up in the Lady's own family, and conſequently ſhe 'muſt have known more of her than they did; and 'it was very improbable, if ſhe had behaved her-'ſelf well, that the Lady would have been ſo bitterly 'her enemy; that perhaps he was too much inclined 'to think well of her becauſe ſhe was handſome, 'but handſome women were often no better than 'they ſhould be; that God made ugly women as 'well as handſome ones; and that if a woman had 'virtue, it ſignified nothing whether ſhe had beauty 'or no.' For all which reaſons ſhe concluded he ſhould oblige the Lady and ſtop the future publication of the banns. But all theſe excellent arguments had no effect on the parſon, who perſiſted in doing his duty without regarding the conſequence it might have on his worldly intereſt; he endeavoured to anſwer her as well as he could, to which ſhe had juſt finiſhed her reply, (for ſhe had always the laſt word every where but at church) when Joſeph and Fanny entered the kitchen, where the parſon and his wife

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then sat at breakfast over some bacon and cabbage. There was a coldness in the civility of Mrs Adams, which persons of accurate speculation might have observed, but escaped her present guests; indeed it was a good deal covered by the heartiness of Adams, who no sooner heard that Fanny had neither ate nor drank that morning, than he presented her a bone of bacon he had just been gnawing, being the only remain of his provision, and then ran nimbly to the tap, and produced a mug of small beer, which he called ale; however, it was the best in his house. Joseph, addressing himself to the Parson, told him the discourse which had passed between Squire Booby, his sister, and himself, concerning Fanny: he then acquainted him with the dangers whence he had rescued her, and communicated some apprehensions on her account. He concluded, that he should never have an easy moment till Fanny was absolutely his, and begged that he might be suffered to fetch a licence, saying, he could easily borrow the money. The Parson answered, that he had already given his sentiments concerning a licence, and that a very few days would make it unnecessary. 'Joseph,' says he, 'I wish this haste doth not arise rather from your 'impatience than your fear; but as it certainly 'springs from one of these causes, I will examine 'both Of each of these therefore in their turn; and 'first, for the first of these, namely, impatience. 'Now, child, I must inform you, that if in your 'purposed marriage with this young woman, you 'have no intention but the indulgence of carnal appetites, you are guilty of a very heinous sin. Marriage was ordained for nobler purposes, as you will 'learn when you hear the service provided on that occasion read to you. Nay, perhaps, if you are a good 'lad, I shall give you a sermon *gratis*, wherein I shall 'demonstrate how little regard ought to be had to the 'flesh on such occasions. The text will be, child, 'Matthew the 5th, and part of the 28th verse, *Whosoever looketh on a woman so as to lust after her.* The 'latter part I shall omit, as foreign to my purpose.

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'Indeed all such brutal lusts and affections are to be 'greatly subdued, if not totally eradicated, before the 'vessel can be said to be consecrated to honour. To 'marry with a view of gratifying those inclinations is 'a prostitution of that holy ceremony, and must entail 'a curse on all who so lightly undertake it. If, there-'fore this haste arises from impatience, you are to 'correct, and not give way to it. Now, as to the se-'cond head which I proposed to speak to, namely, 'fear: it argues a diffidence highly criminal of that 'Power in which alone we should put our trust, see-'ing we may be well assured that he is able not only 'to defeat the designs of our enemies, but even to 'turn their hearts. Instead of taking therefore any 'unjustifiable or desperate means to rid ourselves of 'fear, we should resort to prayer only on these occa-'sions; and we may be then certain of obtaining 'what is best for us. When an accident threatens 'us, we are not to despair, nor, when it overtakes 'us, to grieve; we must submit in all things to the 'will of Providence, and set our affections so much 'on nothing here, that we cannot quit it without 'reluctance. You are a young man, and can know 'but little of this world; I am older, and have seen 'a great deal. All passions are criminal in their ex-'cess; and even love itself, if it is not subservient to 'our duty, may render us blind to it. Had Abra-'ham so loved his son Isaac, as to refuse the sacrifice 'required, is there any of us who would not condemn 'him? Joseph I know your many good qualities, 'and value you for them: but as I am to render an 'account of your soul, which is committed to my 'cure, I cannot see any fault without reminding you 'of it. You are too much inclined to passion, child, 'and have set your affections so absolutely on this 'young woman, that if GOD required her at your 'hands, I fear you would reluctantly part with her. 'Now, believe me, no Christian ought so to set his 'heart on any person or thing in this world, but that 'whenever it shall be required or taken from him in 'any manner by Divine Providence, he may be able,

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'peaceably, quietly, and contentedly to resign it.' At which words one came hastily in, and acquainted Mr Adams that his youngest son was drowned. He stood silent a moment, and soon began to stamp about the room, and deplore his loss with the bitterest agony. Joseph, who was overwhelmed with concern likewise, recovered himself sufficiently to endeavour to comfort the parson; in which attempt he used many arguments, that he had at several times remembered out of his own discourses both in private and public, (for he was a great enemy to the passions, and preached nothing more than the conquest of them by reason and grace), but he was not at leisure now to hearken to his advice. 'Child, child,' said he, 'do not go 'about impossibilities. Had it been any other of my 'children, I could have borne it with patience; but 'my little prattler, the darling and comfort of my old 'age, — the little wretch to be snatched out of life 'just at his entrance into it; the sweetest, best tempered boy, who never did a thing to offend me. It 'was but this morning I gave him his first lesson in '*Quæ Genus*. This was the very book he learned; 'poor child! it is of no farther use to thee now. He 'would have made the best scholar, and have been 'an ornament to the church;—such parts, and such 'goodness, never met in one so young.' 'And the 'handsomest lad too,' says Mrs Adams, recovering from a swoon in Fanny's arms. 'My poor Jacky, 'shall I never see thee more?' cries the parson.— 'Yes, surely,' says Joseph, 'and in a better place, 'you will meet again never to part more.' I believe the parson did not hear these words, for he paid little regard to them, but went on lamenting, whilst the tears trickled down into his bosom. At last he cried out, 'Where is my little darling?' and was sallying out, when to his great surprise and joy, in which I hope the reader will sympathise, he met his son in a wet condition indeed, but alive, and running towards him. The person who brought the news of this misfortune had been a little too eager, as people sometimes are, from, I believe, no very good principle,

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to relate ill news; and seeing him fall into the river, instead of running to his assistance, directly ran to acquaint his father of a fate which he had concluded to be inevitable, but whence the child was relieved by the same poor pedlar who had relieved his father before from a less distress. The parson's joy was now as extravagant as his grief had been before, he kissed and embraced his son a thousand times, and danced about the room like one frantic; but as soon as he discovered the face of his old friend the pedlar, and heard the fresh obligation he had to him, what were his sensations? not those which two courtiers feel in one another's embraces: not those with which a great man receives the vile, treacherous engines of his wicked purposes; not those with which a worthless younger brother wishes his elder joy of a son, or a man congratulates his rival on his obtaining a mistress, a place, or an honour. No, reader, he felt the ebulition, the overflowings of a full, honest, open heart towards the person who had conferred a real obligation, and of which, if thou canst not conceive an idea within, I will not vainly endeavour to assist thee.

When these tumults were over, the parson, taking Joseph aside, proceeded thus: 'No, Joseph, do not 'give too much way to thy passions, if thou dost 'expect happiness.'——The patience of Joseph, nor perhaps of Job, could bear no longer; he interrupted the Parson, saying, It was easier to give advice than to take it; nor did he perceive he could so entirely conquer himself, when he apprehended he had lost his son, or when he found him recovered. —'Boy,' replied Adams, raising his voice, 'it doth 'not become green heads to advise grey hairs. Thou 'art ignorant of the tenderness of fatherly affection; 'when thou art a father, thou wilt be capable 'then only of knowing what a father can feel. No 'man is obliged to impossibilities; and the loss of a 'child is one of those great trials, where our grief 'may be allowed to become immoderate.' 'Well, 'Sir,' cries Joseph, 'and if I love a mistress as well 'as you your child, surely her loss would grieve me equally.'

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'equally.' 'Yes, but such love is foolishness, and 'wrong in itself, and ought to be conquered,' answered Adams, 'it savours too much of the flesh.' 'Sure, Sir,' says Joseph, 'it is not sinful to love my 'wife, no, not even to doat on her to distraction!' 'Indeed, but it is,' says Adams. 'Every man ought 'to love his wife, no doubt; we are commanded so to 'do: but we ought to love her with moderation and 'discretion.' 'I am afraid I shall be guilty of some 'sin, in spite of all my endeavours,' says Joseph; 'for I shall love without any moderation, I am sure.' 'You talk foolishly and childishly,' cries Adams. 'Indeed,' says Mrs Adams, who had listened to the latter part of their conversation, 'you talk more 'foolishly yourself. I hope, my dear, you will never 'preach any such doctrine, as that husbands can love 'their wives too well. If I knew you had such a ser-'mon in the house, I am sure I would burn it; and I 'declare, if I had not been convinced you had loved 'me as well as you could, I can answer for myself, I 'should have hated and despised you. Marry come 'up! Fine doctrine indeed! A wife hath a right to 'insist on her husband's loving her as much as ever he 'can; and he is a sinful villain who doth not. Doth 'he not promise to love her, and to comfort her, and 'to cherish her, and all that? I am sure I remember 'it all, as well as if I had repeated it over but yester-'day, and shall never forget it. Besides, I am cer-'tain you do not preach as you practise; for you have 'been a loving and a cherishing husband to me, that's 'the truth on't; and why you should endeavour to 'put such wicked nonsense into this young man's head, 'I cannot devise. Don't hearken to him, Mr Joseph, 'be as good a husband as you are able, and love your 'wife with all your body and soul too.' Here a vio-lent rap at the door put an end to their discourse, and produced a scene which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

A visit which the good Lady Booby and her polite friend paid to the Parson.

THE Lady Booby had no sooner had an account from the gentleman of his meeting a wonderful beauty near her house, and perceived the raptures with which he spoke of her, than immediately concluding it must be Fanny, she began to meditate a design of bringing them better acquainted; and to entertain hopes that the fine cloaths, presents, and promises of this youth, would prevail on her to abandon Joseph: she therefore proposed to her company a walk in the fields before dinner, when she led them towards Mr Adams's house; and, as she approached it, told them, if they pleased she would divert them with one of the most ridiculous sights they had ever seen, which was an old foolish parson, who, she said, laughing, kept a wife and six brats on a salary of about twenty pounds a year; adding, that there was not such another ragged family in the parish. They all readily agreed to this visit, and arrived whilst Mrs Adams was declaiming as in the last chapter. Beau Didapper, (which was the name of the young gentleman we have seen riding towards Lady Booby's), with his cane mimicked the rap of a London footman at the door. The people within, namely, Adams, his wife, and three children, Joseph, Fanny, and the pedlar, were all thrown into confusion by this knock; but Adams went directly to the door, which being opened, the Lady Booby and her company walked in, and were received by the parson with about two hundred bows, and by his wife with as many curtsies; the latter telling the Lady, She was ashamed to be seen in such a pickle, and that her house was in such a litter; but that if she had expected such an honour from her Ladyship, she should have found her in a better manner. The parson made no apologies, though he was in his half cassock, and a flannel night-cap. He said, they were heartily welcome to his poor cottage; and, turning to Mr Didapper,

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dapper, cried out, '*Non mea renidet in domo lacunar.* The beau anſwered, He did not underſtand Welch; at which the parſon ſtared, and made no reply.

Mr Didapper, or beau Didapper, was a young gentleman of about four foot five inches in height. He wore his own hair, though the ſcarcity of it might have given him ſufficient excuſe for a periwig. His face was thin and pale: the ſhape of his body and legs none of the beſt; for he had very narrow ſhoulders, and no calf; and his gait might more properly be called hopping than walking. The qualifications of his mind were well adapted to his perſon. We ſhall handle them firſt negatively. He was not entirely ignorant; for he could talk a little French, and ſing two or three Italian ſongs: he had lived too much in the world to be baſhful, and too much at court to be proud: he ſeemed not much inclined to avarice; for he was proſuſe in his expences: not had he all the features of prodigality; for he never gave a ſhilling:—no hater of women; for he always dangled after them; yet ſo little ſubject to luſt, that he had, among thoſe who knew him beſt, the character of great moderation in his pleaſures. No drinker of wine; nor ſo addicted to paſſion, but that a hot word or two from an adverſary made him immediately cool.

Now, to give him only a daſh or two on the affirmative ſide: though he was born to an immenſe fortune, he choſe, for the pitiful and dirty conſideration of a place of little conſequence, to depend entirely on the will of a fellow, whom they call a great man: who treated him with the utmoſt diſreſpect, and exacted of him a plenary obedience to all his commands; which he implicitly ſubmitted to, at the expence of his conſcience, his honour, and of his country, in which he had himſelf ſo very large a ſhare. And to finiſh his character; as he was entirely well ſatisfied with his own perſon and parts, ſo he was very apt to ridicule and laugh at any imperfection in another. Such was the little perſon, or rather thing that hopped after Lady Booby into Mr Adams's kitchen.

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The parſon and his company retreated from the chimney-ſide, where they had been ſeated, to give room to the Lady and hers. Inſtead of returning any of the curtſies or extraordinary civilities of Mrs Adams, the Lady, turning to Mr Booby, cried out, '*Quel bête! quel animal!*' and preſently after diſcovering Fanny, (for ſhe did not need the circumſtance of her ſtanding by Joſeph to aſſure the identity of her perſon), ſhe aſked the beau, Whether he did not think her a pretty girl? ——' Begad, Madam,' anſwered he, 'tis the very ſame I met,' 'I did not 'imagine,' replied the Lady, 'you had ſo good a 'taſte.' 'Becauſe I never liked you, I warrant,' cries the beau. 'Ridiculous!' ſaid ſhe, 'you know 'you was always my averſion.' 'I would never men-'tion averſion,' anſwered the beau, 'with that face *; 'dear Lady Booby, waſh your face before you men-'tion averſion, I beſeech you.' He then laughed, and turned about to coquet it with Fanny.

Mrs Adams had been all this time begging and praying the ladies to ſit down, a favour which ſhe at laſt obtained. The little boy to whom the accident had happened, ſtill keeping his place by the fire, was chid by his mother for not being more mannerly: but Lady Booby took his part, and, commending his beauty, told the parſon he was his very picture. She then ſeeing a book in his hand, aſked, If he could read? 'Yes,' cried Adams, 'a little Latin, Ma-'dam; he is juſt got into *Quæ Genus*.' 'A fig for 'quere genius,' anſwered ſhe; 'let me hear him read 'a little Engliſh.'—*Lege*,' Dick. *Lege*,' ſaid Adams: but the boy made no anſwer, till he ſaw the parſon knit his brows; and then cried, 'I don't underſtand 'you, father.' 'How, boy!' ſays Adams, 'what 'doth *Lego* make in the imperative mood? *Legito* 'doth it not?' 'Yes,' anſwered Dick. ——' And 'what beſides?' ſays the father. '*Lege*,' quoth the ſon, after ſome heſitation. 'A good boy,' ſays the father: 'And now, child, what is the Engliſh of *Le-*

* Leſt this ſhould appear unnatural to ſome readers, we think proper to acquaint them, that it is taken *verbatim* from very polite converſation.

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go?'—To which the boy, after long puzzling, answered he could not tell. 'How!' cries Adams, in a passion: 'what, hath the water washed away your 'learning? Why, what is Latin for the English 'verb read? Consider before you speak.'——The child considered some time, and the parson cried twice or thrice, *Le*——, *Le*——.' Dick answered, '*Lego*.' 'Very well, and then what is the Eng-'lish,' says the parson, 'of the verb *Lego?*' 'To 'read,' cried Dick. 'Very well,' said the parson, 'a good boy, you can do well, if you will take pains. 'I assure your Ladyship he is not much above eight 'years old, and is out of his *Propria quæ Maribus* 'already. Come, Dick, read to her Ladyship.' Which she again desiring, in order to give the beau time and opportunity with Fanny, Dick began as in the following chapter.

CHAP. X.

The history of two friends, which may afford an useful lesson to all those persons who happen to take up their residence in married families.

LEONARD and Paul were two friends.'

'Pronounce it Lennard, child,' cried the parson. 'Pray, Mr Adams,' says Lady Booby, 'let 'your son read without interruption.' Dick then proceeded. 'Lennard and Paul were two friends, 'who having been educated together at the same 'school, commenced a friendship which they preser-'ved a long time for each other. It was so deeply 'fixed in both their minds, that a long absence, du-'ring which they had maintained no correspondence, 'did not eradicate nor lessen it; but it revived in all 'its force at the first meeting, which was not till af-'ter fifteen years absence, most of which time Len-'nard had spent in the East Indi-es.'—'Pronounce 'it short, Indies,' says Adams.——'Pray, Sir, be 'quiet,' says the Lady. The boy repeated, 'in the 'East Indies, whilst Paul had served his king and 'country in the army. In which different services 'they had found such different success, that Lennard

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'was now married, and retired with a fortune of 'thirty thousand pounds; and Paul was arrived to 'the degree of a lieutenant of foot, and was not 'worth a single shilling.

'The regiment in which Paul was stationed, hap-'pened to be ordered into quarters, within a small 'distance from the estate which Lennard had pur-'chased, and where he was settled. This latter, 'who was now become a country gentleman, and a 'justice of peace, came to attend the quarter-sessions, 'in the town where his old friend was quartered. 'Soon after his arrival, some affair in which a sol-'dier was concerned, occasioned Paul to attend the 'justices. Manhood, and time, and the change of 'climate had so much altered Lennard, that Paul 'did not immediately recollect the features of his 'old acquaintance; but it was otherwise with Len-'nard, he knew Paul the moment he saw him; nor 'could he contain himself from quitting the bench, 'and running hastily to embrace him. Paul stood at 'first a little surprised: but had soon sufficient infor-'mation from his friend, whom he no sooner remem-'bered, than he returned his embrace with a passion 'which made many of the spectators laugh, and gave 'to some few a much higher and more agreeable 'sensation.

'Not to detain the reader with minute circum-'stances, Lennard insisted on his friend's returning 'with him to his house that evening; which request 'was complied with, and leave for a month's absence 'for Paul obtained of the commanding officer.

'If it was possible for any circumstance to give 'any addition to the happiness which Paul proposed 'in this visit, he received that additional pleasure, by 'finding on his arrival at his friend's house, that his 'lady was an old acquaintance which he had for-'merly contracted at his quarters; and who had al-'ways appeared to be of a most agreeable temper. 'A character she had ever maintained among her in-'timates, being of that number, every individual of 'which is called quite the best sort of woman in the 'world.

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'But good as this lady was, she was still a woman; that is to say, an angel, and not an angel.'—'You must mistake, child,' cries the parson, 'for you read nonsense.' 'It is so in the book,' answered the son. Mr Adams was then silenced by authority, and Dick proceeded.—'For though her person was of that kind to which men attribute the name of angel, yet in her mind she was perfectly woman. Of which a great degree of obstinacy gave the most remarkable, and perhaps most pernicious instance.

'A day or two passed after Paul's arrival, before any instances of this appeared; but it was impossible to conceal it long. Both she and her husband soon lost all apprehension from their friend's presence, and fell to their disputes, with as much vigour as ever. These were still pursued with the utmost ardour and eagerness, however trifling the causes were whence they first arose. Nay, however incredible it may seem, the little consequence of the matter in debate was frequently given as a reason for the fierceness of the contention, as thus: 'If you loved me, sure "you would never dispute with me such a trifle as "this.' The answer to which is very obvious; for the argument would hold equally on both sides, and was constantly retorted with some addition, as—— "I am sure I have much more reason to say so, who "am in the right.' During all these disputes, Paul always kept strict silence, and preserved an even countenance, without shewing the least visible inclination to either party. One day, however, when Madam had left the room in a violent fury, Lennard could not refrain from referring his cause to his friend. Was ever any thing so unreasonable, says he, as this woman? what shall I do with her? I doat on her to distraction; nor have I any cause to complain of more than this obstinacy in her temper; whatever she asserts she will maintain against all the reason and conviction in the world. Pray give me your advice.—First, says Paul, I will give my opinion, which is flatly that you are in the wrong; for supposing she is in the wrong, was the subject

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'of your contention any ways material? What signified it whether you was married in a red or yellow 'waiſtcoat? for that was your diſpute. Now ſuppoſe 'ſhe was miſtaken, as you love her you ſay ſo tenderly, 'and I believe ſhe deſerves it, would it not have been 'wiſer to have yielded, tho' you certainly knew your'ſelf in the right, than to give either her or yourſelf 'any uneaſineſs? For my own part, if ever I marry, 'I am reſolved to enter into an agreement with my 'wife, that in all diſputes (eſpecially about trifles) 'that party who is moſt convinced they are right, 'ſhall always ſurrender the victory: by which means 'we ſhall both be forward to give up the cauſe. I 'own, ſaid Lennard, my dear friend, ſhaking him by 'the hand, there is great truth and reaſon in what 'you ſay; and I will for the future endeavour to fol'low your advice. They ſoon after broke up the 'converſation, and Lennard going to his wife aſked 'her pardon, and told her his friend had convinced 'him he had been in the wrong. She immediately 'began a vaſt encomium on Paul, in which he ſe'conded her, and both agreed he was the worthieſt 'and wiſeſt man upon earth. When next they met, 'which was at ſupper, tho' ſhe had promiſed not to 'mention what her huſband had told her, ſhe could not 'forbear caſting the kindeſt and moſt affectionate looks 'on Paul, and aſked him with the ſweeteſt voice, 'whether ſhe ſhould help him to ſome potted wood'cock?——Potted partridge, my dear, you mean, 'ſays the huſband. My dear, ſays ſhe, I aſk your 'friend if he will eat any potted woodcock; and I 'am ſure I muſt know, who potted it. I think I 'ſhould know too who ſhot them, reply'd the huſ'band, and I am convinced that I have not ſeen a 'woodcock this year; however, tho' I know I am in 'the right I ſubmit, and the potted partridge is pot'ted woodcock, if you deſire to have it ſo It is 'equal to me, ſays ſhe, whether it is one or the 'other; but you would perſuade one out of one's 'ſenſes; to be ſure you are always in the right in 'your own opinion; but your friend, I believe, 'knows which he is eating. Paul anſwered nothing,

'and

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'and the diſpute continued, as uſual, the greateſt 'part of the evening. The next morning the lady 'accidentally meeting Paul, and being convinced he 'was her friend, and of her ſide, accoſted him thus: '——I am certain, Sir, you have long ſince wonder-'ed at the unreaſonableneſs of my huſband. He is 'indeed, in other reſpects, a good ſort of man; but 'ſo poſitive, that no woman but one of my complying 'temper could poſſibly live with him. Why, laſt 'night now, was ever any creature ſo unreaſonable? 'I am certain you muſt condemn him.—Pray, anſwer 'me, was he not in the wrong? Paul, after a ſhort 'ſilence, ſpoke as follows: I am ſorry, Madam, that 'as good manners obliges me to anſwer againſt my 'will, ſo an adherence to truth forces me to declare 'myſelf of a different opinion. To be plain and ho-'neſt, you was entirely in the wrong; the cauſe I 'own not worth diſputing, but the bird was un-'doubtedly a partridge. O Sir, replied the lady, I 'cannot poſſibly help your taſte. Madam, returned 'Paul, that is very little material; for had it been 'otherwiſe, a huſband might have expected ſubmiſſion. 'Indeed! Sir, ſays ſhe, I aſſure you——Yes, Madam, 'cry'd he, he might from a perſon of your excellent 'underſtanding; and pardon me for ſaying, ſuch a 'condeſcenſion would have ſhewn a ſuperiority of 'ſenſe even to your huſband himſelf. But, dear Sir, 'ſaid ſhe, why ſhould I ſubmit when I am in the 'right? For that very reaſon, anſwered he, it would 'be the greateſt inſtance of affection imaginable: for 'can any thing be a greater object of our compaſſion 'than a perſon we love, in the wrong? Ay, but I 'ſhould endeavour, ſaid ſhe, to ſet him right. Pardon 'me, Madam, anſwered Paul, I will apply to your 'own experience, if you ever found your arguments 'had that effect. The more our judgments err, the 'leſs we are willing to own it: for my own part, I 'have always obſerved the perſons who maintain the 'worſt ſide in any conteſt are the warmeſt. Why, 'ſays ſhe, I muſt confeſs there is truth in what you 'ſay, and I will endeavour to practiſe it. The huſ-'band then coming in, Paul departed. And Lennard

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'proaching his wife with an air of good-humour, told her he was sorry for their foolish dispute the last night: but he was now convinced of his error. She answered smiling, she believed she owed his condescension to his complaisance; that she was ashamed to think a word had passed on so silly an occasion, especially as she was satisfied she had been mistaken. A little contention followed, but with the utmost good-will to each other, and was concluded by her asserting that Paul had thoroughly convinced her she had been in the wrong. Upon which they both united in the praises of their common friend.

'Paul now passed his time with great satisfaction; these disputes being much less frequent, as well as shorter than usual: but the devil, or some unlucky accident, in which perhaps the devil had no hand, shortly put an end to his happiness. He was now eternally the private referee of every difference; in which, after having perfectly, as he thought, established the doctrine of submission, he never scrupled to assure both privately that they were in the right in every argument, as before he had followed the contrary method. One day a violent litigation happened in his absence, and both parties agreed to refer it to his decision. The husband professing himself sure the decision would be in his favour; the wife answered, he might be mistaken; for she believed his friend was convinced how seldom she was to blame; and that if he knew all——The husband reply'd: My dear, I have no desire of any retrospect; but I believe, if you knew all too, you would not imagine my friend so entirely on your side. Nay, says she, since you provoke me, I will mention one instance. You may remember our dispute about sending Jacky to school in cold weather, which point I gave up to you from mere compassion, knowing myself to be in the right; and Paul himself told me afterwards, he thought me so. My dear, replied the husband, I will not scruple your veracity; but I assure you solemnly, on my applying to him, he gave it absolutely on my side, and

'said

'said he would have acted in the same manner. They 'then proceeded to produce numberless other in-'stances, in all which Paul had, on vows of secresy, 'given his opinion on both sides. In the conclusion, 'both believing each other, they fell severely on the 'treachery of Paul, and agreed that he had been the 'occasion of almost every dispute which had fallen 'out between them. They then became extremely 'loving, and so full of condescension on both sides, 'that they vied with each other in censuring their 'own conduct, and jointly vented their indignation 'on Paul, whom the wife, fearing a bloody conse-'quence, earnestly entreated her husband to suffer 'quietly to depart the next day, which was the time 'fixed for his return to quarters, and then drop his 'acquaintance.

'However ungenerous this behaviour in Lennard 'may be esteemed, his wife obtained a promise from 'him (tho' with difficulty) to follow her advice; but 'they both expressed such unusual coldness that day 'to Paul, that he, who was quick of apprehension, 'taking Lennard aside, pressed him so home, that he 'at last discovered the secret. Paul acknowledged the 'truth, but told him the design with which he had 'done it—To which the other answered, He would 'have acted more friendly to have let him into the 'whole design; for that he might have assured him-'self of his secresy. Paul replied, with some indig-'nation, he had given him a sufficient proof how ca-'pable he was of concealing a secret from his wife. 'Lennard returned with some warmth, He had more 'reason to upbraid him, for that he had caused most 'of the quarrels between them by his strange con-'duct, and might (if they had not discovered the af-'fair to each other) have been the occasion of their 'separation. Paul then said'---But something now happened which put a stop to Dick's reading, and of which we shall treat in the next chapter.

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CHAP. XI.

In which the history is continued.

JOSEPH ANDREWS had borne with great uneasiness the impertinence of beau Didapper to Fanny, who had been talking pretty freely to her, and offering her settlements; but the respect to the company had restrained him from interfering, whilst the beau confined himself to the use of his tongue only; but the said beau, watching an opportunity whilst the ladies eyes were disposed another way, offered a rudeness to her with his hands; which Joseph no sooner perceived, than he presented him with so sound a box on the ear, that it conveyed him several paces from where he stood. The ladies immediately screamed out, rose from their chairs; and the beau, as soon as he recovered himself, drew his hanger, which Adams observing, snatched up the lid of a pot in his left hand, and covering himself with it as with a shield, without any weapon of offence in his other hand, stept in before Joseph, and exposed himself to the enraged beau, who threatened such perdition and destruction, that it frighted the women, who were all got in a huddle together, out of their wits, even to hear his denunciations of vengeance. Joseph was of a different complexion, and begged Adams to let his rival come on; for he had a good cudgel in his hand, and did not fear him. Fanny now fainted into Mrs Adams's arms, and the whole room was in confusion, when Mr Booby, passing by Adams, who lay snug under the pot-lid, came up to Didapper, and insisted on his sheathing the hanger, promising he should have satisfaction; which Joseph declared he would give him, and fight him at any weapon whatever. The beau now sheathed his hanger, and taking out a pocket-glass, and vowing vengeance all the time, readjusted his hair; the parson depolited his shield, and Joseph running to Fanny soon brought her back to life. Lady Booby chid Joseph for his insult on Didapper; but he answered, he would have attacked an army in the same cause. 'What cause?' said the Lady

Lady. 'Madam,' anſwered Joſeph, 'he was rude 'to that young woman.'—'What,' ſays the Lady, 'I ſuppoſe he would have killed the wench; and is 'a gentleman to be ſtruck for ſuch an offer? I muſt 'tell you, Joſeph, theſe airs do not become you.'— 'Madam,' ſaid Mr Booby, 'I ſaw the whole affair, 'and I do not commend my brother; for I cannot 'perceive why he ſhould take upon him to be this 'girl's champion.'——'I can commend him,' ſays Adams, 'he is a brave lad; and it becomes any man 'to be the champion of the innocent; and he muſt 'be the baſeſt coward, who would not vindicate a 'woman with whom he is on the brink of marriage.' —'Sir,' ſays Mr Booby, 'my brother is not a pro- 'per match for ſuch a young woman as this.'—— 'No,' ſays Lady Booby, 'nor do you, Mr Adams, 'act in your proper character, by encouraging any 'ſuch doings; and I am very much ſurpriſed you 'ſhould concern yourſelf in it.—I think your wife 'and family your properer care.'—'Indeed, Ma- 'dam, your Ladyſhip ſays very true,' anſwered Mrs Adams, 'he talks a pack of nonſenſe, that the whole 'pariſh are his children. I am ſure I don't under- 'ſtand what he means by it; it would make ſome 'women ſuſpect he had gone aſtray: but I acquit him 'of that; I can read ſcripture as well as he; and I 'never found that the Parſon was obliged to provide 'for other folks children; and beſides, he is but a 'poor curate, and hath little enough, as your Lady- 'ſhip knows, for me and mine.'——'You ſay very 'well, Mrs Adams,' quoth the Lady Booby, who had not ſpoke a word to her before, 'you ſeem to be a 'very ſenſible woman; and, I aſſure you, your huſ- 'band is acting a very fooliſh part, and oppoſing his 'own intereſt; ſeeing my nephew is violently ſet 'againſt this match: and indeed I can't blame him; 'it is by no means one ſuitable to our family.' In this manner the Lady proceeded with Mrs Adams, whilſt the beau hopped about the room, ſhaking his head, partly from pain, and partly from anger; and Pamela was chiding Fanny for her aſſurance, in aiming at ſuch a match as her brother.—Poor Fanny anſwered

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ſwered only with her tears, which had long ſince begun to wet her handkerchief; which Joſeph perceiving, took her by the arm, and, wrapping it in his, carried her off, ſwearing he would own no relation to any one who was an enemy to her he loved more than all the world. He went out with Fanny under his left arm, brandiſhing a cudgel in his right, and neither Mr Booby nor the beau thought proper to oppoſe him. Lady Booby and her company made a very ſhort ſtay behind him; for the Lady's bell now ſummoned them to dreſs; for which they had juſt time before dinner.

Adams ſeemed now very much dejected, which his wife perceiving, began to apply ſome matrimonial balſom. She told him he had reaſon to be concerned; for that he had probably ruined his family with his tricks almoſt: but perhaps he was grieved for the loſs of his two children, Joſeph and Fanny. His eldeſt daugher went on:——'Indeed, father, it is 'very hard to bring ſtrangers here to eat your chil-'dren's bread out of their mouths.—You have kept 'them ever ſince they came home; and for any 'thing I ſee to the contrary, may keep them a month 'longer: are you obliged to give her meat, tho'ſ 'ſhe was never ſo handſome? But I don't ſee ſhe is 'ſo much handſomer than other people. If people 'were to be kept for their beauty, ſhe would ſcarce 'fare better than her neighbours, I believe.——As 'for Mr Joſeph, I have nothing to ſay, he is a 'young man of honeſt principles, and will pay ſome 'time or other for what he hath: but for the girl, '—Why doth ſhe not return to her place ſhe ran 'away from? I would not give ſuch a vagabond 'ſlut a halfpenny, tho' I had a million of money; 'no, tho' ſhe was ſtarving.' 'Indeed but I would,' cries little Dick; 'and, father, rather than poor 'Fanny ſhall be ſtarved, I will give her all this bread 'and cheeſe,'—(offering what he held in his hand.) Adams ſmiled on the boy, and told him, he rejoiced to ſee he was a Chriſtian; and that if he had a halfpenny in his pocket, he would have given it him; telling him, it was his duty to look upon all his neighbours

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neighbours as his brothers and ſiſters, and love them accordingly. 'Yes, papa,' ſays he, 'I love her bet-'ter than my ſiſters; for ſhe is handſomer than any 'of them.' 'Is ſhe ſo, Cucebox?' ſays the ſiſter, giving him a box on the ear, which the father would probably have reſented, had not Joſeph, Fanny, and the pedlar, at that inſtant returned together.---Adams bid his wife prepare ſome food for their dinner; ſhe ſaid, 'truly ſhe could not, ſhe had ſomething elſe to 'do.' Adams rebuked her for diſputing his commands, and quoted many texts of ſcripture to prove, "That the huſband is the head of the wife, and ſhe "is to ſubmit and obey." The wife anſwered, 'it 'was blaſphemy to talk ſcripture out of church; that '-ſuch things were very proper to be ſaid in the pul-'pit; but that it was profane to talk them in com-'mon diſcourſe.' Joſeph told Mr Adams, he was not come with any deſign to give him or Mrs Adams any trouble; but to deſire the favour of all their company to the George, (an ale-houſe in the pariſh,) where he had beſpoke a piece of bacon and greens for their dinner. Mrs Adams, who was a very good ſort of woman, only rather too ſtrict in œconomics, readily accepted this invitation, as did the parſon himſelf by her example; and away they all walked together, not omitting little Dick, to whom Joſeph gave a ſhilling, when he heard of his intended liberality to Fanny.

CHAP. XII.

Where the good natured-reader will ſee ſomething which will give him no great pleaſure.

THE pedlar had been very inquiſitive from the time he had firſt heard that the great houſe in this pariſh belonged to the Lady Booby; and had learned that ſhe was the widow of Sir Thomas, and that Sir Thomas had bought Fanny, at about the age of three or four years, of a travelling woman; and now their homely but hearty meal was ended, he told Fanny, he believed he could acquaint her with her parents. The whole company, eſpecially ſhe her-

ſelf,

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ſelf, ſtarted at this offer of the pedlar's.——He then proceeded thus, while they all lent their ſtricteſt attention: 'Tho' I am now contented with this 'humble way of getting my livelihood, I was formerly 'a gentleman; for ſo all thoſe of my profeſſion are 'called. In a word, I was a drummer in an Iriſh 'regiment of foot. Whilſt I was in this honourable 'ſtation, I attended an officer of our regiment into 'England a-recruiting. In our march from Briſtol 'to Froome (for ſince the decay of the woolen trade, 'the clothing towns have furniſhed the army with 'a great number of recruits) we overtook on the 'road a woman who ſeemed to be about thirty years 'old, or thereabouts, not very handſome, but well 'enough for a ſoldier As we came up to her, ſhe 'mended her pace, and falling into diſcourſe with 'our ladies, (for every man of the party, namely, 'a ſerjeant, two private men, and a drum, were 'provided with their women, except myſelf) ſhe 'continued to travel on with us. I, perceiving ſhe 'muſt fall to my lot, advanced preſently to her, made 'love to her in our military way, and quickly ſuc-'ceeded to my wiſhes. We ſtruck a bargain within 'a mile, and lived together as man and wife to her 'dying day.'—'I ſuppoſe,' ſays Adams, interrupting him, 'you were married with a licence; for I 'don't ſee how you could contrive to have the banns 'publiſhed while you were marching from place to 'place.'——'No, Sir,' ſaid the pedlar, 'we took a 'licence to go to bed together, without any banns,'—'Ay, ay,' ſaid the parſon, '*ex neceſſitate*, a licence 'may be allowable enough; but ſurely, ſurely, the 'other is the more regular and eligible way.'——The pedlar proceeded thus; 'She returned with 'me to our regiment, and removed with us from 'quarters to quarters, till at laſt, whilſt we lay at 'Gallway, ſhe fell ill of a fever, and died. When 'ſhe was on her death-bed ſhe called me to her, and, 'crying bitterly, declared ſhe could not depart this 'world without diſcovering a ſecret to me, which ſhe 'ſaid was the only ſin which ſat heavy on her heart. 'She ſaid ſhe had formerly travelled in a company of 'Gypſies,

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'Gypſies, who had made a practice of ſtealing away 'children; that for her own part, ſhe had been only 'once guilty of the crime; which ſhe ſaid ſhe lamented 'more than all the reſt of her ſins, ſince probably it 'might have occaſioned the death of the parents: for, 'added ſhe, it is almoſt impoſſible to deſcribe the beauty 'of the young creature, which was above a year and 'a half old when I kidnapped it. We kept her, (for 'ſhe was a girl) above two years in our company, when 'I ſold her myſelf for three guineas to Sir Thomas 'Booby in Summerſetſhire. Now, you know whether 'there are any more of that name in this county.'— 'Yes,' ſays Adams, 'there are ſeveral Boobys who are 'ſquires, but I believe no baronet now alive; beſides, 'it anſwers ſo exactly in every point, there is no room 'for doubt; but you have forgot to tell us the parents 'from whom the child was ſtolen.'—'Their name,' anſwered the pedlar, 'was Andrews. They lived a-'bout thirty miles from the Squire; and ſhe told me, 'that I might be ſure to find them out by one cir-'cumſtance; for that they had a daughter of a very 'ſtrange name, Paměla, or Pamēla; ſome pronounced 'it one way, and ſome the other.' Fanny, who had changed colour at the firſt mention of the name, now fainted away; Joſeph turned pale, and poor Dicky began to roar; the parſon fell on his knees, and ejaculated many thankſgivings, that this diſcovery had been made before the dreadful ſin of inceſt was committed; and the pedlar was ſtruck with amazement, not being able to account for all this confuſion, the cauſe of which was preſently opened by the parſon's daughter, who was the only unconcerned perſon; (for the mother was chaffing Fanny's temples, and taking the utmoſt care of her;) and indeed Fanny was the only creature whom the daughter would not have pitied in her ſituation; wherein, tho' we compaſſionate her ourſelves, we ſhall leave her for a little while, and pay a ſhort viſit to Lady Booby.

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CHAP. XIII.

The history returning to the Lady Booby, gives some account of the terrible conflict in her breast between love and pride; with what happened on the present discovery.

THE Lady sat down with her company to dinner; but ate nothing. As soon as the cloth was removed, she whispered Pamela, that she was taken a little ill, and desired her to entertain her husband and beau Didapper. She then went up into her chamber, sent for Slipslop, threw herself on the bed, in the agonies of love, rage, and despair; nor could she conceal these boiling passions longer without bursting. Slipslop now approached her bed, and asked how her Ladyship did; but instead of revealing her disorder as she intended, she entered into a long encomium of the beauty and virtues of Joseph Andrews; ending at last with expressing her concern, that so much tenderness should be thrown away on so despicable an object as Fanny. Slipslop, well knowing how to humour her mistress's frenzy, proceeded to repeat, with exaggeration, if possible, all her mistress had said, and concluded with a wish, that Joseph had been a gentleman, and that she could see her lady in the arms of such a husband. The lady then started from her bed, and taking a turn or two cross the room, cried out with a deep sigh,—'Sure he 'would make any woman happy.'—'Your Ladyship,' says she, 'would be the happiest woman in 'the world with him—A fig for custom and nonsense. 'What avails what people say? Shall I be afraid of 'eating sweetmeats, because people may say I have 'a sweet tooth! If I had a mind to marry a man, all 'the world would not hinder me. Your Ladyship 'hath no parents to tutelar your infections; besides, 'he is of your Ladyship's family now, and as good 'a gentleman as any in the country; and why 'should not a woman follow her mind as well as a 'man? Why should not your Ladyship marry the 'brother, as well as your nephew the sister? I am 'sure, if it was a fragrant crime, I would not per-

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'ſuade your Ladyſhip to it.'—'But, dear Slipſlop,' anſwered the Lady, 'if I could prevail on myſelf to 'commit ſuch a weakneſs, there is that curſed Fanny 'in the way, whom the idiot,——O how I hate and 'deſpiſe him!'—'She! a little ugly minx,' cries Slipſlop, 'leave her to me.—I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip 'hath heard of Joſeph's fitting with one of Mr Didapper's ſervants about her; and his maſter hath 'ordered them to carry her away by force this even'ing. I'll take care they ſhall not want aſſiſtance. 'I was talking with this gentleman, who was below, 'juſt when your Ladyſhip ſent for me.'—'Go back,' ſays the Lady Booby, 'this inſtant; for I expect Mr 'Didapper will ſoon be going. Do all you can; for 'I am reſolved this wench ſhall not be in our family; 'I will endeavour to return to the company; but 'let me know as ſoon as ſhe is carried off.' Slipſlop went away; and her miſtreſs began to arraign her own conduct in the following manner.

'What am I doing? How do I ſuffer this paſſion 'to creep imperceptibly upon me! How many days 'are paſſed ſince I could have ſubmitted to aſk my'ſelf the queſtion?—Marry a footman! diſtraction! 'Can I afterwards bear the eyes of my acquaintance? 'But I can retire from them; retire with one in 'whom I propoſe more happineſs than the world 'without him can give me! Retire—to feed conti'nually on beauties, which my inflamed imagination 'ſickens with eagerly gazing on; to ſatisfy every ap'petite, every deſire, with their utmoſt wiſh.—— 'Ha! and do I doat thus on a footman! I deſpiſe, I 'deteſt my paſſion.—Yet why? Is he not generous, 'gentle, kind?——Kind to whom? to the meaneſt 'wretch, a creature below my conſideration. Doth 'he not?—Yes, he doth prefer her; curſe his beau'ties, and the little low heart that poſſeſſes them; 'which can baſely deſcend to this deſpicable wench, 'and be ungratefully deaf to all the honours I do 'him.—And can I then love this monſter? No, I 'will tear his image from my boſom, tread on him, 'ſpurn him. I will have thoſe pitiful charms, which 'now I deſpiſe, mangled in my ſight; for I will not

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'suffer the little jade I hate to riot in the beauties I contemn. No, tho' I despise him myself; tho' I would spurn him from my feet, was he to languish at them, no other should taste the happiness I scorn. Why do I say happiness? To me it would be misery.—To sacrifice my reputation, my character, my rank in life, to the indulgence of a mean and a vile appetite.——How I detest the thought! How much more exquisite is the pleasure resulting from the reflection of virtue and prudence, than the faint relish of what flows from vice and folly! Whither did I suffer this improper, this mad passion to hurry me, only by neglecting to summon the aid of reason to my assistance? Reason, which hath now set before me my desires in their proper colours, and immediately helped me to expell them. Yes, I thank Heaven and my pride, I have now perfectly conquered this unworthy passion; and if there was no obstacle in its way, my pride would disdain any pleasures which could be the consequence of so base, so mean, so vulgar'—Slipslop returned at this instant in a violent hurry, and with the utmost eagerness cried out,——'O, Madam, I have strange news. Tom the footman is just come from the George: where, it seems, Joseph and the rest of them are a jinketting; and he says, there is a strange man who hath discovered that Fanny and Joseph are brother and sister.' 'How, Slipslop!' cries the Lady in a surprise.——'I had not time, Madam,' cries Slipslop, 'to enquire about particles, but Tom says, it is most certainly true.'

This unexpected account entirely obliterated all those admirable reflections which the supreme power of reason had so wisely made just before. In short, when despair, which had more share in producing the resolutions of hatred we have seen taken, began to retreat, the Lady hesitated a moment, and then, forgetting all the purport of her soliloquy, dismissed her woman again, with orders to bid Tom attend her in the parlour, whither she now hastened to acquaint Pamela with the news. Pamela said, She could not believe it: for she had never heard that her mother had

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had loſt any child, or that ſhe had ever had any more than Joſeph and herſelf. The lady flew into a violent rage with her, and talked of upſtarts, and diſowning relations who had ſo lately been on a level with her. Pamela made no anſwer: but her huſband, taking up her cauſe, ſeverely reprimanded his aunt for her behaviour to his wife; he told her, if it had been earlier in the evening ſhe ſhould not have ſtaid a moment longer in her houſe; that he was convinced, if this young woman could be proved her ſiſter, ſhe would readily embrace her as ſuch; and he himſelf would do the ſame. He then deſired the fellow might be ſent for, and the young woman with him; which Lady Booby immediately ordered, and thinking proper to make ſome apology to Pamela for what ſhe had ſaid, it was readily accepted, and all things reconciled.

The pedlar now attended, as did Fanny, and Joſeph, who would not quit her; the parſon likewiſe was induced, not only by curioſity, of which he had no ſmall portion, but his duty as he apprehended it, to follow them; for he continued all the way to exhort them, who were now breaking their hearts, to offer up thankſgivings, and be joyful for ſo miraculous an eſcape.

When they arrived at Booby-Hall, they were preſently called into the parlour, when the pedlar repeated the ſame ſtory he had told before, and inſiſted on the truth of every circumſtance; ſo that all who heard him were extremely well ſatisfied of the truth, except Pamela, who imagined, as ſhe had never heard either of her parents mention ſuch an accident, that it muſt be certainly falſe; and except the Lady Booby, who ſuſpected the falſehood of the ſtory from her ardent deſire that it ſhould be true; and Joſeph, who feared its truth, from his earneſt wiſhes that it might prove falſe.

Mr Booby now deſired them all to ſuſpend their curioſity and abſolute belief or diſbelief, till the next morning, when he expected old Mr Andrews and his wife to fetch himſelf and Pamela home in his coach, and then they might be certain of certainly

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knowing the truth or falſehood of this relation; in which, he ſaid, as there were many ſtrong circumſtances to induce their credit, ſo he could not perceive any intereſt the pedlar could have in inventing it, or in endeavouring to impoſe ſuch a falſehood on them.

The Lady Booby, who was very little uſed to ſuch company, entertained them all, *viz.* her nephew, his wife, her brother and ſiſter, the beau, and the parſon, with great good-humour at her own table. As to the pedlar, ſhe ordered him to be made as welcome as poſſible by her ſervants. All the company in the parlour, except the diſappointed lovers, who ſat ſullen and ſilent, were full of mirth; for Mr Booby had prevailed on Joſeph to aſk Mr Didapper's pardon; with which he was perfectly ſatisfied. Many jokes paſſed between the beau and the parſon, chiefly on each other's dreſs; theſe afforded much diverſion to the company. Pamela chid her brother Joſeph for the concern which he expreſſed at diſcovering a new ſiſter. She ſaid, If he loved Fanny as he ought, with a pure affection, he had no reaſon to lament being related to her.—Upon which Adams began to diſcourſe on Platonic love; whence he made a quick tranſition to the joys in the next world; and concluded with ſtrongly aſſerting, that there was no ſuch thing as pleaſure in this. At which Pamela and her huſband ſmiled on one another.

This happy pair propoſing to retire (for no other perſon gave the leaſt ſymptom of deſiring reſt) they all repaired to ſeveral beds provided for them in the ſame houſe; nor was Adams himſelf ſuffered to go home, it being a ſtormy night. Fanny indeed often begged ſhe might go home with the parſon; but her ſtay was ſo ſtrongly inſiſted on, that ſhe at laſt, by Joſeph's advice, conſented.

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CHAP. XIV.

Containing several curious night-adventures, in which Mr Adams fell into many hair-breadth scapes, partly owing to his goodness, and partly to his inadvertency.

ABOUT an hour after they had all separated (it being now past three in the morning) beau Didapper, whose passion for Fanny permitted him not to close his eyes, but had employed his imagination in contrivances how to satisfy his desires, at last hit on a method by which he hoped to effect it. He had ordered his servant to bring him word where Fanny lay, and had received his information; he therefore arose, put on his breeches and night gown, and stole softly along the gallery which led to her apartment; and being come to the door, as he imagined it, he opened it with the least noise possible, and entered the chamber. A savour now invaded his nostrils which he did not expect in the room of so sweet a young creature, and which might have probably had no good effect on a cooler lover. However, he groped out the bed with difficulty; for there was not a glimpse of light, and opening the curtains, he whispered in Joseph's voice, (for he was an excellent mimic), 'Fanny, my angel, I am come to inform thee that I have discovered the falsehood of the story we last night heard. I am no longer thy brother, but thy lover; nor will I be delayed the enjoyment of thee one moment longer. You have sufficient assurances of my constancy not to doubt my marrying you, and it would be want of love to deny me the possession of thy charms.'—So saying, he disencumbered himself from the little clothes he had on, and leaping into bed, embraced his angel, as he conceived her, with great rapture. If he was surprised at receiving no answer, he was no less pleased to find his hug returned with equal ardour. He remained not long in this sweet confusion; for both he and his paramour presently discovered their error. Indeed it was no other than the accomplished Slipslop

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whom he had engaged; but though she immediately knew the person whom she had mistaken for Joseph, he was at a loss to guess at the representative of Fanny. He had so little seen or taken notice of this gentlewoman, that light itself would have afforded him no assistance in his conjecture. Beau Didapper no sooner had perceived his mistake, than he attempted to escape from the bed with much greater haste than he had made to it; but the watchful Slipslop prevented him. For that prudent woman, being disappointed of those delicious offerings which her fancy had promised her pleasure, resolved to make an immediate sacrifice to her virtue. Indeed she wanted an opportunity to heal some wounds which her late conduct had, she feared, given her reputation; and as she had a wonderful presence of mind, she conceived the person of the unfortunate beau to be luckily thrown in her way to restore her lady's opinion of her impregnable chastity. At that instant therefore, when he offered to leap from the bed, she caught fast hold of his shirt, at the same time roaring out, 'O thou 'villain! thou hast attacked my chastity, and, I believe, ruined me in my sleep; I will swear a rape 'against thee, I will prosecute thee with the utmost 'vengeance.' The beau attempted to get loose, but she held him fast, and when he struggled, she cried out, 'Murder! murder! rape! robbery! ruin!' At which words Parson Adams, who lay in the next chamber, wakeful, and meditating on the pedlar's discovery, jumped out of bed, and without staying to put a rag of clothes on, hastened into the apartment whence the cries proceeded. He made directly to the bed in the dark, where laying hold of the beau's skin (for Slipslop had torn his shirt almost off) and finding his skin extremely soft, and hearing him, in a low voice, begging Slipslop to let him go, he no longer doubted but this was the young woman in danger of ravishing, and immediately falling on the bed, and laying hold on Slipslop's chin, where he found a rough beard, his belief was confirmed; he therefore rescued the beau, who presently made his escape, and then turning towards Slipslop, received such a cuff on his chops

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chops, that his wrath kindling inſtantly, he offered to return the favour ſo ſtoutly, that, had poor Slipſlop received the fiſt, which in the dark paſſed by her, and fell on the pillow, ſhe would moſt probably have given up the ghoſt.—Adams, miſſing his blow, fell directly on Slipſlop, who cuffed and ſcratched as well as ſhe could; nor was he behind hand with her in his endeavours; but happily the darkneſs of the night befriended her. She then cried ſhe was a woman; but Adams anſwered, ſhe was rather the devil, and if ſhe was, he would grapple with him; and being again irritated by another ſtroke on his chops, he gave her ſuch a remembrance in the guts, that ſhe began to roar loud enough to be heard all over the houſe. Adams then ſeizing her by the hair, (for her double-clout had fallen off in the ſcuffle), pinned her head down to the bolſter, and then both called for lights together. The Lady Booby, who was as wakeful as any of her gueſts, had been alarmed from the beginning: and, being a woman of a bold ſpirit, ſhe ſlipped on a night-gown, petticoat, and ſlippers, and taking a candle, which always burnt in her chamber, in her hand, ſhe walked undauntedly to Slipſlop's room; where ſhe entered juſt at the inſtant as Adams had diſcovered, by the two mountains which Slipſlop carried before her, that he was concerned with a female. He then concluded her to be a witch, and ſaid, He fancied thoſe breaſts gave ſuck to a legion of devils. Slipſlop ſeeing Lady Booby enter the room, cried, 'Help! or I am raviſhed,' with a moſt audible voice; and Adams perceiving the light, turned haſtily, and ſaw the Lady (as ſhe did him) juſt as ſhe came to the feet of the bed; nor did her modeſty, when ſhe found the naked condition of Adams, ſuffer her to approach farther.—She then began to revile the parſon as the wickedeſt of all men, and particularly railed at his impudence in chuſing her houſe for the ſcene of his debaucheries, and her own woman for the object of his beſtiality. Poor Adams had before diſcovered the countenance of his bedfellow, and now firſt recollecting he was naked, he was no leſs confounded than Lady Booby herſelf, and immediately

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diately whipt under the bed-cloaths, whence the chaste Slipslop endeavoured in vain to shut him out. Then putting forth his head, on which, by way of ornament, he wore a flannel night-cap, he protested his innocence, and asked ten thousand pardons of Mrs Slipslop for the blows he had struck her, vowing he had mistaken her for a witch. Lady Booby then casting her eyes on the ground, obferved something sparkle with great lustre, which, when she had taken it up, appeared to be a very fine pair of diamond-buttons for the sleeves. A little further she saw the sleeve itself of a shirt with laced ruffles. 'Heyday!' says she, 'what is the meaning of this?'—'O, Madam,' says Slipslop, 'I don't know what hath happened, I have 'been so terrified! Here may have been a dozen men 'in the room.' 'To whom belongs this laced shirt and 'jewels?' says the Lady. 'Undoubtedly,' cries the parson, 'to the young gentleman whom I mistook for a 'woman upon coming into the room, whence proceed-'ed all the subsequent mistakes; for if I had suspect-'ed him for a man, I would have seized him, had he 'been another Hercules, though indeed he seems ra-'ther to resemble Hylas.' He then gave an account of the reason of her rising from bed, and the rest, till the Lady came into the room; at which, and the figures of Slipslop and her gallant, whose heads only were visible at the opposite corners of the bed, she could not refrain from laughter; nor did Slipslop persist in accusing the parson of any motions towards a rape. The Lady therefore desired him to return to his bed as soon as she was departed, and then ordering Slipslop to rise and attend her in her own room she returned herself thither. When she was gone, Adams renewed his petitions for pardon to Mrs Slipslop, who with a most Christian temper, not only forgave, but began to move with much courtesy towards him, which he taking as a hint to be gone, immediately quitted the bed, and made the best of his way towards his own; but unluckily, instead of turning to the right, he turned to the left, and went to the apartment where Fanny lay, who (as the reader may remember) had not slept a wink the preceding night, and who was so

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ſo hagged out with what had happened to her in the day, that, notwithſtanding all thoughts of her Joſeph, ſhe was fallen into ſo profound a ſleep, that all the noiſe in the adjoining room had not been able to diſturb her. Adams groped out the bed, and turning the cloaths down ſoftly, a cuſtom Mrs Adams had long accuſtomed him to, crept in, and depoſited his carcaſe on the bed-poſt, a place which that good woman had always aſſigned him.

As the cat or lap-dog of ſome lovely nymph for whom ten thouſand lovers languiſh, lyes quietly by the ſide of the charming maid, and, ignorant of the ſcene of delight on which they repoſe, meditates the future capture of a mouſe, or ſurpriſal of a plate of bread and butter; ſo Adams lay by the ſide of Fanny, ignorant of the paradiſe to which he was ſo near: nor could the emanation of ſweets which flowed from her breath, overpower the fumes of tobacco which played in the parſon's noſtrils. And now ſleep had not overtaken the good man, when Joſeph, who had ſecretly appointed Fanny to come to her at the break of day, rapped ſoftly at the chamber-door, which, when he had repeated twice, Adams cried, 'Come in, 'whoever you are.' Joſeph thought he had miſtaken the door; though ſhe had given him the moſt exact directions: however, knowing his friend's voice, he opened it, and ſaw ſome female veſtments lying on a chair. Fanny waking at the ſame inſtant, and ſtretching out her hand on Adams's beard, ſhe cried out,--- 'O Heavens! where am I?' 'Bleſs me! where am 'I?' ſaid the parſon. Then Fanny ſcreamed, Adams leapt out of bed, and Joſeph ſtood, as the tragedians call it, like the ſtatue of Surpriſe. 'How came ſhe 'into my room?' cried Adams. 'How came you 'into her's?' cried Joſeph in an aſtoniſhment. 'I 'know nothing of the matter,' anſwered Adams, 'but 'that ſhe is a veſtal for me. As I am a Chriſtian, I 'know not whether ſhe is a man or woman. He is an 'infidel who doth not believe in witchcraft. They as 'ſurely exiſt now as in the days of Saul. My cloaths 'are bewitched away too, and Fanny's brought into 'their place.' For he ſtill inſiſted he was in his own apart-

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apartment; but Fanny denied it vehemently, and said, his attempting to perſuade Joſeph of ſuch a falſehood convinced her of his wicked deſign. 'How!' ſaid Joſeph in a rage, 'hath he offered any rudeneſs to 'you?' She anſwered, ſhe could not accuſe him of any more, than villainouſly ſtealing to bed to her, which ſhe thought rudeneſs ſufficient, and what no man would do without a wicked intention. Joſeph's great opinion of Adams was not eaſily to be ſtaggered, and when he heard from Fanny that no harm had happened, he grew a little cooler; yet ſtill he was confounded, and as he knew the houſe, and that the women's apartments were on this ſide Mrs Slipſlop's room, and the men's on the other, he was convinced that he was in Fanny's chamber. Aſſuring Adams therefore of this truth, he begged him to give ſome account how he came there. Adams then, ſtanding in his ſhirt, which did not offend Fanny as the curtains of the bed were drawn, related all that had happened, and when he had ended, Joſeph told him, it was plain he had miſtaken, by turning to the right inſtead of the left. 'Odſo!' cries Adams, 'that's true, as ſure as 'ſixpence, you have hit on the very thing.' He then traverſed the room, rubbing his hands, and begged Fanny's pardon, aſſuring her he did not know whether ſhe was man or woman. That innocent creature firmly believing all he ſaid, told him ſhe was no longer angry, and begged Joſeph to conduct him into his own apartment, where he ſhould ſtay himſelf, till ſhe had put her cloaths on. Joſeph and Adams accordingly departed, and the latter was ſoon convinced of the miſtake he had committed; however, whilſt he was dreſſing himſelf, he often aſſerted he believed in the power of witchcraft notwithſtanding, and did not ſee how a Chriſtian could deny it.

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CHAP. XV.

The arrival of Gaffer and Gammer Andrews, with another perſon not much expected; and a perfect ſolution of the difficulties raiſed by the pedlar.

AS ſoon as Fanny was dreſſed, Joſeph returned to her, and they had a long converſation together, the concluſion of which was, that if they found themſelves to be really brother and ſiſter, they vowed a perpetual celibacy, and to live together all their days, and indulge a Platonic friendſhip for each other.

The company were all very merry at breakfaſt, and Joſeph and Fanny rather more chearful than the preceding night. The Lady Booby produced the diamond button, which the beau moſt readily owned, and alledged he was very ſubject to walk in his ſleep. Indeed he was far from being aſhamed of his amour, and rather endeavoured to inſinuate that more than was really true had paſſed between him and the fair Slipſlop.

Their tea was ſcarce over, when news came of the arrival of old Mr Andrews and his wife. They were immediately introduced, and kindly received by the Lady Booby, whoſe heart went now pit-a-pat, as did thoſe of Joſeph and Fanny. They felt perhaps little leſs anxiety in this interval than Oedipus himſelf, whilſt his fate was revealing.

Mr Booby firſt opened the cauſe, by informing the old gentleman, that he had a child in the company more than he knew of; and taking Fanny by the hand, told him, this was that daughter of his who had been ſtolen away by the gypſies, in her infancy. Mr Andrews, after expreſſing ſome aſtoniſhment, aſſured his honour that he had never loſt a daughter by gypſies, nor ever had any other children than Joſeph and Pamela. Theſe words were a cordial to the two lovers; but had a different effect on Lady Booby. She ordered the pedlar to be called, who recounted his ſtory as he had done before. At the end of which old Mrs Andrews running to Fanny, embraced her, crying out, 'She is, ſhe is my child!' The company were all amazed

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amazed at this disagreement between the man and his wife; and the blood had now forsaken the cheeks of the lovers, when the old woman turning to her husband, who was more surprized than all the rest, and having a little recovered her own spirits, delivered herself as follows. 'You may remember, my dear, when 'you went a serjeant to Gibraltar, you left me big 'with child; you staid abroad, you know, upwards 'of three years. In your absence I was brought to 'bed, I verily believe, of this daughter, whom I am 'sure I have reason to remember, for I suckled her at 'this very breast till the day she was stolen from me. 'One afternoon, when the child was about a year, 'or a year and a half old, or thereabouts, two gypsey 'women came to the door, and offered to tell my for'tune. One of them had a child in her lap; I shewed 'them my hand, and desired to know if you ever was 'to come home again, which I remember as well as 'if it was but yesterday, they faithfully promised me 'you should. I left the girl in the cradle, and went 'to draw them a cup of liquor, the best I had; when 'I returned with the pot (I am sure I was not absent 'longer than whilst I am telling it to you) the women 'were gone. I was afraid they had stolen something, 'and looked and looked to no purpose, and Heaven 'knows I had very little for them to steal. At last 'hearing the child cry in the cradle, I went to take it 'up. But O the living! how was I surprised to find 'instead of my own girl that I had put in the cradle, 'who was as fine a fat thriving child as you shall see 'in a summer's day, a poor sickly boy that did not 'seem to have an hour to live. I ran out, pulling my 'hair off, and crying like any mad after the women, 'but never could hear a word of them from that day 'to this. When I came back, the poor infant (which 'is our Joseph there, as stout as he now stands) lifted 'up his eyes upon me so piteously, that to be sure, not'withstanding my passion, I could not find in my heart 'to do it any mischief. A neighbour of mine happen'ing to come in at the same time, and hearing the case, 'advised me to take care of this poor child, and God

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'would perhaps one day reſtore me my own. Upon 'which I took the child up, and ſuckled it, to be 'ſure, all the world as if it had been born of my own 'natural body. And as true as I am alive, in a little 'time I loved the boy all to nothing as if it had been 'my own girl.—Well, as I was ſaying, times growing 'very hard, I having two children, and nothing but 'my own work, which was little enough, God knows, 'to maintain them, was obliged to aſk relief of the 'pariſh; but inſtead of giving it me, they removed me 'by juſtices warrants, fifteen miles, to the place where 'I now live, where I had not been long ſettled before 'you came home. Joſeph (for that was the name I 'gave him myſelf—the Lord knows whether he was 'baptized or no, or by what name), Joſeph, I ſay, 'ſeemed to me to be about five years old when you re-'turned; for I believe he is two or three years older 'than our daughter here; (for I am thoroughly con-'vinced ſhe is the ſame) and when you ſaw him you 'ſaid he was a chopping boy, without ever minding 'his age; and ſo I ſeeing you did not ſuſpect any 'thing of the matter, thought I might e'en as well 'keep it to myſelf, for fear you ſhould not love him 'as well as I did. And all this is veritably true, and 'I will take my oath of it before any juſtice in the 'kingdom.'

The pedlar, who had been ſummoned by the order of Lady Booby, liſtened with the utmoſt attention to Gammer Andrews's ſtory, and when ſhe had finiſhed, aſked her, if the ſuppoſititious child had no mark on its breaſt? To which ſhe anſwered, 'Yes, he had as fine 'a ſtrawberry as ever grew in a garden.' This Joſeph acknowledged, and unbuttoning his coat, at the interceſſion of the company, ſhewed to them. 'Well,' ſays Gaffer Andrews, who was a comical ſlyold fellow, and very likely deſired to have no more children than he could keep, 'you have proved, I think, very plainly, that 'this boy doth not belong to us; but how are you 'certain that the girl is ours?' The parſon then brought the pedlar forward, and deſired him to repeat the ſtory which he had communicated to him the preceding day at the ale-houſe; which he complied

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with, and related what the readers, as well as Mr Adams, hath ſeen before. He then confirmed from his wife's report, all the circumſtances of the exchange, and of the ſtrawberry on Joſeph's breaſt. At the repetition of the word Strawberry, Adams, who had ſeen it without any emotion, ſtarted, and cried, 'Bleſs me! 'ſomething comes into my head.' But before he had time to bring any thing out, a ſervant called him forth. When he was gone, the pedlar aſſured Joſeph, that his parents were perſons of much greater circumſtances than thoſe he had hitherto miſtaken for ſuch; for that he had been ſtolen from a gentleman's houſe, by thoſe whom they call gypſies, and had been kept by them during a whole year, when looking on him as in a dying condition, they had exchanged him for the other healthier child, in the manner before related. He ſaid, as to the name of his father, his wife had either never known, or forgot it; but that ſhe had acquainted him he lived about forty miles from the place where the exchange had been made, and which way, promiſing to ſpare no pains in endeavouring with him to diſcover the place.

But Fortune, which ſeldom doth good or ill, or makes men happy or miſerable by halves, reſolved to ſpare him this labour. The reader may pleaſe to recollect, that Mr Wilſon had intended a journey to the Weſt, in which he was to paſs through Mr Adams's pariſh, and had promiſed to call on him. He was now arrived at the Lady Booby's gates for that purpoſe, being directed thither from the parſon's houſe, and had ſent in the ſervant whom we have above ſeen call Mr Adams forth. This had no ſooner mentioned the diſcovery of a ſtolen child, and had uttered the word Strawberry, than Mr Wilſon, with wildneſs in his looks, and the utmoſt eagerneſs in his words, begged to be ſhewed into the room, where he entered without the leaſt regard to any of the company but Joſeph, and embracing him with a complexion all pale and trembling, deſired to ſee the mark on his breaſt; the parſon followed him, capering, rubbing his hands, and crying out, *Hic eſt quem quæ-*

ris;

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ris; inventus est, &c. Joseph complied with the request of Mr Wilson, who no sooner saw the mark, than abandoning himself to the most extravagant rapture of passion, he embraced Joseph with inexpressible ecstasy, and cried out in tears of joy, 'I have discovered my son, I have him again in my arms!' Joseph was not sufficiently apprized yet, to taste the same delight with his father, (for so in reality he was;) however, he returned some warmth to his embraces: but he no sooner perceived, from his father's account, the agreement of every circumstance, of person, time, and place, than he threw himself at his feet, and embracing his knees, with tears begged his blessing, which was given with much affection, and received with such respect, mixed with such tenderness on both sides, that it affected all present; but none so much as Lady Booby, who left the room in an agony, which was but too much perceived, and not very charitably accounted for by some of the company.

CHAP. XVI.

Being the last. In which this true history is brought to a happy conclusion.

FANNY was very little behind her Joseph, in the duty she expressed towards her parents; and the joy she evidenced in discovering them. Gammer Andrews kissed her, and said, she was heartily glad to see her: but for her part, she could never love any one better than Joseph. Gaffer Andrews testified no remarkable emotion; he blessed and kissed her, but complained bitterly that he wanted his pipe, not having had a whiff that morning.

Mr Booby, who knew nothing of his aunt's fondness, imputed her abrupt departure to her pride, and disdain of the family into which he was married; he was therefore desirous to be gone with the utmost celerity: and now having congratulated Mr Wilson and Joseph on the discovery, he saluted Fanny, called her sister, and introduced her as such to Pamela, who behaved with great decency on the occasion.

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He now sent a message to his aunt, who returned, that she wished him a good journey, but was too disordered to see any company: he therefore prepared to set out, having invited Mr Wilson to his house; and Pamela and Joseph both so insisted on his complying, that he at last consented, having first obtained a messenger from Mr Booby, to acquaint his wife with the news; which, as he knew it would render her completely happy, he could not prevail on himself to delay a moment in acquainting her with.

The company were ranged in this manner. The two old people, with their two daughters, rode in the coach; the Squire, Mr Wilson, Joseph, Parson Adams, and the pedlar, proceeded on horseback.

In their way Joseph informed his father of his intended match with Fanny; to which, though he expressed some reluctance at first, on the eagerness of his son's instances he consented, saying, If she was so good a creature as she appeared, and he described her, he thought the disadvantages of birth and fortune might be compensated. He however insisted on the match being deferred till he had seen his mother; in which Joseph perceiving him positive, with great duty obeyed him, to the great delight of Parson Adams, who by these means saw an opportunity of fulfilling the church forms, and marrying his parishioners without a licence.

Mr Adams greatly exulting on this occasion, (for such ceremonies were matters of no small moment with him), accidentally gave spurs to his horse, which the generous beast disdaining, for he was of high mettle, and had been used to more expert riders than the gentleman who at present bestrode him, for whose horsemanship he had perhaps some contempt, immediately ran away full speed, and played so many antick tricks, that he tumbled the Parson from his back; which Joseph perceiving, came to his relief. This accident afforded infinite merriment to the servants, and no less frighted poor Fanny, who beheld him as he passed by the coach; but the mirth of the one and terror of the other were soon determined.

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mined, when the parſon declared he had received no damage.

The horſe having freed himſelf from his unworthy rider, as he probably thought him, proceeded to make the beſt of his way; but was ſtopped by a gentleman and his ſervants who were travelling the oppoſite way; and were now at a little diſtance from the coach. They ſoon met: and as one of the ſervants delivered Adams his horſe, his maſter hailed him, and Adams looking up, preſently recollected he was the juſtice of peace before whom he and Fanny had made their appearance. The parſon preſently ſaluted him very kindly; and the Juſtice, informed him, that he had found the fellow who attempted to ſwear againſt him and the young woman the very next day, and had committed him to Saliſbury goal, where he was charged with many robberies.

Many compliments having paſſed between the parſon and the Juſtice, the latter proceeded on his journey, and the former having with ſome diſdain refuſed Joſeph's offer of changing horſes, and declared he was as able a horſeman as any in the kingdom, remounted his beaſt; and now the company again proceeded, and happily arrived at their journey's end, Mr Adams, by good luck, rather than by good riding, eſcaping a ſecond fall.

The company arriving at Mr Booby's houſe, were all received by him in the moſt courteous, and entertained in the moſt ſplendid manner, after the cuſtom of the old Engliſh hoſpitality, which is ſtill preſerved in ſome very few families in the remote parts of England. They all paſſed that day with the utmoſt ſatisfaction; it being perhaps impoſſible to find any ſet of people more ſolidly and ſincerely happy. Joſeph and Fanny found means to be alone upwards of two hours, which were the ſhorteſt, but the ſweeteſt imaginable.

In the morning, Mr Wilſon propoſed to his ſon to make a viſit with him to his mother; which, notwithſtanding his dutiful inclinations, and a longing deſire he had to ſee her, a little concerned him, as he muſt

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be obliged to leave his Fanny; but the goodneſs of Mr Booby relieved him: for he propoſed to ſend his own coach and ſix for Mrs Wilſon, whom Pamela ſo very earneſtly invited, that Mr Wilſon at length agreed with the entreaties of Mr Booby and Joſeph, and ſuffered the coach to go empty for his wife.

On Saturday night the coach returned with Mrs Wilſon, who added one more to this happy aſſembly. The reader may imagine much better and quicker too than I can deſcribe, the many embraces and tears of joy which ſucceeded her arrival. It is ſufficient to ſay, ſhe was eaſily prevailed with to follow her huſband's example, in conſenting to the match.

On Sunday Mr Adams performed the ſervice at the Squire's pariſh church, the curate of which very kindly exchanged duty, and rode twenty miles to the Lady Booby's pariſh ſo to do; being particularly charged not to omit publiſhing the banns, being the third and laſt time.

At length the happy day arrived, which was to put Joſeph in the poſſeſſion of all his wiſhes. He aroſe, and dreſſed himſelf in a neat, but plain ſuit of Mr Booby's, which exactly fitted him; for he refuſed all finery; as did Fanny likewiſe, who could be prevailed on by Pamela to attire herſelf in nothing richer than a white dimity night-gown. Her ſhift, indeed, which Pamela preſented her, was of the fineſt kind, and had an edging of lace round the boſom; ſhe likewiſe equipped her with a pair of fine white thread ſtockings, which were all ſhe would accept; for ſhe wore one of her own ſhort round-eared caps, and over it a little ſtraw hat, lined with cherry-coloured ſilk, and tied with a cherry-coloured ribbon. In this dreſs ſhe came forth from her chamber, bluſhing and breathing ſweets; and was by Joſeph, whoſe eyes ſparkled fire, led to church, the whole family attending, where Mr Adams performed the ceremony; at which nothing was ſo remarkable, as the extraordinary and unaffected modeſty of Fanny, unleſs the true Chriſtian piety of Adams, who publicly rebuked Mr Booby and Pamela for laughing in ſo ſacred a place,

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place, and on so solemn an occasion. Our parson would have done no less to the highest prince on earth: for though he paid all submission and deference to his superiors in other matters, where the least spice of religion intervened, he immediately lost all respect of persons. It was his maxim, that he was a servant of the Highest, and could not, without departing from his duty, give up the least article of his honour, or of his cause, to the greatest earthly potentate. Indeed he always asserted, that Mr Adams at church, with his surplice on, and Mr Adams without that ornament, in any other place, were two very different persons.

When the church rites were over, Joseph led his blooming bride back to Mr Booby's (for the distance was so very little, they did not think proper to use a coach); the whole company attended them likewise on foot; and now a most magnificent entertainment was provided, at which Parson Adams demonstrated an appetite surprising, as well as surpassing every one present. Indeed the only persons who betrayed any deficiency on this occasion, were those on whose account the feast was provided. They pampered their imaginations with the much more exquisite repast which the approach of night promised them; the thoughts of which filled both ther minds, tho' with different sensations; the one all desire, while the other had her wishes tempered with fears.

At length after a day passed with the utmost merriment, corrected by the strictest decency; in which, however, Parson Adams, being well filled with ale and pudding, had given a loose to more facetiousness than was usual to him; the happy, the blessed moment arrived, when Fanny retired with her mother, her mother-in-law, and her sister. She was soon undress'd; for she had no jewels to deposite in their caskets, nor fine laces to fold with the nicest exactness. Undressing to her was properly discovering, not putting off ornaments: for as all her charms were the gifts of nature, she could divest herself of none. How, reader, shall I give thee an adequate idea of this lovely

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lovely young creature? the bloom of roſes and lilies might a little illuſtrate her complexion, or their ſmell her ſweetneſs: but to comprehend her entirely, conceive youth, health, bloom, neatneſs, and innocence in her bridal-bed; conceive all theſe in their utmoſt perfection, and you may place the charming Fanny's picture before your eyes.

Joſeph no ſooner heard ſhe was in bed, than he fled with the utmoſt eagerneſs to her. A minute carried him into her arms, where we ſhall leave this happy couple to enjoy the private rewards of their conſtancy; rewards ſo great and ſweet, that I apprehend Joſeph neither envied the nobleſt duke, nor Fanny the fineſt ducheſs that night.

The third day, Mr Wilſon and his wife, with their ſon and daughter returned home; where they now live together in a ſtate of bliſs ſcarce equalled. Mr Booby hath with unprecedented generoſity given Fanny a fortune of two thouſand pounds, which Joſeph hath laid out in a little eſtate in the ſame pariſh with his father, which he now occupies (his father having ſtocked it for him); and Fanny preſides with moſt excellent management in his dairy; where, however, ſhe is not at preſent very able to buſtle much, being, as Mr Wilſon informs me in his laſt letter, extremely big with her firſt child.

Mr Booby hath preſented Mr Adams with a living of one hundred and thirty pounds a-year. He at firſt refuſed it, reſolving not to quit his pariſhioners, with whom he had lived ſo long: but, on recollecting he might keep a curate at this living, he hath been lately inducted into it.

The pedlar, beſides ſeveral handſome preſents both from Mr Wilſon and Mr Booby, is, by the latter's intereſt, made an exciſeman; a truſt which he diſcharges with ſuch juſtice, that he is greatly beloved in his neighbourhood.

As for the Lady Booby, ſhe returned to London in a few days, where a young captain of dragoons, together with eternal parties at cards, ſoon obliterated the memory of Joſeph.

Joſeph

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Joſeph remains bleſs'd with his Fanny, whom he doats on with the utmoſt tenderneſs, which is all returned on her ſide. The happineſs of this couple is a perpetual fountain of pleaſure to their fond parents; and what is particularly remarkable, he declares he will imitate them in their retirement; nor will be prevailed on by any bookſellers, or their authors, to make his appearance in high life.

THE END.

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THE PREFACE TO DAVID SIMPLE.

AS ſo many worthy perſons have, I am told, aſcribed the honour of this performance to me, they will not be ſurpriſed at ſeeing my name to this preface: nor am I very inſincere, when I call it an honour; for if the authors of the age are amongſt the number of thoſe who conferred it on me, I know very few of them to whom I ſhall return the compliment of ſuch a ſuſpicion.

I could indeed have been very well content with the reputation, well knowing that ſome writings may be juſtly laid to my charge, of a merit greatly inferior to that of the following work; had not the imputation directly accuſed me of falſehood, in breaking a promiſe, which I had ſolemnly made in print, of never publiſhing, even a pamphlet, without ſetting my name to it, a promiſe I have always hitherto faithfully kept; and for the ſake of mens characters, I wiſh all other writers were by law obliged to uſe the ſame method: but, 'till they are, I ſhall no longer impoſe any ſuch reſtraint on myſelf.

A ſecond reaſon which induces me to refute this untruth, is, that it may have a tendency to injure me in a profeſſion, to which I have applied with ſo arduous and intent a diligence, that I have had no leiſure, if I had inclination, to compoſe any thing of this kind. Indeed I am very far from entertaining ſuch

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such an inclination; I know the value of the reward, which Fame confers on authors, too well, to endeavour any longer to obtain it; nor was the world ever more unwilling to bestow the glorious, envied prize of the laurel or bays, than I should now be to receive any such garland or fool's cap. There is not, I believe, (and it is bold to affirm,) a single free Briton in this kingdom, who hates his wife more heartily than I detest the Muses. They have indeed behaved to me like the most infamous harlots, and have laid many a spurious, as well as deformed production at my door: in all which, my good friends the critics have, in their profound discernment, discovered some resemblance of the parent; and thus I have been reputed and reported the author of half the scurrility, bawdy, treason, and blasphemy, which these few last years have produced.

I am far from thinking every person who hath thus aspersed me, had a determinate design of doing me an injury; I impute it only to an idle, childish levity, which possesses too many minds, and makes them report their conjectures as matters of fact, without weighing the proof, or considering the consequence. But as to the former of these, my readers will do well to examine their own talents very strictly, before they are too thoroughly convinced of their abilities to distinguish an author's style so accurately, as from that only to pronounce an anonymous work to be his: and as to the latter, a little reflection will convince them of the cruelty they are guilty of by such reports. For my own part, I can aver, that there are few crimes, of which I should have been more ashamed than of some writings laid to my charge. I am well assured of the injuries I have suffered from such unjust imputations, not only in general character, but as they have, I conceive, frequently raised me inveterate enemies, in persons to whose disadvantage I have never entertained a single thought: nay, in men whose characters, and even names, have been unknown to me.

Among all the scurrilities with which I have been accused, (though equally and totally innocent of every one,)

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one,) none ever raiſed my indignation ſo much as the Cauſidicade: this accuſed me not only of being a bad writer, and a bad man, but with downright idiotiſm, in flying in the face of the greateſt men of my profeſſion. I take therefore this opportunity to proteſt, that I never ſaw that infamous, paultry libel, till long after it had been in print; nor can any man hold it in greater contempt and abhorrence than myſelf.

The reader will pardon my dwelling ſo long on this ſubject, as I have ſuffered ſo cruelly by theſe aſperſions in my own eaſe, in my reputation, and in my intereſt. I ſhall however henceforth treat ſuch cenſure with the contempt it deſerves; and do here revoke the promiſe I formerly made; ſo that I ſhall now look upon myſelf at full liberty to publiſh an anonymous work, without any breach of faith. For though probably I ſhall never make any uſe of this liberty, there is no reaſon why I ſhould be under a reſtraint, for which I have not enjoyed the purpoſed recompence.

A third, and indeed the ſtrongeſt reaſon which hath drawn me into print, is to do juſtice to the real and ſole author of this little book; who, notwithſtanding the many excellent obſervations diſperſed through it, and the deep knowledge of human nature it diſcovers, is a young woman; one ſo nearly and dearly allied to me, in the higheſt friendſhip as well as relation, that if ſhe had wanted any aſſiſtance of mine, I would have been as ready to have given it her, as I would have been juſt to my word in owning it: but in reality, two or three hints which aroſe on the reading it, and ſome little direction as to the conduct of the ſecond volume, much the greater part of which I never ſaw till in print, were all the aid ſhe received from me. Indeed I believe there are few books in the world ſo abſolutely the author's own as this.

There were ſome grammatical and other errors in ſtyle in the firſt impreſſion, which my abſence from town prevented my correcting, as I have endeavoured, though in great haſte, in this edition: by comparing the one with the other, the reader may ſee, if he

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thinks it worth his while, the ſhare I have in this book, as it now ſtands, and which amounts to little more than the correction of ſome ſmall errors, which want of habit in writing chiefly occaſioned, and which no man of learning would think worth his cenſure in a romance; nor any gentleman, in the writings of a young woman.

And as the faults of this work want very little excuſe, ſo its beauties want as little recommendation: though I will not ſay but they may ſometimes ſtand in need of being pointed out to the generality of readers. For as the merit of this work conſiſts in a vaſt penetration into human nature, a deep and profound diſcernment of all the mazes, windings and labyrinths, which perplex the heart of man to ſuch a degree, that he is himſelf often incapable of ſeeing thro' them; and as this is the greateſt, nobleſt, and rareſt of all the talents which conſtitute a genius; ſo a much larger ſhare of this talent is neceſſary, even to recogniſe theſe diſcoveries, when they are laid before us, than falls to the ſhare of a common reader. Such beauties therefore in an author muſt be contented to paſs often unobſerved and untaſted; whereas, on the contrary, the imperfections of this little book, which riſe, not from want of genius, but of learning, ly open to the eyes of every fool, who has had a little Latin inoculated into his tail; but had the ſame great quantity of birch been better employed, in ſcourging away his ill nature, he would not have expoſed it in endeavouring to cavil at the firſt performance of one, whoſe ſex and age entitle her to the genteeleſt criticiſm, while her merit, of an infinitely higher kind, may defy the ſevereſt. But, I believe, the warmth of my friendſhip has led me to engage a critic of my own imagination only; for I ſhould be ſorry to conceive ſuch a one had any real exiſtence. If however any ſuch compoſition of folly, meanneſs and malevolence ſhould actually exiſt, he muſt be as incapable of conviction, as unworthy of an anſwer. I ſhall therefore proceed to the more pleaſing taſk of pointing out ſome of the beauties of this little work.

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I have attempted in my preface to Joseph Andrews, to prove, that every work of this kind is in its nature a comic epic poem, of which Homer left us a precedent, though it be unhappily lost.

The two great originals of a serious air, which we have derived from that mighty genius, differ principally in the action, which in the Iliad is entire and uniform; in the Odyssey, is rather a series of actions, all tending to produce one great end. Virgil and Milton are, I think, the only pure imitators of the former; most of the other Latin, as well as Italian, French, and English epic poets, chusing rather the history of some war, as Lucan and Silius Italicus; or a series of adventures, as Ariosto, *&c.* for the subject of their poems.

In the same manner the comic writer may either fix on one action, as the authors of Le Lutrin, the Dunciad, &c. or on a series, as Butler in verse, and Cervantes in prose have done.

Of this latter kind is the book now before us, where the fable consists of a series of separate adventures detached from and independant on each other, yet all tending to one great end; so that those who should object want of unity of action here, may, if they please, or if they dare, fly back with their objection, in the face even of the Odyssey itself.

This fable hath in it these three difficult ingredients, which will be found on consideration to be always necessary to works of this kind, *viz.* that the main end or scope be at once amiable, ridiculous, and natural.

If it be said, that some of the comic performances I have above mentioned differ in the first of these, and set before us the odious instead of the amiable; I answer, that is far from being one of their perfections; and of this the authors themselves seem so sensible, that they endeavour to deceive the reader by false glosses and colours, and by the help of irony at least to represent the aim and design of their heroes in a favourable and agreeable light.

I might further observe, that as the incidents arising from this fable, though often surprising, are every

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where natural, (credibility not being once ſhocked through the whole) ſo there is one beauty very apparent, which hath been attributed by the greateſt of critics to the greateſt of poets, that every epiſode bears a manifeſt impreſſion of the principal deſign, and chiefly turns on the perfection and imperfection of friendſhip; of which noble paſſion, from its higheſt purity to its loweſt fallhoods and diſguiſes, this little book is, in my opinion, the moſt exact model.

As to the Characters here deſcribed, I ſhall repeat the ſaying of one of the greateſt men of this age, 'That they are as wonderfully drawn by the writer, as they were by Nature herſelf.' There are many ſtrokes in Orguil, Spatter, Varniſh, Le-viff, the Balancer, and ſome others, which would have ſhined in the paſſages of Theophraſtus, Horace, or La Bruyere. Nay, there are ſome touches, which I will venture to ſay might have done honour to the pencil of the immortal Shakeſpear himſelf.

The ſentiments are in general extremely delicate; thoſe particularly which regard friendſhip, are, I think, as noble and elevated as I have any where met with: nor can I help remarking, that the author hath been ſo careful, in juſtly adapting them to her characters, that a very indifferent reader, after he is in the leaſt acquainted with the character of the ſpeaker, can ſeldom fail of applying every ſentiment to the perſon who utters it. Of this we have the ſtrongeſt inſtance in Cinthia and Camilla, where the lively ſpirit of the former, and the gentle ſoftneſs of the latter, breathe through every ſentence which drops from either of them.

The diction I ſhall ſay no more of, than as it is the laſt and loweſt perfection in a writer, and one which many of great genius ſeem to have little regarded, ſo I muſt allow my author to have the leaſt merit on this head: many errors in ſtyle exiſting in the firſt edition, and ſome, I am convinced, remaining ſtill uncured in this. But experience and habit will moſt certainly remove this objection; for a good ſtyle, as well as a good hand in writing, is chiefly learned by practice.

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I ſhall here finiſh theſe ſhort remarks on this little book, which have been drawn from me by thoſe people, who have very falſely and impertinently called me its author. I declare I have ſpoken no more than my real ſentiments of it, nor can I ſee why any relation or attachment to merit ſhould reſtrain me from its commendation.

The true reaſon why ſome have been backward in giving this book its juſt praiſe, and why others have ſought after ſome more known and experienced author for it, is, I apprehend, no other than an aſtoniſhment how one ſo young, and, in appearance, ſo unacquainted with the world, ſhould know ſo much both of the better and worſe part, as is here exemplified: but in reality, a very little knowledge of the world will afford an obſerver, moderately accurate, ſufficient inſtances of evil; and a ſhort communication with her own heart, will leave the author of this book very little to ſeek abroad of all the good which is to be found in human nature.

HENRY FIELDING.

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THE PREFACE TO THE FAMILIAR LETTERS

Between the principal characters in DAVID SIMPLE and some others.

THE taste of the public, with regard to epistolary writing, having been much vitiated by some modern authors, it may not be amiss to premise some short matter concerning it in this place, that the reader may not expect another kind of entertainment than he will meet with in the following papers, nor impute the author's designed deviation from the common road, to any mistake or error.

Those writings which are called Letters may be divided into four classes. Under the first class may be ranged those letters, as well ancient as modern, which have been written by men who have filled up the principal characters on the stage of life, upon great and memorable occasions. These have been always esteemed as the most valuable parts of history, as they are not only the most authentic memorials of facts, but as they serve greatly to illustrate the true character of a writer, and do in a manner introduce the person himself to our acquaintance.

A second kind owe their merit not to truth, but to invention; such are the letters, which contain ingenious novels, or shorter tales, either pathetic or humorous: these bear the same relation to the former, as romance doth to true history; and as the former may be called short histories, so may these be styled short romances.

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In the next branch may be ranked thoſe letters which have paſſed between men of eminence in the republic of literature. Many of theſe are in high eſtimation in the learned world, in which they are conſidered as having equal authority to that, which the political world allows to thoſe of the firſt claſs.

Beſides theſe three kinds of letters, which have all their ſeveral merits, there are two more with which the moderns have very plentifully ſupplied the world, though I ſhall not be very profuſe in my encomiums on either; theſe are love-letters, and letters of converſation, in which laſt are contained the private affairs of perſons of no conſequence to the public, either in a political or learned conſideration, or indeed in any conſideration whatever.

With theſe two kinds of letters, the French language in particular ſo vaſtly abounds, that it would employ moſt of the leiſure hours of life to read them all: nay, I believe indeed they are the principal ſtudy of many of our fine gentlemen and ladies, who learn that language.

And hence ſuch readers have learnt the critical phraſes of a familiar eaſy ſtyle, a conciſe epiſtolary ſtyle, &c. and theſe they apply to all letters whatever.

Now, from ſome polite modern performances, written, I ſuppoſe, by this rule, I much doubt, whether theſe French readers have any juſt and adequate notion of this epiſtolary ſtyle, with which they are ſo enamoured. To ſay the truth, I queſtion whether they do not place it entirely in ſhort, abrupt, unconnected periods; a ſtyle ſo eaſy that any man may write it, and which, one would imagine, it muſt be very difficult to procure any perſon to read.

To ſuch critics therefore I would recommend Ovid, who was perhaps the ableſt writer of *Les Lettres Gallantes*, that ever lived. In his *Arte amandi*, they will find the following rule:

——— *præſens ut videare loqui.*

viz. that theſe letters ſhould preſerve the ſtyle of converſation; and in his epiſtles they will ſee this excellently

lently illuſtrated by example. But if we are to form our idea of the converſation of ſome modern writers from their letters, we ſhall have, I am afraid, a very indifferent opinion of both.

But, in reality, this ſtyle of converſation is only proper, at leaſt only neceſſary to thoſe, which I have called letters of converſation; and is not at all requiſite, either to letters of buſineſs, which in after-ages make a part of hiſtory, or to thoſe on the ſubject of literature and criticiſm.

Much leſs is it adapted to the novel or ſtory-writer; for what difference is there, whether a tale is related this or any other way? And ſure no one will contend, that the epiſtolary ſtyle is in general the moſt proper to a noveliſt, or that it hath been uſed by the beſt writers of this kind.

It is not my purpoſe here to write a large diſſertation on ſtyle in general, nor to aſſign what is proper to the hiſtorian, what to the romance, and what to the novel-writer, nor to obſerve in what manner all theſe differ from each other; it is ſufficient to have obviated an objection, which, I foretaw, might be made to theſe little volumes by ſome, who are in truth as incapable of knowing any of the faults, as of reaping any of the beauties of an author: and I aſſure them, there is no branch of criticiſm in which learning, as well as good ſenſe is more required, than to the forming an accurate judgment of ſtyle; though there is none, I believe, in which every trifling reader is more ready to give his deciſion.

Inſtead of laying down any rules for the uſe of ſuch tyros in the critical art, I ſhall recommend them to one, who is maſter of ſtyle, as of every other excellence. This gentleman, in his Perſian-letters, many of which are written on the moſt important ſubjects in ethics, politics, and philoſophy, hath condeſcended to introduce two or three novels: in theſe they will find that inimitable writer very judiciouſly changing the ſtyle which he uſes on other occaſions, where the ſubjects of his letters require the air and ſtyle of converſation; to preſerve which, in relating ſtories that run

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run to any length, would be faulty in the writer, and tireſome to the reader.

To conclude this point, I know not of any eſſential difference between this and any other way of writing novels, ſave only, that by making uſe of letters the writer is freed from the regular beginnings and concluſions of ſtories, with ſome other formalities, in which the reader of taſte finds no leſs eaſe and advantage, than the author himſelf.

As to the matter contained in the following volumes, I am not perhaps at liberty to declare my opinion: relation and friendſhip to the writer may draw upon me the cenſure of partiality, if I ſhould be as warm as I am inclined to be in their commendation.

The reader will however excuſe me, if I adviſe him not to run them over with too much haſte and indifference; ſuch readers will, I promiſe them, find little to admire in this book, whoſe beauties (if it have any) require the ſame attention to diſcover them, with which the author herſelf hath conſidered the book of Nature, whence they are taken. In Books, as well as Pictures, where the excellence lyes in the expreſſion or colouring only, the firſt glance of the eye acquaints us with all the perfection of the piece; but the niceſt and moſt delicate touches of Nature are not ſo ſoon perceived. In the works of Cervantes or Hogarth, he is, I believe, a wretched judge, who diſcovers no new beauties on a ſecond, or even a third peruſal.

And here I cannot controul myſelf from averring, that many touches of this kind appear to me in theſe Letters; ſome of which I cannot help thinking as fine, as I have ever met with in any of the authors who have made human nature their ſubject.

As ſuch obſervations are generally ſuppoſed to be the effects of long experience in, and much acquaintance with mankind, it may perhaps ſurpriſe many, to find them in the works of a woman; eſpecially of one, who, to uſe the common phraſe, hath ſeen ſo little of the world: and I ſhould not wonder on this account, that theſe Letters were aſcribed to another author, if I knew any one capable of writing them.

But,

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But, in reality, the knowledge of human nature is not learnt by living in the hurry of the world. True genius, with the help of a little converſation, will be capable of making a vaſt progreſs in this learning; and indeed I have obſerved, there are none who know ſo little of men, as thoſe who are placed in the crouds, either of buſineſs or pleaſure. The truth of the aſſertion. that pedants in colleges have ſeldom any ſhare of this knowledge, doth not ariſe from any defect in the college, but from a defect in the pedant, who would have ſpent many years at St James's to as little purpoſe: for daily experience may convince us, that it is poſſible for a blockhead to ſee much of the world, and know little of it.

The objection to the ſex of the author hardly requires an anſwer: it will be chiefly advanced by thoſe, who derive their opinion of women very unfairly from the fine ladies of the age; whereas, if the behaviour of their counterparts the beaus, was to denote the underſtanding of men, I apprehend the concluſion would be in favour of the women, without making a compliment to that ſex. I can of my own knowledge, and from my own acquaintance, bear teſtimony to the poſſibility of thoſe examples, which hiſtory gives of women eminent for the higheſt endowments and faculties of the mind. I ſhall only add an anſwer to the ſame objection, relating to David Simple, given by a lady of very high rank, whoſe quality is however leſs an honour to her than her underſtanding. 'So far,' ſaid ſhe, 'from doubting David Simple to be the 'performance of a woman, I am well convinced, it 'could not have been written by a man.'

In the conduct of women, in that great and important buſineſs of their lives, the affair of love, there are myſteries, with which men are perfectly unacquainted: their education being on this head in conſtraint of, nay in direct oppoſition to, truth and nature, creates ſuch a conſtant ſtruggle between nature and habit, truth and hypocriſy, as introduce often much humour into their characters; eſpecially when drawn by ſenſible writers of their own ſex, who are on this ſubject much more capable than the ableſt of ours.

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I remember it was the obſervation of a lady, for whoſe opinion I have a great veneration, that there is nothing more generally unnatural, than the characters of women on the ſtage, and that even in our beſt plays: if this be fact, as I ſincerely believe it is, whence can it proceed, but from the ignorance in which the artificial behaviour of women leaves us, of what really paſſes in their minds, and which, like all other myſteries, is known only to the initiated?

Many of the foregoing aſſertions will, I queſtion not, meet with very little aſſent from thoſe great and wiſe men, who are not only abſolute maſters of ſome poor woman's perſon, but likewiſe of her thoughts. With ſuch oppoſition I muſt reſt contented; but what I more dread, is, that I may have unadviſedly drawn the reſentments of her own lovely ſex againſt the author of theſe volumes, for having betrayed the ſecrets of the ſociety.

To this I ſhall attempt giving two anſwers: firſt, that theſe nice touches will, like the ſigns of maſonry, eſcape the obſervation and detection of all thoſe who are not already in the ſecret.

Secondly, If ſhe ſhould have expoſed ſome of thoſe nicer female foibles, which have eſcaped moſt other writers, ſhe hath, at the ſame time, nobly diſplayed the beauties and virtues of the more amiable part, which abundantly overbalance in the account. By comparing theſe together, young ladies may, if they pleaſe, receive great advantages: I will venture to ſay, no book extant is ſo well calculated for their inſtruction and improvement: it is indeed a glaſs, by which they may dreſs out their minds, and adorn themſelves with more becoming, as well as more laſting graces, than the dancing-maſter, the mantua-maker, or the milliner can give them. Here even their vanity may be rendered uſeful, as it may make them deteſt and ſcorn all baſe, mean, ſhuffling tricks, and admire and cultivate whatever is truly amiable, generous, and good: here they muſt learn, if they will pleaſe to attend, that the conſummation of a woman's character, is to maintain the qualities of goodneſs, tenderneſs, affection, and ſincerity, in the

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several social offices and duties of life; and not to unite ambition, avarice, luxury, and wantonness in the person of a woman of the world, or to affect folly, childishness and levity, under the appellation of a fine lady.

To conclude, I hope, for the sake of my fair country-women, that these excellent pictures of virtue and vice, which, to my knowledge, the author hath bestowed such pains in drawing, will not be thrown away on the world, but that much more advantage may accrue to the reader, than the good-nature and sensibility of the age have, to their immortal honour, bestowed on the author.

END OF VOLUME SIXTH.

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